POSTHUMOUS WORKS

OF

FREDERIC II.

KING OF PRUSSIA.

VOL. IX.

FREDERIC II.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

FREDERIC II.

AND

M. JORDAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY

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LETTERS

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EULOGIUM ON M. JORDAN *.

CHARLES STEPHEN JORDAN was born at Berlin, on the 27th of Auguſt, in the year 1700. He was of a wealthy tradeſman's family, and originally of Dauphiné. His father, who had quitted his country becauſe of his religion, preſerved that ardent zeal which, entirely occupied in heavenly duties, does not

* This eulogium is not inſerted in the Berlin edition.

always act, in earthly affairs, with impartial juſtice. His three eldeſt ſons he intended for trade, and educated the youngeſt for the church, without conſulting either his abilities or his inclination.

Young Jordan had a paſſion for letters, and ſtudy. He read with avidity all the books he could obtain; thus following that irreſiſtible paſſion which Nature imprints in the heart of every man of genius. His father was deceived, and imagined that a man of letters and a miniſter, or theologian, were the ſame. He ſent his ſon to ſtudy at Magdeburg, under the direction of his uncle, who was a prieſt in that city. In the year 1719 he went to Geneva, where he attended the lectures of the moſt able profeſſors, in philoſophy, eloquence, and theology. Having collected the treaſures of Geneva for his own uſe, if I may be ſo allowed to expreſs myſelf, he flew to Lauſanne; there to acquire new knowledge, from new ſources.

On his return to Berlin, in 1721, he became acquainted with M. de la Croze; who inſtructed him, from motives of friendſhip, both in languages and letters. He afterward continued his theological ſtudies, in deference to the will of his father; and, having paſſed through the degrees which precede the miniſtry, he was admitted

mitted in the church in 1725, and was made paſtor of the ſmall pariſh of Potzlow, a village ſituated in one of the marches.

The youth of M. Jordan, the vivacity of his mind, and his paſſion for ſtudies very different to thoſe of divinity, made him ſenſible how great was the ſacrifice of obedience to his father. For his conſolation, he was removed from the village of Potzlow, in 1727, to Prentzlow; which, to M. Jordan, was ſtill a very confined ſphere. It was yoking a Spaniſh courſer to the plough. His application, and extenſive memory, ſoon put him in poſſeſſion of all the knowledge his ſmall library contained.

A man of his age neither could nor ought to converſe with the dead alone; he was formed for the ſociety of the living. This induced him to eſpouſe a young perſon, in whom he met uncommon talents, beauty, wit, and prudence. Her name was Suſanna Perrault; by whom, during five years marriage, he had two daughters.

The ſame underſtanding which inclines men to a love of the ſciences induces them to the punctual performance of their duties. The more certain the judgment is, the more the ideas are clear and conſiſtent, the greater is the propenſity of the man to diſcharge the office with

which he is entruſted irreproachably. Thus did M. Jordan act. If any miſunderſtanding aroſe among his pariſhioners, he was the firſt to bear the olive-branch of peace; and to labour, with indefatigable aſſiduity, to reconcile diſcordant minds. Were any perſons afflicted M. Jordan haſtened to their conſolation; forſaking his ſtudies, his wife, and every thing moſt dear, that he might reſtore tranquillity to the mind of immoderate grief, and ſtrength to languor and debility. Were there any ſick, or dying; no matter what their rank of life, or that they were ſuppoſed debaſed by the meanneſs of their profeſſion; M. Jordan, with a compaſſionate heart, was ready to aſſiſt the laſt moments of thoſe whoſe ſufferings muſt have been increaſed without his aid; and who muſt have expired comfortleſs, and unconſoled.

A character ſo worthy, a goodneſs of heart which was unalterable, an exhauſtleſs fund of charity, in a word, the collective good qualities of M. Jordan occaſioned him to be beloved, and reſpected, by all the French, who, in conſequence of the revocation of the edict of Nantz, had ſettled at Prentzlow. Alive as he was to the ſorrows and misfortunes of others, he could not remain inſenſible to the death of his wife, whom he loſt in the month of March, 1732.

The

The warmth of his temper, and the force with which the paſſions act in youth, did not permit him to ſuffer this loſs with ſtoic fortitude. A true picture of human frailty, which, although by our reaſoning we can conquer the foibles of others, permits us to ſink under perſonal affliction. He became the prey of grief. His health was ſo ſeriouſly affected that he had reiterated attacks of ſpitting of blood; which almoſt brought him to the ſame tomb that encloſed the aſhes of his much-regretted wife. His malady declined into habitual melancholy, and he made this a pretext for quitting the miniſtry, and repairing to Berlin, there to enjoy the ſweets of learning and leiſure.

When ſorrow is the conſequence of affection, it becomes more obſtinate; becauſe it imagines itſelf authoriſed by the virtue of its motives. Whatever recals its loſs to mind does but tear open the cicatrized wound; and the poniard of melancholy, inſtead of being ſnatched away, is driven deeper, by the hand of fidelity. Time, and a ſucceſſion of varying objects, only can afford a cure.

Theſe conſiderations, joined to the intreaties of his relations, determined M. Jordan to travel into France, England, and Holland. His mind was little diſpoſed to enjoy the fleeting

ſcenes that paſs in a buſy world; it delighted more in philoſophy and ſtudy, and rendered travelling ſubſervient to literature. M. Jordan was not ſatisfied with viſiting palaces, viewing buildings, and being a ſpectator of the various ceremonies which were different from thoſe to which he had been accuſtomed, as is the general practice of undiſcerning youth, in a ſimilar ſituation. For indeed what advantage can be derived from a local inſpection of edifices, which are the effect of opulence, and often of prodigality? His paſſion was to become acquainted with eminent men; whoſe enlarged minds, ſuperior erudition, and uncommon genius, were an honour to their country, and their age. I will not dwell upon the names of s'Graveſande, Muſchenbroeck, Voltaire, Fontenelle, Dubos, Clarke, Pope, Le Moivre, and numerous others, whom for the ſake of brevity I ſhall omit. Theſe were perſons with whom M. Jordan was deſirous and worthy of being acquainted. Thus the ancient Romans travelled into Greece, and eſpecially to Athens, to form their minds and their taſte, in a country in which the arts were native, and which was the aſylum of genius.

His curioſity he gratified; but this to him was little: he wiſhed likewiſe to gratify his feelings.

ings. He gave a relation of his travels, in which he did juſtice to thoſe uncommon and illuſtrious men, for whom he preſerved a high eſteem, during his whole life. How difficult is it for ſelf-love to render homage to merit, pure, and exempt from envy! The ſuperior qualities of others, and eſpecially of thoſe who have entered the ſame liſts with ourſelves, ſeem to ſwallow up ſuch as we ourſelves poſſeſs: for which cauſe, modeſty and impartiality are rarely found united with great underſtanding and knowledge. This, however, was one of the peculiar virtues of M. Jordan, to which during his life he was conſtantly attached, and without which he would not have left friends ſo numerous, who ſincerely regret his loſs.

On his return to Berlin, he again applied himſelf to his ſtudies, with that noble emulation which leads ſuperior minds toward perfection. He read every thing, and forgot nothing of what he had read. His memory was ſo vaſt that it ſeemed a repoſitory of erudition, of books, their various readings, their editions, and all the moſt curious anecdotes they contained.

The underſtanding, the merit, and particularly the excellent character of M. Jordan, did not longer ſuffer him to remain buried in his

ſtudy. The prince royal, his preſent majeſty, took him into his ſervice, in the month of September 1736. From this period, he paſſed his life at Rheinſberg, dividing his time between ſtudy and ſociety; eſteemed and univerſally beloved; uniting that politeneſs which a knowledge of the world gives to deep learning; and, robbing ſcience of its frowns, he clothed it in the flowing garb of grace and eaſe.

After the death of Frederic William, the king placed him in a ſtation in which his talents, underſtanding, and the virtues of his heart, might conduce to the benefit of his country: he was raiſed to the dignity of privy counſellor. The whole ſagacity of his mind was employed for the ſervice of the ſtate; and Berlin is indebted to him for thoſe new regulations, of the police, which have introduced that beautiful order which there at preſent reigns. The ſtreets are cleared of thoſe cowardly and abject ſluggards who live by the abuſe of the charity of good citizens. A houſe of induſtry was built, under his direction; in which a thouſand people, who had lived at the expence of the public, are now maintained by their own labour, employing their faculties for the general good. The city was formed into diviſions, over each of which perſons were appointed, to enforce the regulations

of the police. Able and learned profeſſors were, with diſcernment and knowledge, provided for the academies. All the new inſtitutions, here enumerated, are indebted for their preſent flouriſhing ſtate to the activity of M. Jordan.

In 1744, when the royal academy of ſciences and belles lettres was eſtabliſhed, he was elected vice-preſident. Nor let it be ſaid that the ſtudy of the arts and ſciences renders men incapable of buſineſs: a good underſtanding makes an equal progreſs, be the ſubject it undertakes what it may. Far from debaſing, the ſciences add new luſtre to every office, held by thoſe by whom they are cultivated. The great men of antiquity all formed themſelves under the guardianſhip of letters, if I may be allowed this phraſe, before they were raiſed to ſtate dignities. Whatever conduces to enlighten the mind, render the judgment more perfect, and extend the ſphere of our knowledge, certainly will conduce to form perſons proper for every kind of employment. They are plants nurtured with care, the flowers and fruits of which are of extraordinary excellence, and poſſeſſed of a more exquiſite flavour than thoſe wild trees which, left to themſelves, grow in the foreſt, and whoſe branches, capriciouſly interwoven, do not even afford ſatisfaction to the ſight.

When,

When, after the death of the emperor Charles VI. the king entered Sileſia at the head of his armies, to recover the inheritance of his anceſtors, which the proſperity of the houſe of Auſtria had for ſucceſſive years withheld, inattentive to his claims, M. Jordan attended his majeſty, during the campaign of 1741, uniting the gentle intercourſe of the Muſes with the tumult of arms and the diſſipation of an army, the operations and motions of which were uninterrupted.

Notwithſtanding his continuance at the camp, and his frequent reſidence at court, he ſtill found time to compoſe the various works which he has left us: that is to ſay—A Latin Diſſertation, on the Life and Writings of *Jordanus Brunus*; Literary, Philoſophic and Hiſtorical Miſcellanies; and the Hiſtory of the Life and Works of M. la Croze. Not to mention ſome manuſcripts which an exceſs of modeſty prevented him from making public. He affirmed that either the torch of truth ſhould be borne into thoſe dark abodes which envious nature ſeems deſirous to hide from man, the world ſhould gain inſtruction by new facts worthy of its attention, or the ſterility of his compoſitions ſhould be rendered fertile, and the ſkeleton he had left ſhould be clothed with the muſcular beauties of the Venus de Medicis,

Medicis, before his works ought to ſee the light. Nor were the ſcruples of his criticiſms confined to theſe; he ſeems even to have regretted thoſe early productions which had eſcaped him in his youth. Subduing ſelf-love, he inceſſantly corrected what he continued to write; never imagining that his labour, or aſſiduity, could ſufficiently ſhow that reſpect, and deference, in which he held the public.

No advantage was wanting to M. Jordan, except that of long life. Science, his country, and his king, loſt him in conſequence of a long and painful ſickneſs; which carried him off on the 24th of May 1745; having lived forty-four years, and ſome months. His patience never forſook him, during thoſe afflictions, the weight of which was increaſed by their duration, and which often become inſupportable to minds of the greateſt fortitude, and to thoſe whoſe conſtancy has been unſhaken, amid the moſt evident dangers.

M. Jordan was born with an active and penetrating mind, which at the ſame time was capable of application. His memory was great, and ſeemed to be a depoſitory of the moſt ſelect paſſages, of the beſt and moſt exquiſite writers of all ages. His judgment was accurate: and, although his imagination was brilliant, it

was

was always ſubject to the curb of reaſon. Without wandering, without eccentricity, or frigidity of morals, guarded in his opinions, open in his diſcourſe, preferring the academic ſect to every other among philoſophers, ardent in gaining information, modeſt in deciſion, a lover of merit and of making merit known, full of urbanity and benevolence, cheriſhing that truth which he never diſguiſed, humane, generous, amical, a good citizen, faithful to friendſhip, his king, and his country, the death of M. Jordan was a period of mourning for all worthy men. Malignity and envy were ſilent in his preſence. His ſovereign, and all thoſe who were acquainted with him, honour him by their ſincere regret.

Such is the reward of true merit; of being eſteemed during life and after death, and of becoming an example to the world!

LETTERS

BETWEEN

FREDERIC II.

AND

M. JORDAN.

LETTER I.

From the Prince Royal. *

Doctiſſime ſapientiſſime Jordane! April 13, 1739.

LET the children of Fouquet, of whom I have taken charge, be ſent to the French col-

* Preceding theſe letters, there are ſome few epiſtles (as they are called) in the Baſil edition, which are claſſed among the poetry, in that of Berlin; as indeed are many of the following letters. Theſe epiſtles are chiefly in rhyme, of which few readers will ſay there is not enough, in this volume. Several of them are likewiſe undated; for which reaſon, as they appertain to the poetry, and likewiſe want that connection and order which are given to the letters, they are omitted. T.

lege,

lege, at Berlin, which is behind my houſe. Have the goodneſs to ſend notice to the people of the college, that they may be received and maintained at my expence; for which I ſhall grant the ſame ſtipend as is granted for young Beauſobre. Let them proceed in their philological and grammatical ſtudies and I ſhall give further orders on my arrival at Berlin, when I ſhall pay whatever money has been advanced.

I wiſh you health and content at Remuſberg, and I beg you will pay me a viſit, when we are a little more at leiſure. I encloſe an epitaph, which I have written on G * * *, at the requeſt of perſons whom I dare not refuſe any thing.

Of titles and dignities here lie good ſtore:
A Marſhal, a Miniſter, nay, what is more,
Lay-canon and famous Financier was he!
Of his quiddities, quips, and his ſtate caſuiſtry
Paſs on if you've heard; and, well knowing his price,
In the duſt of oblivion leave him and his vice.

I have endeavoured to inſtil as little gall into it as poſſible; that moderation, which never ſhould forſake all reaſonable actions, may not depart from poetry, nor from any thing I do.

The inſects of Ruppin preſent their reſpects to you, and the worm-eaten books, humble

in their duſt, caſt themſelves at your feet. As for me, you know the friendſhip with which I am

Your zealous admirer.

LETTER II.

From the Prince Royal.

May 9, 1739.

SCEPTICAL atom, Jordan dear,
By taſte refin'd, by rule ſevere,
We rhymſters dread thine eye of lynx
As erſt did men of Thebes the Sphynx!
My goſſip muſe thee greeting ſends
More of her idle odds and ends.
Deem not her trifling can admit
Didactic judgment, Attic wit!
She ſports at preſent, jeſts anon;
Nor warbles like your dying ſwan;
Nor wings the liquid plains of air,
The rival of the wight Voltaire.
Who cannot like that eagle ſoar,
Muſt humbly fly a little lower;
Ceding to thoſe, who dangers love,
The dreadful bolts of thund'ring Jove.
The bird of ſong, Canary hight,
Encag'd has little room for flight:
Yet, though confin'd and ill at eaſe,
His ſprightly notes may chance to pleaſe.

Lo,

Lo, I commit the verſe to thee:
Eraſe, deface, adviſe, decree;
Nor fear ſelf-love ſhould weakly riſe,
With wrinkled brow and angry eyes,
Her foregone follies to defend,
While thou thoſe follies wouldſt amend.
With rigor chaſten, or refine;
I'll calmly view the blotted line;
Will ſtand unmov'd, as did of old
The Roman youth, of manly mold,
Who bade the flames his hand devour,
Contemning Death and tyrant-power.

Be kind enough to return my verſes, with your remarks, this evening.

Adieu. Mars calls.

LETTER III.

From the Prince Royal.

MY DEAR JORDAN, Peterſdorf, July 23, 1739.

WE have been almoſt three weeks on our travels. The heat is as great as if we were riding on a ſun-beam; and the duſt riſes in ſuch clouds that we are inviſible to paſſengers. Add to which, we travel like your angels; that is to ſay, without ſleep or food. Judge then whether

whether I am not at preſent what is called a very pretty youth. Should this continue, we ſhall become as ſtupid as owls. But I am bewildered in my compariſons; and I am very unſeaſonably frying you upon the gridiron of theſe ſaid rays of the ſun.

You aſk—What news? Every body is well. The king has given me the whole care of his horſes; which, at preſent, produces an income of ten, or twelve, thouſand crowns; and, in ſome years, may amount to ſixteen, or eighteen, thouſand. I am ſure you participate my good fortune, a ſmall portion of which will indeed fall to your ſhare; and I ſhall find my good Pruſſian horſes metamorphoſed into books, and ſet upon ſhelves, in your library.

Adieu, dear Jordan. Do not forget thoſe who are deſtined to roam, into the neighbourhood of Hyperborean nations; and who ſigh for tranquillity and repoſe. My compliments to the thinking beings of Berlin.

LETTER IV.

From the Prince Royal.

MY DEAR JORDAN, Kœnigſberg, Aug. 3, 1739.

I SEND you a letter for Voltaire, which you will copy, ſeal with your own ſeal, and ſend by favour of Gerard.

Here am I, in the capital of a country where ſummer burſts upon the people, who, in winter, are abſolute iſicles. It is a land better calculated to nurſe bears than to be the ſeat of the ſciences. The ſupple, flattering, creeping, yet proud, haughty, and arrogant inhabitants are as inſipid, in their humility, as they are inſupportable from inſolence. The arts were never cultivated here; and, in all probability, never will be.

I muſt inform you, however, that I heard a miniſter preach, laſt Sunday, who has ſurpriſed me by his eloquence. I imagine the good goddeſs (Eloquence) has loſt her road in this neighbourhood, and to ſhelter herſelf from the ſnows of Courland, has taken refuge on the tongue of this prieſt. I confeſs I never heard better German, more beautiful phraſes, nor a ſtyle

ſtyle more flowing and embelliſhed. It cannot be denied that M. Kant is, paſt diſpute, the firſt man in the kingdom for uttering nonſenſe with dignity

My ears have been ſo deafened, by the noiſy oratory of our infantry, that they languiſh after thoſe flattering and ſoft ſounds by which, if I may be indulged in ſuch a figure, they were ſo agreeably careſſed in the mild and peaceful retreat of Remuſberg. My poetical vein is playing truant; but I feel a bubbling in my brain, which ſeems to prognoſticate a ſudden inundation of rhymes. Sharpen the teeth of your criticiſm and your files, for I ſend you notice I ſhall ſoon find them employment. It ſeems as if I had ten thouſand things more to ſay; but prudence muſt bridle the intemperance of my pen, and I muſt recollect that *doctiſſimus Jordanus* has employment more worthy his profound knowledge, and vaſt erudition, than that of reading the abſurdities on which an idle traveller licentiouſly takes a pleaſure in prattling.

Adieu, good ſignor. Be perſuaded that, to ſpeak ſeriouſly, there are few people who eſteem you more than

Your moſt affectionate.

LETTER V.

From the Prince Royal.

Kœnigſberg, Auguſt 8, 1739.

FOR want of better opportunity, I write to you at four o'clock in the morning. From this commencement you will ſuppoſe I am very buſy; but you will ſoon change your opinion, if you will condeſcend to remember the witty proverb which I know not what ſage invented; that is to ſay, "Appearances are deceitful."

We are always exerciſing from day break to dark. Do not imagine that this is in order to conquer the world. Neither let it enter your thoughts that any great work is in hand. We only keep jogging on, in company with Indolence and Languor, which I believe are the houſehold-gods of Kœnigſberg; for the people we ſee, and the air we breathe, ſeem to inſpire no other ſenſations.

Would you believe, good ſir, that I am at preſent at the head of almoſt all the matrimonial affairs of the kingdom? You know, I have formerly ſigned diſpenſations of kindred. At preſent, I am about to depart for the royal ſtables, where the work of propagation goes on

gratis. Thus ſhall I occaſion the living creatures of theſe kingdoms to multiply, as well biped as quadruped. Were you here, you ſhould chooſe between the prettieſt little Lithuanian laſs, you could find, and the moſt beautiful mare in the ſtud. Nor let your prudence take offence; for, I aſſure you, there is little difference between the animal, called a Lithuanian laſs, and that other animal known by the name of a brood mare.

I ſhall be at Berlin on the 17th; where, according to my arithmetic, I ſhall meet you, and give vent to an inundation of ideas, which I have reſtrained within the mounds and bulwarks of circumſpection; ſtronger than thoſe by which the Dutch wall out the ocean. Should this compariſon appear to you too gigantic, you have but to reduce it to its juſt proportion. Farewel to Jordan and his books. I hope to ſee the firſt as light and as cheerful as a chaffinch, and the ſecond increaſed almoſt one half.

LETTER VI.

From the Prince Royal.

MY DEAR JORDAN, At the Royal Stables, Auguſt 10, 1739.

YOU are a fine fellow! You daily ſend me letters from Voltaire, with new works, and write me the moſt charming letters yourſelf in the world! I have nothing to return, for all theſe good things; for this country, fruitful as it is in horſes, graſs, grain, and two-legged animals, does not afford one thinking being. Were I to ſtay here long, I dare aſſure you that I ſhould loſe the little good ſenſe I may poſſeſs: but thank Heaven there is no danger. I ſhall begin my journey on Saturday, more early than the charioteer of day; and intend to be at Berlin on Tueſday, before the earth, hurried away by its diurnal motion, has loſt ſight of the eye of the world.

What ſay you to that? Is it not excellent? I doubt whether madame de Scudéry, Sarraſin, Balzac, and Voiture combined, ever in their lives invented ſo fine a Phœbus!

At preſent, I am at work on the preface to the Henriade, with which I hope you will be ſatisfied.

ſatisfied. I have found an excellent field for praiſe. I have nothing but truths to write, and ſuch truths as will give the author pleaſure, without offending the delicacy of the public.

How many thouſand times happier are you, with Ceſario, than I am here! I would prefer death to this place. My poetical vein ſeems frozen. I know not whether this country be inimical to thought; or whether the god of verſe never looked down upon it with an eye of mercy; but I am convinced that matter here lords it over mind. I ſhall depart, on Saturday, like a ſtone from a Cretan ſling; and travel, with all poſſible ſpeed, that I may be at Berlin by ſeven o'clock on Tueſday evening.

I commiſſion you to preſent my compliments to madame Rocoules; and to the good Truchſeſs you may ſend, by the firſt opportunity, a drawing of my arms; and that which Honoré has requeſted, and which you will find at Berlin. Apply to Truchſeſs and it will be delivered.

Adieu, dear Jordan; I am wholly yours. I ſhelter myſelf beneath the ſhade of your ſcience; like as the timid dove hides herſelf in the hollow oak, to avoid the bluſtering ſtorm, and the carnivorous claws of the deſtructive vulture.

LETTER VII.

From the King.

Weſel, September 2, 1740.

I OUGHT not, my good inſpector of hoſpitals, to have hoped to receive any news from you, except what related to mad-houſes; but, as your genius is ſuperior to your office, you have written in a very charming ſtyle. I have made an excurſion to Straſburg, a poetical deſcription of which I have written and ſent to Voltaire; but, for want of an amanuenſis, I have not kept a copy *.

I have had two attacks of ague and fever; I know not whether tertian or quartan. But let this give you no concern; for, be it which it will, there is no danger. Maupertuis is arrived. He is a clever fellow, and amiable in converſation; but ſtill a hundred points below Algarotti.

I am preparing to play M. de Liege a trick †,

* Some part of this poetical deſcription is given, in the poſthumous work of Voltaire, entitled—*Memoires de Voltaire écrits par lui-même.*

† Alluding to his invaſion of the territories of the prince of Liege. T.

and

and I wiſh to ſee what turn the affair will take, before I depart. I have not yet reſolved where, or how, I ſhall ſee Voltaire and the marchioneſs of Aſtrea *, but ſee them I certainly ſhall. Adieu, dear Jordan; the Jordan of my heart. Do not forget me, and be certain of my friendſhip.

LETTER VIII.

From the King.

MY fever and I, ſir, through all winds and weather,
Travelling together,
Faſt friends are become, as tis ſaid.
I own that the rogue is exceedingly civil.
Knocks at my door!—Fails not to come!
Will take no denial!—Is ſure I'm at home!
While I ſo ungrateful am grown, or ill bred,
As daily to wiſh he were e'en at the devil!

Thus fever and marriage may well be compar'd.
Whenever, for better for worſe,
Some couple ill ſtarr'd are enſnar'd,
And, to add to the curſe,
When petulant Cupid is flown,
I muſt own,

* Du Chatelet.

I ſhould

I ſhould fever itſelf to ſuch wedlock prefer!
Alike though they be, yet the difference is great.
The doctor, in one caſe, can grant a divorce:
But what minor force
To a ſolemn conjunction of church and of ſtate
This nooſe
Can unlooſe?
There is none, I aver.
When Hymen has once caught us faſt in his lure,
No doctor but Death can afford us a cure.

Woe to the huſbands who have bad wives, and to the wives who have bad huſbands! I have only the fever. Pills, powders, drops, and clyſters, will plead ſo powerfully, in my behalf, that you will have no more need of lamentation.

Jordan, adieu. I believe I ſhall be at Charlottenburg on Monday.

LETTER IX.

From the King.

Weſel, September 7, 1740.

HEALTH to your lordſhip, who, in ſtate,
Through portico and ſculptur'd gate,
Admits diſeaſe! Whilſt I muſt ſit,
And patient burn, in feveriſh fit,

Where

Where no proud Grecian columns riſe,
With grandeur vain to jaundic'd eyes.
Once in four days, the foe's attack,
Through reins, and loins, and breaſt, and back,
Sends heat, and cold, and thrills, and pains,
And every noble deed reſtrains.
Yet do I oft forgetful ſit,
Liſt'ning to Algarotti's wit;
His taſte refin'd, his humour free!
Or hear, more ſagely, Maupertuis
New knead old Earth, and plane her poles;
While Wiſdom, proudly, Pain controls.

Controll'd, indeed, not conquer'd ſo,
Again returns th' obdurate foe;
With canker'd tooth, and endleſs ſtrife,
To gnaw the tiſſu'd web of life.
I ne'er believ'd in thoſe who boaſt
Of Æſculapian ſkill, thou know'ſt.
Convinc'd that ſuch a faith were folly,
I've ſmil'd at fools who held it holy.
Though angry doctors foam, and fret,
Their drugs ſhall ne'er my couch beſet.
In Temp'rance, ſolely, I confide;
She's my phyſician, friend, and guide!

I do not know when this fever will leave me: it begins, however, to diminiſh, which gives me good hopes I ſhall ſoon be freed from its teazing. I have no news to ſend, in return for all the fine things you have ſaid; except that I expect Voltaire, on Sunday. As I cannot yet travel, I hope he will come here. On Thurſ-

day,

day, I ſhall ſet off for Hamm; and, unleſs the fever leave me, ſhall perform my journey ſlowly; but, if I get quit of it, I ſhall make more haſte.

Adieu, dear Jordan.

May Heav'n ſhield thee ſafe, and free
From all miſhap and malady;
That thee we once again may find
Vigorous in body, as in mind!

LETTER X.

From the King.

Potſdam, September 24, 1740.

Moſt reſpectable inſpector of the poor; of the invalids; of orphans, idiots, and madmen!

I HAVE read, with profound meditation, the very profound, Jordanic, letter which I have juſt received; and I have determined that your man of learning, ſtuffed with Greek, Syriac, and Hebrew, ſhall come. Write to inform Voltaire that, though I refuſed him, I have now altered my opinion; and that I wiſh to have his diminutive Fourmont.

I have beheld this Voltaire, concerning whom

whom my curioſity has been ſo highly excited! But I ſaw him when I had the fever, and when my mind was as relaxed as my body. In company with men like him, we ought not to be ill; we ought rather to be in perfect health, and have an unuſual flow of ſpirits, if poſſible. He has the eloquence of Cicero, the mildneſs of Pliny, and the diſcretion of Agrippa! In a word, he unites in himſelf the virtues and talents of three of the greateſt men of antiquity. His mind labours inceſſantly; each drop of ink is a trait of wit! He read us his Mahomet; an admirable tragedy, which he has written. We were abſolutely in raptures, and I could only admire and be ſilent! His marchioneſs is very fortunate, in poſſeſſing him; for, from the excellent remarks which eſcape him, a perſon who does not think, having nothing more than the capacity of remembering, might compoſe an excellent work. Minerva has juſt completed her philoſophical treatiſe, in which there are ſome good things. Kœnig has dictated her theme, which ſhe has adjuſted, and occaſionally embelliſhed, by ſuch obſervations as have fallen from Voltaire, at their ſuppers. The chapter on ſpace is pitiable; and the order of the work is bad. There are even groſs errors; for, in one paſſage, ſhe makes the ſtars revolve from weſt

weſt to eaſt. In fine, it is a female who writes, and who undertakes to write the moment ſhe begins her ſtudies. An application of four or five years would be inſufficient, for ſuch ſubjects; nor ſhould any thing be committed to paper, which has not been well digeſted, or before the author feels himſelf maſter of his ſubject; when he undertakes to explain that which he does not himſelf comprehend, it ſeems like one who ſtutters attempting to teach a dumb man the uſe of language.

Since, however, ſhe takes pleaſure in writing, let her write. Though her friends ought charitably to adviſe her rather to teach her ſon, than to become the preceptor of mankind: as well as not to inſert algebraic equations, in a book on metaphyſics; nor to give drawings, when they are not neceſſary for elucidation.

I expect an ague fit to-morrow. I am a little fatigued with travelling, without, however, having loſt my deſire to prattle. Thou wilt find me very talkative, on my return; but recollect that I have ſeen two things, which I always had much at heart; that is to ſay, Voltaire, and the French troops. Had it not been for my fever, I ſhould have gone to Antwerp, and Bruſſels; and ſhould have ſeen Brabant, and that Emily who is ſaid to be ſo lovely, and

ſo learned. Indeed I hear much good of her; and what I have mentioned relates only to her book, which ſhe might as well have kept locked up in her cabinet.

Adieu, moſt learned, moſt ſcientific, moſt profound, or rather moſt gallant, moſt amiable, and moſt jovial Jordan! I ſalute thee, aſſuring thee of all thoſe old ſentiments of friendſhip, with which thou haſt inſpired all who know thee as well as I do. *Vale.*

Written the moment of my arrival. Acknowledge thy obligations to me; for I have laboured, and muſt labour, like a Turk; or like a Jordan.

LETTER XI.

From the King.

Ruppin, November 28, 1740.

ART thou not rich, ſignor Jordan, in this packet? Prithee deliver the contents as directed. Thou wilt certainly be a ſpectator of ſcenes, at Berlin, which will divert us both. Inform me of what thou knoweſt, and of what thou doſt not know. Send me news of the poet; news

news of the Italian; political news; literary news. Prattle away. Repeat every thing thy ears have heard; deſcribe all thy eyes have beheld. In critical moments, nothing is indifferent; and trifles are ſometimes more nearly related to great events than men imagine.

I am very buſy, and write the maddeſt poetry poſſible, to unbend my mind. I ſhall be at Berlin on Friday in the afternoon; where I ſhall have the pleaſure to liſten to Jordan.

Thy miſer ſhall drink the lees of his inſatiable deſire to enrich himſelf *; he ſhall have thirteen hundred crowns. His ſix days apparition will coſt me, diurnally, five hundred and fifty crowns. This is paying a fool well; never did the buffoon of a court receive better wages.

Farewell, friend. Do not forget me. Write often; and be in my anti-chamber at four in the afternoon, on Friday.

* To make deſire a liquid is rather a violent metaphor; but the king is in a ſportive humour. T.

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LETTER XII.

From the King.

SIGNOR JORDAN, Ruppin, Nov. 30, 1740.

THY letter is ſuperior to one in Greek and Hebrew; and aſſuredly does not emit that odour of the learned duſt of antiquity which infects ſo many minds, and ſtupifies ſo many men of happy genius.

The brain of the poet has as much levity as the ſtyle of his works, and I flatter myſelf that the temptations of Berlin will be ſufficient to induce him ſoon to return; eſpecially as the purſe of the marchioneſs will not always be ſo weighty as mine. Thou wilt ſend this man, extraordinary in all his actions, the encloſed letter, with a ſmall compliment in the learned pandar ſtyle. Thou wilt do as much for the graces of Algarotti, the curves of Maupertuis, and the Babylonian tower of Des Molards. Write me all kind of nonſenſe; tell me what people ſay, what they think, and what they do. Berlin, it is ſaid, has the appearance of madame Bellona in labour. I hope ſhe will be brought to bed of ſomething worth having, and that I ſhall gain the public confidence, by ſome bold and fortu-

nate enterprizes. Behold me now at a moſt critical but deſirable conjuncture; ſuch as may afford a ſolid foundation for renown!

The fame of thy prieſt is a falſe one. Alas! I never heard his name; nor did the ſyllables of which it is compoſed ever ſtrike my ears, in the order in which they are by thee written. To provide corn was not a buſineſs of either to-day or yeſterday; of this I have long taken care. In calamitous times, we cannot govern incidents; all we can do is to be induſtrious. Fortunately, my precautions have not been fruitleſs. Farewel. I ſhall ſee thee on Friday, and if thou writeſt me any ſuch phraſe as—*Upon my ſoul I don't know*—I will have thee whipt. My letter begins like an ode, and ends like a lampoon.

LETTER XIII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, December 14, 1740.

EVERY body here is in expectation of events, the reaſon and end of which but few comprehend. I am delighted to ſee a part of

your majeſty's provinces in a ſtate of ſcepticiſm: the diſeaſe is become epidemical. Thoſe who, like theologians, imagine themſelves infallible, pretend that your majeſty is expected, with religious impatience, by the proteſtants; and that the catholics hope to ſee themſelves freed from numerous taxes, which cruelly lacerate the beauteous boſom of their church. Your courageous and ſtoic plan muſt be ſucceſsful; ſince religion and intereſt equally find their account, in repairing to your banners.

It is ſaid that Wallis, who has the command, has puniſhed a Sileſian, for calumny, who announced the immediate coming of a new Meſſiah. I am ambitious of this kind of martyrdom.

The critics think the preſent ſtep directly oppoſite to the maxims contained in the laſt chapter of the Anti-Machiavel.

All converſations at preſent conclude in the word manifeſto. People wiſh for one immediately; though it can only be the preface to a more ample deduction, on which ſome learned juriſconſult is employed. They crowd to the bookſellers, as men crowd to behold a celeſtial phenomenon which has been predicted. Such is the firſt chapter of my gazette, which can only be laid at the ſacred feet of your majeſty twice a week, becauſe of the poſt office regulations.

I ſhall paſs the morning of Friday in prayer. Aſtronomers pretend that Mars will that day enter the conſtellation of the Spread Eagle *.

I have the honour to be, with moſt profound reſpect, &c.

LETTER XIV.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, December 17, 1740.

THE manifeſto at length has appeared, and every body is ſurpriſed at its brevity. The world expected, and wiſhed, an ample and circumſtantial deduction; inſtead of which they receive a compliment, paid to powers whom they believe to be highly alarmed. They analyſe this declaration as a divine, in his pulpit, does a text of ſcripture; each explains it according to his own manner. One pretends it is ſtrikingly clear; and another, on the contrary, thinks he perceives affected and political obſcurity.

* Alluding to the arms of the houſes of Brandenburg and Auſtria. T.

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The people here affirm the great duke of Lorraine has been incognito at Rheinſberg.

I was ſurpriſed by an expreſſion which dropped from the marquis de Beauveau *. Speaking on preſent circumſtances, "I do not know," ſaid the marquis to me, with an air of reſerve, "what firſt inſpired the king with the idea of "his preſent ſteps, but I do not think he will "do any great harm." No perſon better underſtands the ſenſe of theſe words than your majeſty.

One article of intelligence, which is pretty general, appeared to me to be original. The elector of Saxony feels bitter remorſe of conſcience, for having changed his religion; and does not know how to obtain the ſame peace of ſoul which Lutheraniſm formerly afforded. Nor does he addreſs himſelf to the pope, to remove his ſcruples; he opens his heart to the king of Pruſſia, in order to confirm his ſtaggering faith, and to acquire the conſiſtency neceſſary to his creed. *O tempora!*

It is certain that all Paris is full of the change of your majeſty's religion; as are all the letters written to Berlin. This has induced me to ſuppoſe that the theologians are not willing heaven ſhould be any loſer; if one king, by his

* The French ambaſſador. T.

abjuration, deprive himſelf of his rights, the other recovers them, by his repentance.

I have the advantage to be, with moſt profound and devoted reſpect, &c.

LETTER XV.

From the King.

The quarters of Milchau, December 19, 1740.

THY letter, ſignor Jordan, gave me much pleaſure, by thy relation of the various opinions of the world. To-morrow I ſhall arrive at my quarters, near Glogau; of which, in a few days, I hope to be in poſſeſſion. All circumſtances favour my deſigns, and I hope to return to Berlin after having glorioufly executed them, and in a manner to give ſatisfaction. Let the ignorant and envious babble; they ſhall never form the compaſs by which I will ſteer. My end is fame: of this I am more than ever enamoured. The hearts of my men beat high, and I will be anſwerable for ſucceſs.

Adieu, dear Jordan. Inform me of all the ill which the public repeats of thy friend, and be perſuaded that I ſhall love and eſteem thee ever.

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LETTER XVI.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, December 20, 1740.

THE moſt recent intelligence I can ſend your majeſty is that of the departure of the marquis de Beauveau. He finiſhed examining the cabinet of medals yeſterday, with which he is as much delighted as the public is by the rich preſent it has received. It is ſaid that the collection which the king of France beſtowed on M. de Camas is very inferior to it, in value.

We hear of an alliance between your majeſty, France, and Sweden. Nay, we hear of much more. It is affirmed that the queen of Hungary died in childbed; but this I do not believe.

Prayers are put up in all the churches, for the proſperity of your majeſty's arms; and the only reaſon for the war, alleged in theſe, is the intereſt of the proteſtant religion. The zeal of the people is awakened, when they hear theſe words; and they bleſs God, for having raiſed up ſo powerful a defender of their religion. They recant the opinions they had dared to entertain, when they ſuſpected him of indifference for the proteſtant cauſe; and affirm, without

examination, that the claims of your majeſty are inconteſtable. This is acting indeed like a ſtateſman!

The brave Paſcal, who ſome day may happen to button his coat with the ears of Voltaire, againſt whom he is highly irritated, has performed an action worthy of a man of honour. Not knowing what ſaint to pray to, he went in ſearch of M. de Maupertuis, and borrowed ten guineas of him, to perform his journey: but the marquis de Beauveau, being affected by the ſituation of this officer, offered him a place in his carriage to return to France. Paſcal accepted the offer, and went and returned the money to his benefactor, the aſtronomer, with thanks.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER XVII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, December 24, 1740.

THE letter which it has pleaſed your majeſty to honour me with makes my heart overflow with ſatisfaction, and joy. I never doubted the ſucceſs of your deſigns. The building is

is firm, and able even to reſiſt ſtorms, and whirlwinds. Troops that ſee themſelves commanded by a king never can be inſenſible to glory. To relieve a nation from the fear of almoſt inevitable famine, and to conquer a province in the midſt of winter, is the fineſt commencement of a reign known to hiſtory.

The news of the city is that your majeſty is already in Breſlau, and this news is founded on a letter which a tradeſman has received. Never was incident in romance better dreſſed up than was this intelligence. Since it has been ſuppoſed that your majeſty acts in favour of proteſtantiſm, you are made to march, with the ſpeed of Achilles, to the further parts of Sileſia.

Moſt certain it is that foreign courts have reproached their ambaſſadors, reſident at Berlin, for their want of intelligence; they were none of them able to divine the purport of the armament, and have been accuſed of too much credulity. The truth was ſcarcely begun to be believed, till your majeſty was in his camp, and Sileſia in part conquered.

Wolfe has been received, at Halle, much in the ſame manner as the Jews would receive their long-expected Meſſiah. A pedantic cohort eſcorted him to his houſe. His enemy, Lange, has been to viſit him, and has overwhelmed

whelmed him with politeneſs, to the great aſtoniſhment of the faculty. Madame de Rocoules, more cheerful than uſual, has charged me to ſend your majeſty the three pieces here added, which ſhe believes to be as ſuitable appendages to a warrior's equipage as a toilet is to a lady.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, December 25, 1740.

I HAVE received two pieces * from the camp, written with much wit and delicate pleaſantry. The author of them is eaſily diſcoverable; beſide that a paſſage is cited from them, ſaid to be by king Solomon, but which certainly is not to be found in the writings Solomon has left. I am too zealous a partiſan of Horace not to reſtore him this paſſage, which

* The word *pieces*, as at the concluſion of the laſt letter, may be a kind of political manifeſtos; but, as they may be poetry, or almoſt any thing elſe, from the ambiguity of the term, the original word *pieces* is here, as it has been in other inſtances, neceſſarily preſerved. T.

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is his by right. But is not Horace equal to Solomon, in the opinion of the author of this ingenious but ſevere ſatire?

I have thought it my duty to ſend your majeſty ſome very bad and impertinent poetry, from Holland, which has been remitted to the Berlin bookſellers.

It is generally reported here that an arch prieſt, as your majeſty was marching from Schweidnitz to Lignitz, publicly exhorted his dear flock to receive the Pruſſian troops with all the reſpect they merited, and aſſiſt them to the utmoſt of their power. This action does not ſeem to be ſtamped with the true catholic zeal.

The gazettes, and conſequently the public, affirm that count von Rottemburg is ſent to Berlin, on the part of the court of France, there to negotiate an affair of the laſt importance.

It is alſo obſtinately aſſerted, as a thing indubitable, that your majeſty is to have an interview with the great duke of Lorraine; and, public affairs ended, that you are to go together and remain at Venice, during the time of the Carnival.

I have the honour to be, with all poſſible reſpect, &c.

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LETTER XIX.

From the King.

Neumark, December 30, 1740.

LONG life to Jordan, and his good humour! Thou didſt not engender the ſpleen, my friend, by writing me thy laſt letter. As for us who are here on our ways and means, we ſoon hope to be at the end of our journey, and to have performed the trifling exploit which will merit ſome conſideration. Great blows are about to be ſtruck; and, if I do not miſtake, I ſhall, in a week, write thee ſomething more ſubſtantial than the nonſenſe with which I have hitherto entertained thee. We are at the gates of Breſlau. Glogau muſt ſoon ſurrender, for the town is at bay: not to mention that our affairs begin to wear that face which it was natural they ſhould aſſume.

Farewel. Be merry, and ſtudy by thy warm fire-ſide, while we are fighting in the dirt, or in the ſnow. Forget not I conjure thee thy admirer, who will ſome of theſe days burſt with the eſteem which he has for thee.

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LETTER XX.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, December 31, 1740.

BERLIN is full of the news of the capture of Glogau, which is inſerted in the gazettes. It is ſo circumſtantial as to ſay that the ſiege only continued four hours, and that each hour coſt the lives of a hundred men. My barber came to tell me this, in great haſte. The word Glogau eſcaped him, but he recollected himſelf immediately, and with lively and impetuous joy told me the king of Pruſſia had taken the great mogul.

Would your majeſty believe that, in a book by Koſterus, publiſhed long ago, the author beſtowed Sileſia and Moravia on your houſe. The partition he there makes of the provinces of the emperor merits to be read, for its ſingularity. I have taken care to have the paſſages in queſtion tranſcribed, which when tranſlated muſt divert your majeſty. The elector George William, ſtruck, according to Bayle, by the accounts given of this fanatic, wiſhed to ſee him, and cauſed him to be examined by the theologians of Frankfort on the Oder. He came to Berlin

in

in 1625, or 1626, by command of this prince, with whom he had ſeveral converſations.

The envoy Achard is uneaſy, in behalf of his brother-in-law Horguelin, one of the richeſt tradeſmen of Breſlau, as your majeſty will perceive, by the note which he has written me. I aſſured him he might be ſatisfied that there was nothing to fear, under the preſent circumſtances, either for his relation or his wealth, which is there depoſited.

I have ſeen a letter from Paris, in which it is ſaid the dearth increaſes in that city.

Many cannon are embarked here, which circumſtance gives birth to numerous conjectures. People go and examine them with an air of aſtoniſhment; for they cannot comprehend to what uſe they are deſtined, ſince it is ſuppoſed Sileſia is already ſubjugated, by your majeſty.

I have the honour and happineſs to be, with devoted and profound reſpect, &c.

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LETTER XXI.

From the King.

A LIST of new books, which are in the preſs, and which will be ſold at Breſlau, this 3d of January, 1741.

THE BARON IN AN ILL HUMOUR: or the Sieur P— ſtung by a Waſp. This book is but little reliſhed, becauſe many paſſages are remarked in it from a F— author, ill underſtood and ill tranſlated, which led the public to imagine that the author P. has been too haſty in compoſing the work. The judgment of the public ought to ſerve as a rule to authors who are deſirous to write, and to teach them that they ſhould digeſt their ſubject well, before they publiſh.

There is another book ſold, though privately, entitled POLITICAL LETHARGY: or the Mode of curing the Hungarian Diſeaſe. Printed for Bartenſtein at Vienna.

A NEW STRATAGEM OF THE DEVIL, TO FILCH A SOUL FROM THE GOOD GOD: or the Legerdemain Tricks of Gaffer Gonin, in Hell. Edited by a biſhop deprived of his dioceſe, and

and enriched by the notes of a beſpattered dragoon.

THE INCONSOLABLE LOVER: or the Cuckold in Bud: or the Rogue and a Half. A ſcarce work, written by an Italian, and ſold at Ferrara. Price one ſhilling.

THE GENEALOGY OF BALAAM'S Ass. A very curious and ſcarce work; with the arms of all his anceſtors, engraved by Picart, in royal foolſcap folio: the ornaments by an Engliſhman, with German additions. Weight two quintals, twenty four pounds.

A VIEW OF THE RESURRECTION: in which is repreſented the perplexity of effeminate canons, diſturbed by the beat of the drum; the pleaſure of * * * at again finding themſelves virgins; and the rage of bigots at ſeeing themſelves among the damned.

AN ANALYSIS OF CANON LAW: written by the moſt erudite ſieur de Linger, with a Commentary by the P. d'A. An admirable work, for thoſe who ſtudy juriſprudence; and of great uſe to kings. The whole enriched by vignettes, in the ſtyle of Watteau.

THE FOOL'S LIBRARY; or a Collection of Bon-mots, which have been repeated to the third generation, and ſafely preſerved, in Wit's warehouſe, for the uſe of ignorant poſterity.

A TREATISE ON THE WILL HE NILL HE HUNT: by the Pr. M.: or the Stag in Rut; with a moſt profound Diſſertation on the Manors and Lordſhips of * * *.

THE DIMINUTIVE OF NOTHING: or the Art of Trifling, by the ſame Author.

A NEW TREATISE ON ELOQUENCE, BY ONE BORN DEAF AND DUMB; THE PROPERTIES OF COLOURS, BY A BLIND MAN; AND THE ART OF THINKING, BY A LUNATIC. An admirable philoſophic work, more intelligible than any hitherto publiſhed.

Should any of theſe books be wanted, they may be found at Breſlau, in Goodſenſe-ſtreet, at the houſe of the man of Plato.

LETTER XXII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, January 7, 1741.

I BEGIN my letter by three *reports*, which I ſhall take good care not to warrant. *It is reported* that the queen of Hungary is ſo ſenſibly affected, by your majeſty's enterpriſe, that ſhe has ſworn, by Styx, ſhe rather would yield all the Netherlands, to France, than ſee the inhabitants of Sileſia eat their bread, and drink their wine,

under the government of the houſe of Brandenburg. This intelligence has been buzzed through five or ſix pair of political ears, that ruminate thereon*.

It is reported that France lends two millions to Bavaria, to enable the latter to ſupport its juſt pretenſions.

And *it is reported* that Ruſſia will ſtrenuouſly take part with the empire. Theſe are three things proper to exerciſe the politics of thoſe who employ a part of their day in politics.

It is as certain as it is ſingular that, the news of the capture of Glogau† being arrived, every body was in raptures, and drank to the health of him who rebuilds the walls of Zion, in a country in which error has exerted itſelf for their total overthrow.

The following are two articles from the Cologne gazette, of the 20th of December, 1740, which I think it my duty to ſend your majeſty.

* Ruminating ears is the metaphor of the author. T.

† The original reads—"Le bruit de la priſe de Glogau "étant parvenu à Glogau"—That is to ſay, "the news of the "ſurrender *of Glogau* being arrived *at Glogau*."—It is difficult to know preciſely what is meant: there is a dutchy called Glogau, which contains two towns of the ſame name; and M. Jordan I imagine intends to ſay the ſingularity of the circumſtance was that the conquered people ſhould rejoice in their own ſubjection. T.

"M. von

"M. von Borck gave a grand dinner, on "Thurſday laſt, to the foreign ambaſſadors. It "is affirmed that this gentleman was, not long "ſince, at table with the marquis de Mirepoix, "and that the latter ſaid to him, it is rumoured "that his Pruſſian majeſty is marching troops "for the ſervice of our court *; to which M. "von Borck replied, this rumour was not only "well founded but that the king, his maſter, "was ready to march a ſtill greater number, "for the ſervice of the queen of Hungary and "Bohemia. The ſame miniſter, it is ſaid, ex-"plained himſelf much in the ſame manner, at "the dinner of laſt Thurſday. Be this as it may, "it is certain that the court appears to be under "no concern, from the march of the Pruſſian "troops."

The ſecond article concludes by the following reflection, after an account given of the preparations made for the preſent expedition—"The deſtination of this corps, at ſuch a ſeaſon "and under preſent circumſtances, continues "to be a myſtery which no foreign miniſter "dare vaunt to have diſcovered."

I have the honour to be, &c.

* The paſſage is obſcure, but I imagine, by the words *notre cour* (our court) the Auſtrian court is meant. T.

LETTER XXIII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, January 10, 1741.

THE deduction of the inconteſtable rights of your majeſty, to Sileſia, appeared on Saturday laſt; and this is the ſubject on which, at preſent, all political converſation turns. The claims are generally enough allowed, but the fifteenth and ſixteenth articles are ſubject to criticiſm. Some pretend the author ought to have omitted them, ſince they ſeem to enfeeble the force of the preceding proofs; and others wiſh to ſee them ſupported by ſome authority. Thoſe who do not underſtand German impatiently wait for a tranſlation of the work.

It is affirmed that the keys of Breſlau are in your majeſty's poſſeſſion, and that the people are delighted to be under your protection. This affords me no ſurpriſe; they do but appear to me to act rationally.

A life of the late king, in two volumes octavo, is printed in Saxony, which I have run over, but which was ſcarcely worth the trouble. The French ſtyle is bad, and it is written without taſte, judgment, or even prudence. That which

which is printing in Holland, under the direction of La Martinière, will entirely ruin the ſale of this I have mentioned. I am cauſing Du Molard to tranſlate the polite converſations of Swift, from the Engliſh, an extract from which formerly diverted your majeſty.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

From the King.

Ottmachau, January 14, 1741.

MY dear Mr. Jordan, my gentle Mr. Jordan, my peaceable Mr. Jordan, my good, my benignant, my pacific, my moſt humane Mr. Jordan!

I announce the conqueſt of Sileſia to thy ſerenity, and give thee information of the bombardment of Neiſs. I prepare thee to expect more important projects, and inform thee of the moſt ſmiling ſucceſs to which the womb of fortune ever gave birth.

This ought to ſuffice thee. Be thou my Cicero, relative to the juſtice of my cauſe; and I will be thy Cæſar, as to the execution.

Adieu. Thou knoweſt whether I am not, with the moſt cordial amity, thy faithful friend.

LETTER XXV.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, January 14, 1741.

A COURIER arrived, as people pretend, three days ago, who announced to the curious public the reduction of great Glogau, with the loſs of fifty grenadiers and two officers. There was a great alarm on the ſubject, ſpread through the ladies' quarter of the town, and tears have been very plentiful, previous to the confirmation of the news. This is to begin where we ought to end. I have been very tranquil on the ſubject; for I know your majeſty is, at preſent, much beyond Breſlau, in excellent health, and that the perſons in whoſe preſervation I intereſt myſelf have the advantage and honour of accompanying you. I have delivered to M. Gautier, the keeper of the cabinet of antiquities, the ſeven medals, and have his receipt. It were to be wiſhed that all thoſe which have been found in Pruſſia might follow the ſame route.

There

There is an article in the Utrecht gazette, of Friday, January the 6th, under the head Ratiſbon, which I think proper to ſend your majeſty. —"They write from Nuremberg that fears are "entertained, leſt the king of Pruſſia ſhould "renew ſome ancient pretenſions on that town."

It is generally rumoured here that Berlin will have the conſolation to ſee your majeſty, toward the end of the month. The news is too agreeable to be ſo eaſily thought true.

I have the honour to be, till I can throw myſelf at your majeſty's feet, after your glorious conqueſt, with profound reſpect, and inviolable attachment, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, January 17, 1741.

ALL the letters that come from Sileſia ſeem incapable ſufficiently to praiſe your majeſty's troops, and their good order and diſcipline.

On Saturday laſt, in the Berlin gazettes, a letter from a Pruſſian officer was printed, who there endeavours to give the public an account

of what has paſſed, in the Sileſian expedition, to the moment of the departure of his letter. There are perſons, who pretend to found their reaſoning on the military experience of many years, who cannot perſuade themſelves that all which the author has ſaid, concerning the order of marching and the few ſtragglers, is not a little exaggerated. I have heard warm diſputes, on the ſubject; and it is agreed that thoſe things which might appear ſtrange, to a foreigner, will not to a perſon who has any acquaintance with the regularity of our troops.

Twelve miniſters this day depart for the conquered country, which gives every body great pleaſure. They viſibly undertake the journey with that kind of alacrity with which people formerly departed for the holy land.

I have been aſſured that the miniſter of the emperor is much chagrined, at not having received letters from his court, during ſix poſt days. He is one of thoſe honeſt men who have the advantage of being able to grieve for their maſter's intereſts.

There has been a diſpute, at Hanover, between the ſervants of the marquis de Beauveau and thoſe of the inn-keeper with whom he lodged; and, though it only related to the difference of ſome pence, ſwords were drawn, people were wounded,

wounded, and uproar and confuſion were triumphant. I particularly remarked this news gave no pleaſure to the friends of the ambaſſador. Beſide that the Dutch gazettes have related it in a manner that renders it rather ridiculous.

LETTER XXVII.

From the King.

Ottmachau, January 17, 1741.

I HAVE the honour to inform your humanity that we are preparing, like good chriſtians, to bombard Neiſs; and, if the city do not voluntarily ſurrender, neceſſity muſt level it with the ground. Our affairs go on proſperouſly, and thou wilt ſoon hear no more of us; for in ten days all will be over; and in a fortnight I ſhall have the pleaſure of hearing and ſeeing thee once again.

I have neither ſeen my brother nor Kayſerling. I left them at Breſlau, to avoid expoſing them to the dangers of war. At this, perhaps, they will be a little vexed; but I knew not what to do; eſpecially as, on this occaſion, there is no

no having any claims on fame, unleſs by being a mortar.

Adieu, Mr. Counſellor; go and amuſe yourſelf with Horace; ſtudy Pauſanias, and get merry with Anacreon. For my part, I have nothing for my amuſement, except merlons, faſcines, and gabions. May God ſoon grant me a more peaceful and mild occupation; and may you enjoy health, content, and all your heart's deſires!

LETTER XXVIII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, February 21, 1741.

IT is affirmed that your majeſty gave a text, to the preachers of Sileſia, on which they were to hold forth; and the words are ſo well ſelected that they deſerve notice. They are in the firſt book of Maccabees, chap. xv. 33, 34. "Then anſwered Simon and ſaid unto him, We "have neither taken other men's land nor hold "that which appertaineth to others; but the "inheritance of our fathers, which our enemies "had wrongfully in poſſeſſion, a certain time.

" Wherefore, we having opportunity, hold the " inheritance of our fathers."

It is cauſe of grief, to our zealous proteſtants, that this book, as your majeſty perfectly knows, is held apocryphal by them, and is only received among the catholics.

La Nouvelle Bibliotheque *, for November 1740, gives an extract from the Anti-Machiavel, of which tranſlations have appeared, in German, Italian, and Engliſh. " We know " not," ſays the reviewer, " any author, or ra- " ther any book on morality, comparable to " this.—We are aſtoniſhed at the purity of the " language, which is ſingular, becauſe it is af- " firmed not to be the mother tongue of the " author. Various paſſages have ſeemed to us " written in terms ſo energetic, and the choice " of words has often been ſo happy, that we " have for ſome time been in doubt whether it " were in reality the work of a foreigner."

The reviewer draws a parallel between Telemachus and the Anti-Machiavel, and gives the latter the preference, both in what relates to ſtyle and ſubject. Here ſays he is ſeen one uniform but vigorous, full, and maſculine language; proper for the ſerious affairs on which it treats. He alſo remarks, that there are paſ-

* A review under this title. T.

ſages

ſages in this book, which ſuppoſe a profound knowledge of metaphyſics.

I am no longer a thinking being, ſince your majeſty's departure. Ghoſts and darkneſs haunt my mind.

I have the honour to be, with gratitude, profound reſpect, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

From the King.

FRIEND JORDAN, Schweidnitz, February 24, 1741.

IT will give me pleaſure to ſee thee here, with Maupertuis: depart, therefore, for Breſlau, and there remain till thou ſhalt receive new orders.

I am at preſent ſtudying the public ſafety, and am preparing every thing to obtain ſucceſs, in the enſuing campaign. I know not whence thy melancholy proceeds, of an increaſe of which I hope thou haſt no need. I love war for the ſake of fame; but, were I not a king, I ſhould be nothing more than a philoſopher. In fine, each man muſt follow his occupation; and it is my whim not to do any thing by halves.

Dead or alive, do not forget me; but per-

ſuade thyſelf that, though the philoſopher is become a warrior, he does not in the bottom of his heart eſteem thee the leſs. *Vale.*

LETTER XXX.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, February 28, 1741.

YOUR majeſty has the art of curing the diſeaſed in a more natural manner than the king of France can cure the evil. On the arrival of the charming letter with which you have been pleaſed to honour me, I ſeemed to feel my illneſs decreaſe, and I hope even ſoon to be able to obey the gracious commands I have received.

I have no doubt but that M. de Maupertuis will moſt willingly obey your majeſty's orders, and perform the journey with me.

I have juſt received a letter addreſſed to a friend from Marſeilles, in which there is a ſtanza that I think merits to be read by your majeſty.

Tous ces raiſonneurs du Portique,
Sous des habillemens groſſiers,
Cachaient la gloire fantaſtique
D'être des hommes ſinguliers.

Le

Le corps et l'eſprit à la gêne,
Au fond d'un tonneau, Diogène
Ne cherche pas la vérité;
Mais ce cynique y vient attendre
L'inſtant où le grand Alexandre
Viendra flatter ſa vanité *.

I have the honour to be, with profound reſpect, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

From the King.

From a village, of the name and appearance of which I am ignorant, March 3, 1741.

I AM ſincerely ſorry, Jordan, for the accident which has happened to thee. My wiſhes are ever for thy preſervation, and for every thing that can render thy life agreeable. I have been but little in thy rear. I have had a narrow eſcape, from a large party of huſſars, who thought to have ſurrounded and taken us. Without vanity, to my own trifling capacity

* The diſputants of the Portico, under coarſe garments, concealed the fantaſtic vanity of being ſingular. With body and mind conſtrained, Diogenes ſought not truth in his tub; but waited there that Alexander might come and flatter his cynical vanity.

am

am I indebted for my ſafety. I have not loſt ſo much as a drummer, of my own eſcort; but, as misfortune would have it, four hundred of theſe huſſars fell upon the ſquadron of the regiment of Schulenburg, and killed ten troopers.

My compliments to Maupertuis; tell him he muſt chooſe between Iceland and Sileſia; and that, go where he will, he will ever be accompanied by my friendſhip and eſteem. He is not much in the wrong. I am overwhelmed with affairs. I have them in every ſhape and form. Were men wiſe, they would treat the phantom fame, which occaſions them ſo much trouble, and induces them to dedicate that time to pain which Heaven gave them for enjoyment, with greater neglect. Thou wilt find me more of a philoſopher than thou haſt imagined; for philoſopher, more or leſs, I have always been. My age, the ardour of the paſſions, the deſire of renown, curioſity itſelf, that I may conceal nothing from thee, and in fine, a ſecret inſtinct has torn me from the ſweets of repoſe, by which I was charmed. I have been ſeduced by the deſire of ſeeing my name in the gazettes, and afterward in hiſtory.

Adieu, dear and faithful friend. My compliments to Ceſario.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, March 4, 1741.

I HERE inſert a ſtring of intelligence, which I have obtained, and which perhaps will divert your majeſty, occupied though you are by great projects.

"The king of Pruſſia," ſays a Dutch news-writer, "occaſions a ſtrict ſearch to be made "into the aſſaſſination of Saint-Clair."

To this article of news is added the following——"The king of Pruſſia has ſent "preachers into Sileſia; for this monarch indi-"cates much zeal for the intereſts and increaſe "of the proteſtant religion. A prayer, which "he himſelf has written, is read in all the "churches of Sileſia."

I ſhall mention nothing to your majeſty concerning the gazette writer of Cologne; you no doubt are informed of the impertinence inſerted in his laſt paper.

The rumour here is general that we ſhall have the conſolation to ſee your majeſty at Berlin in a fortnight; this news continually occupies my mind, and gives me great pleaſure; eſpecially becauſe

becauſe it is affirmed there will be no army of obſervation.

Mention is made here of an action which paſſed in your majeſty's preſence. Three hundred Pruſſians cut their way through eight hundred imperial huſſars. It is ſingular enough that, according to our accounts, three or four hundred ſtudents of Prague, who thought proper to play the ſoldier, have been ſent priſoners to Kuſtrin.

I have the honour to be, with profound reſpect, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, March 7, 1741.

THE articles of news are ſo numerous, and ſo various, that there is ſome difficulty in ſelecting.

Three hundred ſtudents, in diſguiſe, have attempted to carry off the chief of the Pruſſian army, under the command of a jeſuit and the auſpices of a ſaint of good repute, but were taken and ſent to Kuſtrin. This news, however ridiculous it may be, is affirmed and each day ap-

pears in public, under ſome new form, and with varying circumſtances.

It is here gravely aſſerted that fourteen thouſand Bavarians have entered Auſtria.

The return of your majeſty in a fortnight is ſtill inſiſted on as truth; but my reaſon combats the ſuggeſtions of ſelf-love, on this ſubject. I wiſh it ſo ſincerely that I fear I ſhall not have ſuch a pleaſure.

It is poſitively affirmed there will be no camp formed, by the Hanoverian troops.

There is great talk of peace; and I relate this with as much joy as a fanatic liſtens to a deſcription of celeſtial beatitude.

The haſtineſs of the order given to the gendarmes, to depart immediately, has been much remarked. This does not ſeem to promiſe peace.

People are ſurpriſed to hear nothing poſitive, and preciſe, concerning the operations of the campaign.

In addition to all this, I have the honour to inform your majeſty that I am in part recovered, and ready to obey the orders it ſhall pleaſe you to give. I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

From the King.

DEAR JORDAN, Schweidnitz, March 10, 1741.

AT length Glogau is taken by aſſault. Twenty-eight officers, two generals, and a thouſand and four men have been made priſoners of war. The whole of our loſs only amounts to one lieutenant and between twenty and thirty men. This is an action as ſingular, in its kind, as any found in hiſtory. Our troops ſignalized themſelves by their valour; and I am perſuaded that thou, like a good patriot, wilt be very happy at this news. At preſent, we are about to put the laſt hand to the work, and to direct all the operations of war in ſuch a manner as to do ourſelves honour. If thou art not ſatisfied with me now, thou never wilt be; for, as ſure as there is a God, I do all I can.

Write me a few words concerning Kayſerling: I am in pain about him, not having received any news from him ſince my departure from Berlin. Say a thouſand kind things to him, on my part.

Come and join me, as ſoon as thy health will permit; and be perſuaded I ſhall always ſincerely love thee.

LETTER XXXV.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, March 11, 1741.

THE letter with which it has pleaſed your majeſty to honour me is divine. How beautiful is ſuch philoſophy; and how rare is it to hear any one ſpeak againſt ambition, who is ſucceſsfully marching in the road of glory! How many reflections may be made on the character of a conqueror, and his labours! But I recollect the remark made by a philoſophic hero, after having heard a certain philoſophic preacher, and am ſilent.

Your majeſty, it is ſaid, aſpires to the imperial dignity, and your confeſſion of faith has been ſent to the Pope. This news comes from foreign countries. What follows is the news of the town, or rather of my chamber, where the newſmongers aſſemble, ſince I have not been able to go abroad.

M. Borck, the adjutant, is gone to Vienna to treat. An involuntary prayer, at hearing this, eſcaped me in behalf of peace. I own I fear the courage of your majeſty, as much as I do the foe againſt whom you fight.

The houſe of commons condemns the encampment at Hanover, to which parliament will not contribute; and in this I think the members are right, for there is ſeldom any thing got by war. M. von Brackel offers to bet a hundred guineas, with any man, that peace will be concluded in three months: could I accelerate it by the ſacrifice of my whole library, I would ſet fire to it with as much zeal as Eroſtrates did to the temple of Epheſus. My Horace, my beautiful Horace, I ſwear ſhould be committed to the flames.

One very melancholy article of news here is that M. von Reyſewitz has been taken; but I hope it is falſe.

M. Maupertuis departs to-morrow to throw himſelf at your majeſty's feet. As my health begins to be better, I wait your majeſty's orders, to have the conſolation of ſeeing the moſt dear and amiable of maſters.

A courier is arrived, who announces the reduction of Glogau! The news has overwhelmed me with joy!

I have the honour to be, with moſt profound reſpect, &c.

LETTER XXXVI.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, March 14, 1741.

THE French gazette, of Berlin, has terrified and made all honeſt people ſhudder; by a relation of the conſpiracy. I own to your majeſty my mind is wholly occupied by this idea, which I have been left to conſider in the ſilence of my chamber. The fact once proved, perſons who are capable of a deſign ſo black cannot but be covered with confuſion, and ignominy. Neither are the catholic clergy leſs to be feared; perhaps more, for their proceedings are ſecret, and covered by the dark veil of religion. May Heaven preſerve your majeſty from all accidents! I will apply myſelf more aſſiduouſly to virtue, that my prayers may be effectual; for it is ſaid the prayers of the juſt only are heard.

Some ſay the court of Saxony demands a princeſs of this houſe*, for the prince royal of Poland.

* *Cette maiſon.* Of the houſe of Brandenburg, as I imagine. The elector of Saxony was king of Poland; but the phraſe in the French is obſcure by being inaccurate. T.

The queen of Hungary is to cede all Sileſia, for which your majeſty is to grant her forty thouſand men.

Theſe two articles have not probability in their favour. But it is affirmed that the imperial court is greatly embarraſſed, which is much more likely to be true.

The journey of M. de Valori furniſhes much matter for political conjecture; there would indeed be ſufficient to exhauſt the conjectural art, even though it were reduced to thoſe ſubtle and invariable rules, by M. Wolf, which he has promiſed it ſhall be.

Madame de Rocoules is rather better, and deſired me moſt humbly to preſent her reſpects to your majeſty. When ſhall I have the conſolation to pay my court at Berlin, after a durable and fixed peace, to him who is the hope of Iſrael? I aſk pardon for this theological phraſe, and have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

From the King.

DEAR JORDAN, Schweidnitz, March 15, 1741.

WHEN thy health will permit thee to come hither, thou wilt find me wholly diſpoſed to make thee welcome. I am in an advantageous ſituation, and our affairs, thank Heaven, do marvellouſly well. Yet philoſophy ſtands its ground; and, were it not for my curſt eagerneſs after fame, I can aſſure thee that I ſhould only think hereafter of tranquillity. Adieu, dear Jordan. I hope ſoon to ſee thee here. Do not forget me, but reſt ſatisfied of the eſteem and ſincere friendſhip I ſhall ever have for thee. My compliments to Ceſario.

LETTER XXXVIII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, March 17, 1741.

THE taking of Glogau has inſpired univerſal joy; and the public wait, with an impatience

tience which gives me pleaſure, for the official account of that fine action, in the gazettes. There is not an individual who does not ſeem intereſted. That power which could ſtop the ſoldier, who, under ſuch circumſtances, almoſt always enjoys the right of pillage, is moſt admired. Such are the real advantages which are derived from the military diſcipline of this country.

It is here whiſpered that France has declared war againſt the Dutch. I can ſcarcely believe it, though it is pretended to be affirmed by the oracles of politics. I abide by the faith of my prieſt on this ſubject.

It is imagined peace is on the point of being concluded, becauſe the prince of Lichtenſtein is abſent from Vienna; and, as it is ſuſpected, is gone to the Pruſſian camp, to prevail on your majeſty not to liſten to the propoſals of France, but to receive Lower Sileſia, which is offered you by the queen of Hungary; who deſires to be allied to your majeſty, becauſe ſhe ſuppoſes that to be the moſt certain alliance, and which will have the leaſt need of guarantees. Such are the reaſonings of a newſmonger, who, after many a convulſive grimace, was yeſterday delivered of this ſyſtem.

Du Molard is gone to Paris, to wait your majeſty's commands; being afraid the dearth * will not permit him to arrive ſoon enough for the forming of the academy.

I pleaſe myſelf with the hope of departing, by the middle of next week, to throw myſelf at the feet of the conqueror of Sileſia.

I have the honour to be, with profound reſpect, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, March 20, 1741.

I HOPE to have the honour to find myſelf at your majeſty's feet on Sunday next. I am impatient for the arrival of this moment, and the enjoyment of ſuch a pleaſure.

The king of England, it is ſaid, intends to command the army in perſon. The beauty of his camp equipage is much talked of here, and

* *Par la crainte qu'il avoit de ne pouvoir arriver, ſans la diſette, au point de l'erection de l'academie.* The dearth either ſignifies a dearth of members, for the academy, or the paſſage is to me wholly unintelligible. T.

it

it is added that twelve thouſand Engliſh are embarked for Germany.

Some days ſince, nothing was heard of but peace; which, according to the news of the preſent day, is now very diſtant; for your majeſty is ſaid to have entered into engagements with other powers, and that the queen of Hungary has been too tardy, in thoſe negotiations which ſhe ought to have haſtened.

Many tales are told here concerning poor M. von Reyſewitz which appear to me to want foundation. It is affirmed ſix hundred men have, by ſurpriſe, entered Brieg, without being perceived by the beſiegers.

Our intelligence varies every day, is believed one hour and rejected the next.

I have with ſurpriſe ſeen an Engliſh book, which teaches pure deiſm, tranſlated into German, and publicly ſold here. Our good divines will find exerciſe, on this ſubject; which to them will, for a time, be the apple of diſcord.

An excellent hiſtory of the eſtabliſhment of the order of the Jeſuits has appeared. I am perſuaded that the work will have ſucceſs.

It is ſaid count Pickler has been carried off by the huſſars, and taken to Neiſs.

May

May God preſerve your majeſty! I can do the public of Berlin the juſtice to ſay that the people all offer up prayers for your ſafety.

I have the honour to be, with profound reſpect, &c.

LETTER XL.

From the King.

March 27, 1741.

I MARCH for Breſlau to-morrow, ſieur Jordan, where in four days time I ſhall be. You good people of Berlin have a prophetic ſpirit, of which I can form no conception. In fine, I do not ſtop at trifles; and thou wilt ſoon ſee Sileſia numbered among the provinces of Pruſſia. Adieu. I have not time to tell thee more; religion, and our brave ſoldiers, will perform the reſt.

Tell Maupertuis, that I grant the penſions of his academicians, and that I hope to find proper ſubjects to form young members, in the country in which I am. Give my compliments to him.

LET-

LETTER XLI.

From the King.

MY DEAR JORDAN, Pogrel, April 8, 1741.

WE ſhall give battle to-morrow. Thou knoweſt the fate of arms, and that no more reſpect is paid to the lives of kings than to thoſe of private perſons. I know not what the event will be. Should I meet my death, remember a friend who has always tenderly loved thee. Should Heaven prolong my life, I will write to thee to-morrow and thou ſhalt hear of our victory. Farewel, dear friend. While I live I ſhall love thee.

LETTER XLII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Breſlau, April 11, 1741.

I WAS yeſterday dreadfully alarmed. The noiſe of artillery heard, and the ſmoke of powder ſeen from the tops of the towers, made it ſuſpected there had been a battle, between the two armies. The conjecture was this morning confirmed,

confirmed, but in a manner infinitely glorious to your majeſty's troops. Joy prevailed among all the proteſtant inhabitants, who began to entertain fears, from the falſe rumours which the catholics took a pleaſure to ſpread. Perſons who were preſent at the action never think they can ſufficiently praiſe the coolneſs and courage of your majeſty. For my own part, I am in an ecſtaſy of joy. I have run about the whole day, to announce this good and glorious news, to ſuch Pruſſians as happened to be in Breſlau. Never did I feel more perfect ſatisfaction. M. de Camas is here, and has been very ill, for two days, of an inflammatory fever: the phyſician flatters himſelf there is no danger.

A printed relation is juſt publiſhed, but the circumſtances do not ſeem to be well related. I flatter myſelf one will ſoon appear written by a more able hand. An action ſo glorious deſerves a more full and connected narrative. May God preſerve your majeſty, for the conſolation and happineſs of the kingdom!

I have the honour to be, &c.

LET-

LETTER XLIII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Breſlau, April 14, 1741.

AT the corner of each ſtreet a plebeian orator is found declaiming on the warlike deeds of your majeſty's troops. I have often from indolence ſtopped to liſten to theſe diſcourſes, which flow rather from the heart than from the head.

I this morning left M. de Camas, who ſcarcely can outlive the day: the phyſician and his ſurgeon give him over. I have been but little abſent from him during his illneſs.

There has been a report for theſe two hours that Brieg has ſurrendered—God grant it may be true!

I wait the orders of your majeſty at Breſlau, not daring to repair to Ohlau, and throw myſelf at your feet, without permiſſion. This week M. de Valori, the Swediſh ambaſſador, and the baron von Pöllnitz have arrived.

It is ſaid that the cardinal is here detained priſoner. An article has appeared in the French gazette of Berlin on the ſubject of his arreſt which has given every body pleaſure.

No

No one knows what is become of M. de Maupertuis, who, apparently, is taken by the enemy. Your majesty, no doubt, will soon hear of him.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER XLIV.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Breslau, April 26, 1741.

A NEW edition of the Anti-Machiavel has appeared, published by Voltaire, in which what had been retrenched in the former is inserted. The German translation, made at Gœttingen, is published here. In the weekly paper, which the chevalier de Mouchy intended to have printed at Berlin, and which the people there refused to print, are the following words—"M. la B. de Chambrier had, last "week, audience of the king, presented him a "letter on the part of his master, and gave his "majesty a relation of the fearful conspiracy, "which the king of Prussia has happily disco-"vered. The plan of the conspirators was to "rid themselves of this monarch on the first "favourable occasion; or, if they could, to

"carry

" carry him off. More than ſixty perſons had " concerted together, for this odious purpoſe; " and their number occaſioned them to be ſuſ- " pected—The chief of the conſpirators was " charged with letters, in cypher, the key to " which he was obliged to give. This affair " occaſions dreadful alarms. The king of " Pruſſia has commanded all his ambaſſadors, " in foreign countries, to expatiate on the hor- " ror of ſuch an act. The criminal has been " put under a ſafe guard, and the king of Pruſ- " ſia has obtained the grant of the electoral " college, for him to be judged by the diet of " Frankfort, where all the juſtificatory pieces " will be examined, by the electors aſſembled, " to do proper juſtice.

" The king of England has cauſed it to be " publiſhed, that this was a fictitious conſpiracy, " by the king of Pruſſia, in concert with the " duke of Bavaria; that the electors, and all " Europe, might conceive an abhorrence for " the grand duke of Tuſcany; and that he " might thus rob him of the imperial crown, " to which it ſeemed he would have been call- " ed: but this is little probable. Letters from " Vienna are expected, to inform us of the " means which the queen of Hungary will take, " to preſerve the grand duke from the ſhame

" with which he will be overwhelmed, by ſuch " a horrid act, if the falſehood of this ignomini- " ous accuſation be not proved."

Te Deum has been ſung at Vienna; on which, as ſoon as I heard the news, I wrote the four following lines.

Croyez-vous que pour la victoire
Le *Te Deum* à Vienne s'eſt chanté?
Non: mais Neuperg à Dieu donne la gloire,
D'un grand péril promptement évité *.

God preſerve your majeſty! I have no other prayer, it is my daily *pater noſter*.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER XLV.

From M. Jordan †.

Breſlau, May 2, 1741.

HOW charitable is your majeſty! You not only afford me bodily ſubſiſtence but are kindly pleaſed to ſupply ſpiritual nutriment, for the

* Would you believe that *Te Deum* has been ſung at Vienna for victory gained? Oh no! 'Twas Neuperg who returned God thanks for the danger he had eſcaped.

† This and others of the letters of M. Jordan are part in proſe

the ſoul. I have received the Italian pſalms, adapted to the airs of the melodious Lobwaſſer.

Though I take pleaſure in ſinging, it is not of the deeds of angels. Let them be regaled by the devout, my ſong ſhall be in your praiſe.

The poor reſidue of breath I have muſt be conſecrated to this, and this alone.

It is ſaid, ſire, that your engineers keep up an infernal fire againſt Brieg; that the firing was yeſterday ſeen from our ſteeples, and that the governor did not perceive, till very late, that the pioneers were at the walls of his fortreſs. It gives particular pleaſure, to the whole city, to hear it affirmed that, after the reduction of Brieg, your majeſty's army will come and encamp near the gates of Breſlau.

proſe and part in verſe; a ſtyle formed in imitation of Chapelle, Hamilton, Voltaire, and other French writers, and with which the king was delighted, as is evident from his practice. But, whatever learning or powers of pleaſing he might poſſeſs (of which it rather appears that meekneſs and acquieſcence were the chief) M. Jordan was certainly neither a poet nor a man of wit; and as he evidently affected humour, and laboured to write in rhyme, in compliance to the exigent temper of Frederic, and not from any impulſe of mind or exuberance of imagination, it would be vain to labour at infuſing a ſpirit of poetry into language which, though occaſionally in rhyme, is proſaic in the extreme. For this reaſon, his verſes will, when they occur, with few exceptions, be tranſlated in proſe. T.

Safe from cruel huſſars, and the ſtratagems of war, I ſhall behold my tutelary deity, and his glorious ſtandards.

They will be ſeen with more tranquillity when we ſee them without fear. The Flemiſh gazette reports a very extraordinary fact, which I have put in verſe, and ſend your majeſty *. Although your majeſty gain victory after victory, I inceſſantly wiſh for peace; for peace is the only means of preſerving you amid your people, of whom you are the ſole conſolation. Would to God the whole world were as little enamoured with the laurel as I am!

I aſpire not after fame; I aſk not the conqueror's meed. The temple of fame is not equal in worth to the laurels of a ham, or a gammon of bacon †.

* The tale here verſified is a burleſque account of the pope, who favoured the cauſe of the queen of Hungary; of his taking a journey to heaven; of his remaining there three days; and, being aſked by a cardinal on his return what was the occaſion of this celeſtial expedition, of his reply that he had travelled thither to implore the ſuccour of the charitable Virgin Mary, for his favoured queen; but that, when he came to heaven, he ſaw her on her throne, with the Pruſſian eagle by her ſide. T.

† This laſt ſentence in the original is in verſe; and a literal tranſlation is given, in proof of the aſſertion in the note at the beginning of the letter, concerning the taſte of M. Jordan for poetry. T.

I have

I have the honour, the advantage, and the happineſs, to be, &c.

LETTER XLVI.

From the King.

1741.

ALL ſubterfuge, poor ſophiſt, leave,
Nor hope thy reaſoning may deceive.
Talk not of diarrhœa, phthiſic,
Dropſy, and terms miſus'd in phyſic,
As ſecret cauſes of thy pain.
Secret! Oh no!—'Tis very plain;
The camp each man can ſend advice
That thy diſeaſe is cowardice.
Hence with thy fears! Bluſh and retreat!
I keep no cowards in my ſuite.

LETTER XLVII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Breſlau, on the 24th day of my exile, 1741.

I WAS enchanted by the beautiful verſes of your majeſty,; but to be reproached with deſertion made me ſhudder. I neither deſert my faith nor my colours, nor was abſence ever

the effect of fear but of prudence, of which an order from your majeſty would have cured me, had you been pleaſed to give this order.

Obedience is a duty generally performed with reluctance, but never when the edict is iſſued from your royal domains: domains rendered delightful by that art with which they have been embelliſhed, and by the perſon who rules over them; eſpecially when the thunder is ſuffered to ſlumber, and the graces are ſtretched at eaſe on their couch. If your majeſty exact poetry from me, I muſt conſign myſelf over to the boatman of the Styx. I never could write good verſes; I ſcarcely can write in proſe; and he who attempts impoſſibilities does but ſhew a crazy mind. Poetry is to me impoſſible, and I ſatisfy myſelf with ſufficient knowledge to receive pleaſure from the poetry of others, and in envying the happineſs of thoſe who write it well.

The diſeaſe of ſatire, which your majeſty is pleaſed to impute to me, is, of all the maladies of the mind, if this be one, that which I fear the moſt; and it certainly is ſuch in a private perſon. Who will dare to indulge himſelf in lampoons? The ſeductive art of ſlander ſhould only be exerciſed by the great. This is a talent for which I never importuned God, but I requeſt

queſt him to beſtow on me the gift of patience, when I am attacked by one ſtronger than myſelf.

Your majeſty continually reproaches me with ill humour. May I venture to ſay that your majeſty, in this reſpect, reſembles the phyſician, who wiſhed his patient had a fever, that he might have the pleaſure of curing him? You can cure me, ſire, by commanding me to repair to the camp, and throw myſelf at your feet, there to aſſure you of the profound reſpect with which I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER XLVIII.

From the King.

The camp of Grotkau, May 5, 1741.

BEHOLD us marching for Grotkau,
While you ſit trembling at Breſlau,
And weep the dying, and the dead,
Of battle's honourable bed.
Yes, peaceful Jordan, well I know,
Hare flies not faſter from the foe,
When hound and horn her fears augment,
Than you do, when you ſtrike your tent!

But pray, allow me juſt to aſk,
Where's your grave philoſophic maſk,

That hides theſe fears, when ſtoic pride
Doth, danger abſent, death deride?

The cannon bellows his ſulphureous thunder,
And fills th' affrighted earth with horrid wonder!
And lo! an iron ſhower deſtructive rends
The yielding ſhrieking air, through which it wends!
The womb of war with death begins to ſwell,
And opening earth aſſumes the guiſe of hell!
Infernal flames, with force infernal driv'n,
Now burſting forth, ſcorch ev'ry wind of heav'n!
Fire rages here, and there the murd'rous ſword,
Abhorring Pity, and by Pity abhorr'd!

The man who thus, 'mid death and danger,
Remains to panic fears a ſtranger,
In burning towns, on bloody plains,
Unmov'd and tranquil ſtill remains,
Philoſopher himſelf may call;
The reſt are but impoſtors, all.

Sweet maſters, then, it hence appears,
Your paſſive courage, active fears,
As hoſtile are to one another
As any author to his brother.
Nay more, to give the devil his due,
I doubt they're as deceitful too.

Yes! learned doctors! men of might?
Of courage ye can nobly write!
And all as nobly, too, can look
On dangers horrid, in a book!
But, from the ſight of actual gun,
Once more, ye can as nobly run.

For

For us, of mind more ſtrong than ye,
With phlegm and intrepidity,
We face the ſtorm and ſcorn to flee.
Though havoc, and confuſion rude,
On earth and nature ſhould intrude,
Yet nought could ſhake my fortitude!

This is the mode in which, from a very warlike camp, I take the liberty of ſaluting your ſapience. The compliments my Muſe has thought proper to pay you ſmell a little of the ſoldier; but you will find her very ſincere: and let me intreat you, by way of parentheſis, to remember that Truth has ever been the miſtreſs I have adored. When I ſhall become more courteous, then will madam the Muſe ſpeak in more honeyed ſtrains. In the mean time, I muſt beg you to believe me neither more nor leſs than

Your admirer and friend.

LETTER XLIX.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Breſlau, May 5, 1741.

I HAVE the honour to congratulate your majeſty on the ſurrender of Brieg! Your campaign,

paign is ended, when that of others is ſcarcely begun. Nothing can be more glorious than ſuch events, to your majeſty's arms. My continual prayer is that God would be pleaſed to preſerve you, amidſt all your victories.

I have received a letter from Paris, in which they have ſent me the epitaph of Rouſſeau, written by himſelf, two years before his death.

De cet auteur noirci d'un crayon ſi malin,
Paſſant, veux-tu ſavoir quel fut le caractère?
Il avait, pour amis, Titon, Brumoi, Rollin:
Pour ennemis, Gacon, Pittaval et Voltaire. *

I have heard with ſurpriſe that M. de Voltaire has cauſed his Mahomet to be performed at Liſle; which I conſider as a kind of rebuke, or injury done to the Pariſian theatre.

I have the honour to be, with profound reſpect, &c.

* "Wouldſt thou, paſſenger, know what was the character "of this author, blackened by pens ſo malignant? Learn then "that his friends were Titon, Brumoi, Rollin; and his enemies "Gacon, Pittaval and Voltaire."

No ſtronger proof can be given of the prejudice to which great minds are liable than this epitaph, which was meant to be an *epigram*. Who was more capable of eſtimating the true worth of Voltaire than Jean Baptiſte Rouſſeau? Yet the whole ſalt of his epigram, as he ſuppoſed it to be, conſiſted in the name of Voltaire forming a climax of mental meanneſs! T.

LET-

LETTER L.

From the King.

The camp of Molwitz, May 6, 1741.

ON that dread field I ſit, and write,
Where danger valour doth excite!
Where ſwarming Myrmidons of Mars,
In vulgar proſe yclep'd huſſars,
Come hourly whiſp'ring, in our ear,
"We wiſh your worſhips a good year!"
Where bombs and batteries play a jig,
Or helliſh ſymphony, on Brieg!
On that fam'd field where every breath,
From every ſide, is fraught with death,
I bravely ſit, and ſeem ſo bold ——!
Huſh!——All that glitters is not gold.

You will perceive, ſir, from the fine things which I have the honour to repeat to you, that it is poſſible to be more frightened than hurt; which is what may be called teſtifying cowardice, without cauſe. I had vainly flattered myſelf, hitherto, I ſhould have enjoyed a beatific glimpſe of you; but we are ſo effectually divided, by danger, that I fear I ſhall not ſo ſhortly partake of your ſweet ſociety. There are tales abroad that your laſt journey occaſioned laxities, ſo copious that the apothecaries of Berlin were obliged

liged to employ all poſſible aſtringents, to ſtop the effects which your very great prudence had produced upon your conſtitution.

You have heard that Brieg has ſurrendered. We found it ſurrounded by mines and fougades. You are very fortunate not to have been preſent at the general aſſault, elſe might you have made your entrance into paradiſe aſtride on a bomb. Alas, poor Jordan! What muſt then have become of your fine library; your beautiful Horace; your *Margot de la plante, &c?*

Not to take up too much of your time from laborious ſtudy, I ſhall conclude a letter which perhaps you think too long, already, with an aſſurance that another time I ſhall employ more of the *vertatur ſtylus.* Remain ſatisfied that, notwithſtanding the trifling reproaches this may contain, I eſteem you as much in my camp as others would under the portico, or in the Lyceum; and that, for my own poor part, the qualities of the friend will ever obliterate the defects of the poltroon.

LET-

LETTER LI.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Breſlau, May 8, 1741.

I RECEIVED the letter with which it pleaſed your majeſty to honour me; and it was the firſt that ever excited my grief, and for which I pay no thanks to my ill ſtars.

I did not quit the camp till I had firſt received your majeſty's orders. If I diſcovered any ſenſation of fear, it is a proof that I was more undiſguiſed than prudent. But indeed to what purpoſe ſhould I have endeavoured to have concealed foibles, which could not have eſcaped the penetrating eye of your majeſty, who has the goodneſs to endure men ſuch as you find them, and to connive at my defects?

The tale of the phyſician of Breſlau, reported to your majeſty, would be very pleaſant, if it did not relate to one who has no other diſeaſe than that of loving mankind too well, and of making melancholy reflections.

I only wait your majeſty's orders to throw myſelf at your feet, confeſs my weakneſs, and aſſure you of the zeal, and profound reſpect, with which I have the honour to be, &c.

LET-

LETTER LII.

From the King.

May 9, 1741.

DATED,

From camp entrench'd, at Molwitz, ſir,
With mortar, bomb, and howitzer:
Where ſmall and great guns loudly play;
Where valiant Jordan ran away.

WHAT! do you gravely underſtand
My random verſes, writt'n off hand!
I've known you in a diff'rent ſtory.
At preſent I'm deceiv'd, and ſorry.
And may the Muſe's ſportive mood
As ſatire then be underſtood?
The head, I grant, may give offence;
The heart aſſerts its innocence.

Thus do I reply to the very ſerious letter you have written. I am not of a temper ſufficiently fretful to teaze myſelf, concerning paſt misfortunes; and I pity, with all my heart, that propenſity which loads you with uſeleſs afflictions.

Some wind peſtif'rous, and compreſs'd,
Has paſſing enter'd, and poſſeſs'd
Thy body, like malignant dæmon,
And pain and anguiſh bids thee dream on.

So ſaith the faculty; your night-table muſt determine;

determine; for, in all ſuch momentous matters, that is, in my opinion, the moſt competent judge.

Should you not think proper to give your hypochondria an airing, nor Terrier like to dirty your boots, you will act with admirable wiſdom to remain at Breſlau.

For ſome days paſt, I have talked of nothing but hail, rain, ſnow, and bad weather. This is not the way to put you in a good humour: I ſhall therefore give over, for I perceive I have little ſucceſs.

I am, notwithſtanding, among the moſt zealous of the friends of Monſieur Jordan.

LETTER LIII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Breſlau, May 12, 1741.

I HAVE received the pleaſant deſcription your majeſty has given of Maupertuis. His ſervant ſet off yeſterday, and has no doubt but that his maſter will return to Breſlau.

Nothing is talked of here but peace, which is affirmed to be near, and for which I rather wiſh than hope. It is ſaid the enemy flies,

when your majeſty's army makes any ſhew of approach. This it is aſſerted they did at Strehlen.

According to the Leyden gazette, the horſe of M. Maupertuis ran away with him, during the battle, and galloped into the midſt of the enemy.

I know not what ill humour is; and of this I can bring proof. I have taken the liberty to ſend your majeſty two letters, in which there are verſes; and for my part I never rhyme, except when joy will not ſuffer me to reaſon.

I yeſterday heard a good number of maſſes, for my amuſement; for I could not go to church from devotion, becauſe we have no aſſembly of the reformed religion here; and—

Pour moi, comme une humble brebis,
Sous la houlette je me range;
Il ne faut aimer le change,
Que des femmes et des habits. *

It is with great joy I hear that your majeſty is at preſent in perfect health, and that your headaches are entirely gone.

I have the honour to be, &c.

* "I, an humble ſheep, obey my ſhepherd. We ought not "to delight in change, except of women and of dreſs."

Jordan cites theſe verſes from Bayle, under the article Racant; but I can find no ſuch lines there, at leaſt not in the beſt edition which I have examined. T.

LETTER LIV.

From the King.

The camp of Molwitz, May 13, 1741.

THE lines you ſent are not your own;
They're not to hearty laughter prone.
Pray mount your Mercury ſomewhat higher,
Ere you to pleaſantry aſpire.
I'd rather ſee you ſcratch, and ſpit,
And deal out cat-a-mountain wit,
Than vent your ancient moral ſaws,
Which dunce can vent, with like applauſe!

Grief Nature form'd you to diſpel.
Speak what you think, and you'll ſpeak well.
Your mind can furniſh ample ſtore
Of wit and humour's charming lore:
Give but this ample mind its due,
All will be native, all be new;
And Attic elegance will teach
What learned gall could never reach.

Then caſt this garb of wiſdom off;
At cold, tame, diſquiſition ſcoff,
The lacquey dull of languid age,
And leave to calculator's rage
Of inches, lines, or corns of barley,
Of ciſoid, curve, or cube to parley;
Leave him, in ſcientific terror,
To prove the world is prone to error;

By algebra to count his pains,
And how much miſchief ſtill remains!

I've drawn your portrait; pray forgive—
But don't forget, meantime, to live.
I've told you my philoſophy:
If yours be better ſend it me.

Do not you imagine, Mr. Man of another world, that two jocoſe letters are ſufficient proofs, to chriſtian people, of your preſent good humour: we muſt have more. May you remain at Breſlau ſo long as fear ſhall continue to be your privy counſellor! May the enemy be as fearful as yourſelf; and may I never loſe the benefit of your friendſhip! Thus prays one who has the honour to remain,

Moſt prudent,
Moſt grave,
Moſt ſcientific Jordan,
the moſt religious admirer of,
Sir,
Your very high Doctiloquous Sapience.

LET-

LETTER LV.

From the King.

The camp of Molwitz, May 16, 1741.

AT length the Fox is caught, trepann'd;
Of wit convicted here you ſtand!
For verſe ſo charming, free, and flowing,
Can only be of your beſtowing.

Alarm'd as is your noble ſoul,
March on! You'll meet with no control!
No pit to catch you, ready made!
No dire miſhap of ambuſcade!
March boldly, then, nor once repine
With us to ſit, and drink good wine.

Or, if this tempting lure ſhould fail,
And peace and plenty can't prevail,
Know, ſir, that Brieg you'll fruitful find
In food to feed your hungry mind.
Worm-eaten, here, you'll meet with books
Unknown, except to paſtry-cooks!
Vaſt folios! Which, with pedant mien,
Without are gilt, within are clean!
And which we well may brutal call:
For, ſhould they chance on chine to fall,
Heaven help thenceforth th' o'er-curious wight!
'Tis much if more he walk upright!

Should all theſe ſmall impreſſion make,
Yet ſure this after bait muſt take!

I'll warrant you the wondrous pleaſure
To ſit and nothing do, at leiſure!

Thus, petty trader like, I cry
Camp wares, expecting you will buy.
Of fame, indeed, I've none to proffer;
You come too late, the ſale is over!
In ſearch of Fame you need not roam;
You've long ſince made her houſe your home.

LETTER LVI.

From the King.

Undated.

WITH maukiſh melancholy,
Doleful tones, and grumbling in the gizzard,
You, ſage ſir, have the folly
To relate a right pleaſant tale:
How Maupertuis, the man who flatten'd the poles,
With an arrow's ſpeed, arrives flying,
From the dead and the dying;
Afraid leſt whiſker'd rogues, with hideous ſabres,
Finally ſhould not fail
To cut ſhort his learned labours!
But the beſt of the jeſt is, theſe ſons of Mars,
Theſe bluſt'ring, ranting, manſlaughtering huſſars,
Are ſuch ſimple ſouls
That they believe him to be a wizzard!
Or a pagan prieſt,
At the very leaſt!

"Pardi!

" Pardi! Gentlemen," ſaid I,
" He is worſe than either, why
" He is a mathematician"——Indeed?—
" An, aſtronomer"—Zounds! He ought to be flead!
What a Vandal!——At Vienna,
Which nor rhubarb nor ſenna
Can purge of ignorance: where folly we behold
Perch'd under ſilken canopies and cloth of gold,
Judge whether he were not held at defiance!
" Begone Mr.—What's your name?—Oh! Mr. Science!—
(The fools affected candour I will own.)
" Surely, ſir, you cannot but ſee
" You and your language are alike to us unknown!
" Begone, ſir, you we beſeech."
Thus they civilly diſmiſs'd poor Maupertuis
With a courtly bow, and a kick in the breech.

Such is the manner in which you ought to have told the tale; thus it ought to have been dreſſed, by a man who has no other occupation. I know not what to think of you, but your letters daily become more lamentable. It ſhould ſeem as if you would, if poſſible, infect the whole world with that gloom and uſeleſs chagrin by which you are preyed upon. Take my advice; become reaſonable; drink your glaſs, act the rake, and be merry; grief is the height of folly. Be prudent: love me a little, and do not doubt but that I ſhall ever remain your very joyous ſervant.

LETTER LVII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE,

PEOPLE here are extremely impatient to learn ſome intelligence, relative to the march of your majeſty's army. It is ſaid, as you approach, the foe retires. Were I myſelf at the head of the Auſtrian council, I could not give them better advice. Who can withſtand the warlike ardour of your majeſty's ſoldiers?

There is another new edition of the Anti-Machiavel, with numerous juſtificatory pieces, in favour of M. de Voltaire. The following is an epigram, inſerted in the *Bibliotheque Britannique*, on the editor of that work.

Des auteurs peu conſidérables
Ont eu d'illuſtres éditeurs;
Et les plus illuſtres auteurs,
Des éditeurs très-miſerables;
L'éditeur et l'auteur ſont auſſi quelquefois
Deux ſots obſcurs, qu'unit leur goût pour les ſornettes;
Mais ici nous voyons le prince des poëtes
Editeur du prince des rois. *

May

* "Authors of little note have had illuſtrious editors; and "illuſtrious authors have had editors the moſt wretched. Some-"times both author and editor are blockheads, who club their "wits

May God ſoon ſend your majeſty into theſe parts!

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER LVIII.

From the King.

SIGNOR JORDAN, The camp at Grotkau, June 1, 1741.

PÖLLNITZ wrote me word that he would ſend me ſome verſes, and I in anſwer ſaid I would ſend him money. I have received no poetry with his letter, and he ſhall receive no gold with mine.

Thou doſt not tell me a word of dear Ceſario, but talkeſt of nothing but thy puppy of a bookſeller, and of his pitiful book.

We ſhall fight three pitched battles, make four aſſaults, and engage in a hundred ſkirmiſhes; after which thou ſhalt behold me, humble Gamaliel, at the foot of Paul Jordan; from thee to learn prudence, and the art of peace.

" wits to folly. But here we behold the prince of poets the " editor of the prince of kings."

The gingle of the prince of poets and the *prince of kings* is ſo pointleſs, in Engliſh, that a poetic and epigrammatic tranſlation, in which the meaning of the author ſhould be preſerved, ſeems an impoſſibility. T.

Adieu, dear friend: take care of thyſelf. Prithee recollect how intereſted the girls of the Werder and the New-town are in thy health. Salutation.

LETTER LIX.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Breſlau, June 3, 1741.

THE letter it has pleaſed your majeſty to write to me will be ſufficient to preſerve me from gloom for ten days——The baron von Pöllnitz will not fail to ſend you verſes; it is doubly his intereſt. Ceſario is arrived at Berlin, in good health. He performed the journey in four days. Men may always travel with ſpeed through countries in which tranquillity reigns. This is what I write to M. von Kayſerling, who thinks it a misfortune that he cannot, with his own eyes, behold the mournful effects of war.

Your majeſty's letter makes me ſhudder—Three pitched battles, four aſſaults, and a hundred ſkirmiſhes, though they do not make Jordan tremble, would terrify the devil himſelf!

You love the tumultuous field of Mars, and, though in continual danger from his faulchion, determine

determine to follow his ſtandards; the precious bequeſts of Minerva and of Ceres are only beſtowed on peace.

Your majeſty does me great honour, or rather laughs at me, when you ſpeak of Gamaliel ſtudying the art of peace. How happy am I when your majeſty is at Berlin, or Rheinſberg, and when I divide my time between the pleaſure of ſerving your majeſty and the pleaſures of leiſure, and retirement.

Contented and tranquil the moments I paſs,
Undiſturb'd and at eaſe, with my girl and my glaſs.

The reaſon that I think of Berlin originates in the wants of the hoſpital, and the conference.

I can be of no uſe as an attendant on Bellona; I therefore humbly requeſt that the conqueror of Sileſia would permit me to return to that city. I take no pleaſure in this country: the women and the wine are equally bad; morning, noon and night we hear of nothing but war; I am awakened by the thunder of the artillery, and the cry of the inhuman ſoldier; my wiſhes therefore all centre in Berlin.

I am induced to requeſt this favour of your majeſty becauſe I am aſſured peace is determined on, which makes me half frantic with joy. I wiſh to celebrate that happy day in the place where I am moſt myſelf, in my library, where my

my books never anſwer a word to all the ſilly things I ſay; and it is affirmed that Berlin will ſoon have the happineſs of ſeeing your majeſty.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER LX.

From the King.

Undated.

WAS it neceſſary to write a ſermon, to perſuade me to let you go to Berlin? Do you not bluſh at your childiſh impatience to depart? You ſhall come here, if you pleaſe, and make honourable amends to the whole camp. You will much rather incline me to have compaſſion on you by your cowardice than by the attachment you profeſs to have to Mr. John Calvin. My verſes certainly are not to your taſte, becauſe they are bold and true; but, being contented with them myſelf, this is my conſolation: and you may preſerve them as being my profeſſion of faith.

Send me word, I beg, whether it be true that peace is concluded *; whether the Pruſſian troops will remain here, or whether there is any talk of a battle. In a word chatter away.

* This ſeems a ſtrange queſtion for the king to aſk Jordan; but ſo it is. T.

LET-

LETTER LXI.

From the King.

The camp of Freywalde, June 13, 1741.

GOOD pettiſh ſir, and may it pleaſe you,
Why would you fly our ſweet Sileſia?
What is your reaſon, what your plan?
You're much too good a courtier, man,
To own, with frank temerity,
You're weary of our company.
Enchanting Jordan, be ſincere;
Say why you wiſh to diſappear.
Inflate with wind we name ſirocco,
Mourn you for Horace?—Blue Morocco!
Or Seneca?—Well bound in Ruſſia!
Do theſe impel you back to Pruſſia?
Or, haply, is't ſome living beauty,
Who bids you think on love and duty;
Who, in your preſence much delighting,
Is not quite ſatisfied with writing?
For not where Folly's toys unite,
Not in the palace, you delight.
A place ſo lonely may not be
Compar'd to our ſociety.
No! Levity, your love to change,
Incites your worſhip thus to range!
She is the goddeſs of your nation,
The race moſt trifling in creation.
Inconſtancy deſpotic reigns
In Frenchman's heart.—Thus Jordan feigns
Some abſent happineſs, and views
A diſtant good which he purſues,

But never catches.—As to me,
Enjoyment is felicity.
But I begin to know your tricks:
In heav'n had you a coach and ſix,
Diſſatisfied in heav'n to dwell,
You'd bid the coachman drive to hell.

This is all I have to ſay in verſe, but my proſe will not contain leſs truth, and I dare venture to inform you it would be very difficult, if not impoſſible, to find a place in which you ſhould reſt contented. We ſhall ſoon depart for Strehlen; we find no amuſement here, except with huſſars.

Farewel, dear Jordan. My compliments to the Portico, and the Lyceum. My philoſophy ſends her humble ſervice to yours, and I myſelf am, good ſir, your moſt obedient.

LETTER LXII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Breſlau, June 17, 1741.

I HAVE received your charming verſes, written in the true Norman ſtyle; for may I periſh if I underſtand what are your majeſty's commands, or whether it be your will I ſhould go

go to Berlin, or remain at Breſlau. The art of criticiſm, which I have ſtudied, I find is but of little ſervice to me, ſince it cannot teach me thus much diſcrimination. Nor is this the firſt vexation which the ſpirit of ſcepticiſm and doubt has occaſioned me. Had I taken a doſe of dogmatic philoſophy, I ſhould have immediately been poſitive; but my inclination to the academic ſect, and the fear of failing in my duty, render me indeterminate. Perhaps my lamentations of Jeremiah, which I ſent a few days ago, will diſſipate theſe doubts; for, on the faith of a chriſtian, I cannot remain in a city where the doctrines of Calvin are rejected as if they were the Sibylline verſes. I never was a courtier; nor have you need of that race; for courtiers perpetually diſguiſe the truth, which men are bold enough to ſpeak, in your majeſty's preſence. Why then ſhould not I be thus daring? I am weary of Breſlau, in which I can neither pay my court to your majeſty nor reſort to my library, where, in company with the Muſes, with Horace by my ſide, I enjoy tranquillity, and am enabled to deſpiſe the arts and vanity of the world.

The French I own are inconſtant. They are thus from levity; I have wit enough ſo to be for the ſake of enjoyment. But I am neither

inconſtant in friendſhip nor in love; and diſtinguiſhed merit, in man or woman, ſeldom has to complain of infidelity.

May I humbly ſupplicate another favour of the conqueror of Sileſia; a draft on Vorſpann, for my purſe is otherwiſe in danger of a conſumption.

I have the honour to be, &c.

P. S. It is ſaid here that we ſhall have a peace, and that all things will happen according to the wiſhes of Frederic, whom the world reveres.

LETTER LXIII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Breſlau, June 19, 1741.

I AM aſhamed of importuning your majeſty ſo frequently by my letters, and my rhymes, which muſt have the ſame merit, in your majeſty's eyes, as the daubings of a ſign-painter would in thoſe of Peſne. But it is indolence which makes me thus garrulous; and it muſt be owned it is great temerity to rhyme, at my time of life. The goodneſs of your majeſty's

ty's poetry, written while you are marching over all Sileſia with your army, and ſpreading terror wherever you go is to me incomprehenſible. The ſiſters of the ſacred valley joyouſly chant the noble acts of the German Apollo, whom Greece would have worſhipped.

I moſt humbly thank your majeſty, for the permiſſion you have graciouſly granted me, to return to my dear books, which conſtitute the chief happineſs of my life. Each man ſeeks happineſs in his own way: a victor in a conquered province, yours is ſecure; but mine has here been very imperfect, for I have endured a famine of books, wine, and women. You are happy with your army, and I that I am allowed to depart. All happineſs is ideal, and I am much perplexed, conſidering the nature of mine; I ſeek it in ſtudy; though thought often makes man wretched, and diſſipation as often inſpires mirth. But it is the general propenſity of man, when happineſs is in his power, to ſeek miſery. A perſon the other day inſiſted that happineſs was voluntary, and that he who was determined might guard againſt miſery, by the power of his own will. I as warmly affirmed that minds are differently tempered; that to laugh at misfortune was the effect of conſtitution; and that the thing moſt ſurpriſing was to

ſee

ſee men who, as I have ſaid, might be happy if they pleaſed, ſeek to be wretched.

May Heaven ſoon reſtore your majeſty to your people! There is one point in which I never can be ſceptical: it is impoſſible for me to doubt that I ſhould ever be other than your majeſty's moſt devoted, &c.

LETTER LXIV.

From the King.

July 1, 1741.

FOR wiſdom exquiſite and moſt profound,
Which truly is not worth a doit per pound,
Some folks applaud themſelves with folly ſuch
That they get drunk, leſt they ſhould have too much.

The ſage debauchee Jordan requeſts a copy of theſe lines. Strange abſence of mind! The gentleman forgets that he is himſelf the ſubject of the epigram.

LET-

LETTER LXV.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, Auguſt 12, 1741.

IN this I ſend you ſome irregular verſes, very irregularly written, by a man who never was regular. Conſider them but as etchings in the taſte of Barroc, which, however, have had the good fortune to pleaſe you.

I have an unconquerable deſire to ſee the Pruſſians mount guard in the market place of Breſlau, from the ſhop of a bookſeller named Korn *. You will not, ſire, refuſe this conſolation to Simeon, who wiſhes to ſee the ſaviour, not of Iſrael, but, of Germany. Your troops have very juſtly acquired this prerogative.

* In letter LXIII. dated June 19th, M. Jordan thanks the king for permiſſion to go to Berlin, though no ſuch permiſſion appears in the letters printed. In this epiſtle and the two next we hear only of Breſlau, except that Jordan writes from Berlin. He now deſires to come to Breſlau, from which he had petitioned ſo earneſtly to retire. We can only ſolve the difficulty by ſuppoſing either letters omitted or verbal meſſages; and by recollecting, as is evident from the correſpondence, how much M. Jordan ſtruggled with his feelings, that he might flatter and oblige Frederic. T.

I might allege reaſons of health to your majeſty, for mine is ſo delicate that I can only enjoy it by rendering frequent, though involuntary, homage to the faculty. During ſix months I have had the temerity to refuſe paying tribute to phyſicians, but at preſent neceſſity is all powerful.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER LXVI.

From the King.

WHILE convoy'd corn ſhall, from the foe,
Such numerous hazards undergo,
Thou may'ſt ſecure thy precious life
From fell huſſar, and deſp'rate ſtrife,
Where pointed cannon, from Breſlau,
Such rude incurſions overawe.
Whether for bread or glory fights
The furious Mars, and wrath excites,
Thou may'ſt in peaceful ſtudy be
Protected in poltroonery.
Should Peril threat more near approach,
I'll ſend thee tumbril, cart, or coach,
Conveyance ſafe, from powder vile,
To where both art and ſcience ſmile.

Given at our camp of Strehlen this 12th of Auguſt, 1741.

LET-

LETTER LXVII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Breſlau, Auguſt 19, 1741.

I AM arrived at Breſlau, which I have with great joy ſeen embelliſhed by your fine troops. The girls all ogle the ſoldiers of your majeſty: nor am I ſurpriſed; they are as handſome as they are brave, and are equally reſiſtleſs in love and war.

It is whiſpered here that your majeſty is on the eve of an alliance with France. Of this I know nothing; but I well know that the unforeſeen journey of M. de Valori has afforded employment to the whole corps diplomatique; like as a comet with a vaſt tail does to that of meſſieurs the aſtronomers.

It is pretended that, in leſs than three days, there will be a battle. I fear this word as the Romans did thoſe which expreſſed death. I love increaſe, but not deſtruction. The ſword may deprive your body of that life which love beſtowed, and for which your country is under great obligation to love. Not to preſerve the life thus given, I will venture to ſay, would be ingratitude.

Your majeſty has been expected here ſome days, and M. de Bulau has for that reaſon quitted the houſe he occupied. You will be received in this city as the Jews would receive their Meſſiah, ſhould he think proper to make his appearance.

LETTER LXVIII.

From the King.

The Camp at Reichenbach, Aug. 30, 1741.

YOU hate them much, yet you ſuppoſe
That we're eternally at blows;
In hot purſuit huſſars entrapping,
And daily catching Auſtrians napping.
Softly, ſweet ſir!—Pray ſtop, and breathe.
For you may arguments unſheath
More ſwift, I ween, than we our ſwords.
Know, victories are not won by words.
Our morning ſun, perhaps, may ſoon
With all the ſplendor ſhine of noon.
The pilot, who the port would gain,
Stands watchful of the varying vane;
And tacks the helm, and ſets the ſail,
Whene'er propitious winds prevail.

For theſe propitious winds we are waiting, that we may ſteer without danger. I hold our arrangements

arrangements to be certain, and I think I ſhall ſcarcely be blamed for playing a ſafe game.

We have the beautiful country of Sileſia in view, which forms one of the moſt charming proſpects in the world: nor is the fine and numerous army, encamped on theſe hills, one of their leaſt ornaments.

Adieu, friend Jordan, give my reſpects to madam Philoſophy, and tell her I hope to ſee her once again in winter-quarters. Nor forget my compliments to my lady Belles Lettres, informing her that I appoint her the like rendezvous; and, though I have for a time dropped their acquaintance, I do not mean it ſhould end here; for that, when the campaign ſhall be over, I mean to cultivate their friendſhip with increaſing love, and ardour.

Of thy candour, thy knowledge, thy philoſophy, and eſpecially of thy agreeable converſation,

I am the admirer and friend.

LETTER LXIX.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Breſlau, Auguſt 30, 1741.

ROBINSON * arrived yeſterday, and by his arrival ſurpriſed every body. Hopes of peace again revive, and I am delighted to ſee that every thing contributes to the glory of your majeſty. This formidable Pruſſian monarch acts the coquette; all endeavour to win him, while he remains unconcerned, and at his eaſe.

The Frenchman looks gloomy on the buſineſs, but ſatirical; my lord the Engliſhman is merry; the Dutchman is enraged, and ſays the journey is undertaken to no purpoſe, for that the happy negociator has nothing but inſignificant propoſals to make. Pöllnitz had a ſkirmiſh yeſterday with the Hanoverian †. The king, my maſter, ſaid the latter, will ſoon appear in all his glory! That, replied the baron, with a ſatiric ſneer, will probably be when he takes a journey to the other world, to judge the dead.

* The Engliſh envoy.

† This enumeration evidently relates to the different ambaſſadors. T.

It is ſaid there are ſix hundred huſſars on the ſcout, between Breſlau and Neumarck. I certainly ſhall not go to enquire into the truth of the intelligence.

May God preſerve your majeſty!

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER LXX.

From the King.

The Camp at Reichenbach, Sept. 2, 1741.

QUHEN Anglo-plenipo ſchal ſtonde aſtounder
Than ſtunnyed braſſe or wyldered yron founder,
And, wythe his pack
On his back,
That hee not opened hathe, to ſchew hys wares,
To Almaine Emperoure on bonkis of Styxis repaires,
Telling quhat i quhithe magic lore hym toulde,
Then to the preeſte ſchal he hys ſinnes unfoulde;
And offe hys greete errour,
To bee Europa's mediatour,
And eeke to us Legiſlatour;
And in Jamaika ſchal give up the ghoſte,
Cacique pacifique of that y ſtraunge coſte!

The above is a prophecy which I have diſcovered among the centuries of old Noſtradamus: you ſhall have it for what it coſt, that is

to ſay for another in return, which I know will be excellent, and which indeed will not only repay me the principal but intereſt at a hundred per cent; eſpecially if you will promiſe to be for ever mine.

Farewel. Send the encloſed to Voltaire.

LETTER LXXI.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Breſlau, September 2, 1741.

YOUR verſes are charming; I cannot read them often enough; they ſhew no appearance of that facility with which they are written.

The whole converſation here is concerning the great part you act. It is affirmed the Saxon is come to aſk as a favour of your majeſty, that he may in ſome meaſure contribute to the glory of your houſe. The very artful miniſter Bulau, with that ſubmiſſive air which humility gives, comes to preſent you the power of his prince. I flatter myſelf your majeſty will grant him this glorious privilege.

I bleſs God, and return thanks to your majeſty's cares, for our preſent proſperity! Sheltered by your wings, I ſleep in tranquillity as

great as if the palladium were in my keeping. The people of Berlin fear a ſecond battle. For my part I fear no more, for victory is a certainty; and were I to be John the Baptiſt, and preach to this good people, I ſhould exhort them to place entire faith in their Meſſiah. Peace and content are mine, for Frederic is crowned with fame, and profits by victory and policy.

Yet your majeſty does not riſe ſo early as the king of England, *who ſweats blood and water* * at his own inaction. Yet he—

Is daily ſeen before the ſun to riſe,
To nothing do but yawn, and rub his eyes.

Your majeſty, on the contrary, does not interrupt your warlike exploits, by your correſpondence with Voltaire. The lady Muſes are become very vain of ſeeing themſelves thus courted, by ſo great a king. When I return to my books, I ſhall not fail to obey your majeſty's commands, and tell them—

"The king, your tutelar deity, only regards "his friend Mars as a neceſſary ally; but you, "daughters of Parnaſſus, he careſſes with plea- "ſure; your recreations, amid all his cares, are "never neglected."

I have the honour to be, &c.

* A proverbial expreſſion in the French language.

LET-

LETTER LXXII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Breſlau, September 4, 1741.

I HAVE received your admirable verſes, and thoſe with which you have honoured Voltaire, which I immediately diſpatched. Your prophecy foretels the fate of Robinſon, and he and his king flutter and diſturb themſelves in vain, to ſhew the little politics they poſſeſs. Your majeſty has made Noſtradamus ſpeak the language of wit, ſuch as is not to be found in his works, which many read but few underſtand.

Is not the ironical manner in which your majeſty is pleaſed to apoſtrophiſe the little wit I poſſeſs, immoral? I monopoliſe all the wit in Sileſia! The ridicule is too evident. I! whoſe genius can, at beſt, only be compared to a ſmall ſtream! While yours, like a torrent, overflows and bears down all oppoſition! I have juſt as much wit as that man has taſte who is able to diſtinguiſh good champagne, and this is all I require. Beſide, I am at preſent like a huſbandman, who does not ſow his land, becauſe he is in want of ſeed. Your majeſty is on the point of entering Bohemia, and my magazine of wit is

at Berlin. The moon ſhines only with borrowed light; deprive her of the ſun and all is darkneſs; her ſplendour is eclipſed.

Your majeſty affords ſufficient employment to politicians. The partiſans of the queen of Hungary endeavour to diſcover, in the countenance of the Saxon miniſter, the effects of his journey to the army; but he is too cunning for them; they cannot penetrate his thoughts. His uniform aſpect adroitly conceals his good or ill ſucceſs.

One work of ſupererogation I cannot but intreat of your majeſty, which is the continuance of that kindneſs which I will endeavour to deſerve.

LETTER LXXIII.

From the King.

The Camp at Reichenbach, September 7, 1741.

TO-MORROW, ſir, decamp we muſt.
But whither? Humph! Why that, I truſt,
Nor ſaint nor devil can divine.
Yet let me whiſper, friend of mine,
From ſofter ſlumbers ſome may waken,
When they ſhall hear that Neiſs is taken.

Should

Should Fame report how we behave,
Calling our army fine and brave,
Or, in Sileſian valley, ſay
From Auſtrian proud we won the day,
Let not your mighty ſoul, alarm'd,
Too ſoon ſuppoſe my worſhip harm'd.

Whoever Victory leads in chains
Muſt, while purſuing, num'rous pains
And perils dare. He who will quarrel
Muſt often venture life, for laurel.
Then ſhould you loſe your king, and friend,
And miſs Fate maſter Death ſhould ſend,
I hope that friend you'll often ſee,
Though he, good lack, muſt abſent be.

I muſt be divorced, for a few days, from the lady Muſes: but, as our preſent plan will enſure tranquillity to Sileſia, and procure us good winter quarters, I have its ſucceſs greatly at heart.

Adieu, dear Jordan. Do not forget me, but reſt perſuaded of the friendſhip which I ſhall, during life, maintain for one Maſter Charles Stephen. So be it.

LETTER LXXIV.

From the King.

The Camp of the Neiſſe, September 15, 1741.

FROM the Neiſſe, Maſter Jordan, I write,
Of the project my brain brought to light.
Wonder not if your hopes I ſhould chouſe:
Lackaday!—'Tis the Mountain and Mouſe.
You muſt know my old Mentor *, of wit obſolete,
Who's as full of himſelf as an egg's full of meat,
With ha! and with hem!
And curſt indolent phlegm,
Has Neuperg permitted our plan to defeat.
No matter for that, ſir; I ſtill ſhall purſue
The principal purpoſe I firſt had in view.
Trump about at Vienna perhaps is the plan;
But I've ſhuffled the cards, let 'em win if they can.
Mars ſmiling remembers his happy campaign,
And plenty and peace are returning to reign.
To Berlin the muſes and graces we'll draw;
With our quirks, and our jokes,
There we'll live, like the folks
Who are happily rid both of war and of law.

We face the enemy at preſent, to whom we are very near. Neuperg dares not ſo much as —leſt we ſhould overhear him, and a battle is more than ever probable. We are in one of

* The old prince of Anhalt. T.

the

the fineſt camps in the world, and the two armies, ſeen at one view, ſeem like two fearful Lions, each tranquilly at reſt in his lair.

Write to me often, and remain perſuaded that my attachment is inviolable.

Adieu.

LETTER LXXV.

From the King.

The Camp of the Neiſſe, September 17, 1741.

LITTLE Parthian, great Poltroon,
Who only canſt eſcape
By ſwift retreat, in love or war,
The perils of a rape!

In hot diſpute, and wordy wars,
Shouldſt thou be call'd upon;
Still, hocus pocus, ſhuffle, cut,
Hey! Preſto!——Thou art gone!

No cunning Norman, who in trope
And figure can talk treaſon,
Can more emphatically prove,
To wrangle is to reaſon.

Such are the advantages which that Academy

demy * beſtows that fights flying, and never affirms.

Your requeſt, ſir, is rather pretty than pleaſant; eſpecially as I flatter myſelf I ſhall ſhortly ſee you here, in all ſafety, when Neuperg ſhall have decamped, and we ſhall have undertaken the ſiege of Neiſs.

My compliments to Pöllnitz. Tell Voltaire that, ſhould he have no buſineſs at Bruſſels, he will oblige me by coming to Berlin in November or December. Say the ſame to Maupertuis. Farewell, *Jordane Tindaline.* Continue to love me, and be aſſured that *ego ſum totus tuus. Vale.*

LETTER LXXVI.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Breſlau, September 18, 1741.

DO not complain that your attempt on Neiſs has failed. The world knows it is not your majeſty's fault; the action, which is publickly ſpoken of, will wipe away this ſmall ſtain,

* The king here alludes, as he does in various other paſſages, to the ancient Academicians, or Sceptics, who taught the uncertainty and incomprehenſibility of truth. T.

from

from the beautiful picture of the Sileſian war. Who can but wonder to ſee your illuſtrious majeſty, with the cooleſt and moſt courageous eaſe, attack and burn a magazine, in the face of the foe!

It is even whiſpered that your majeſty has been ſlightly wounded in the arm, and a perſon has been bold enough to affirm he ſaw you with it in a ſcarf. That arm which your people adores! under which they live in ſafety! which the enemy dreads, and of the force of which the world juſtly vaunts!

The news gave me great pain, nor could my gloomy fancy determine to believe it was falſe.

Your majeſty has drawn a ſuperb picture of the pleaſures we ſhall enjoy at Berlin, under the olive branch of peace, which you are willing to grant to Europe, and which Europe intreats. Ah! When ſhall I behold theſe happy days?

The Baron von Pöllnitz wiſhes to become a free maſon, if your majeſty will grant him permiſſion.

This letter will be good for little, unleſs it ſhould happen to amuſe your majeſty. It is the offspring of leiſure, but not of indifference. I am no dogmatic ſtoic; I enjoy pleaſure like a thinking being. Deſcartes has pedantically

ſaid

ſaid—"I think, conſequently I exiſt." For my part, I ſhould ſay—"I enjoy pleaſure, conſequently I think." Yet of that indifference which ſhould induce me never more to write verſe I am ambitious. My head at preſent is full of rhymes; ſtill I find it as difficult to write bad poetry as thoſe, to whom Apollo has been favourable, do to write good. It is you, ſire, and love, who have made me a poet. I act, with reſpect to poetry, as Petrini does with reſpect to the violin. I am not blind enough not to perceive that I am juſt as good a poet as I am a ſoldier. But I conſole myſelf, for the misfortune of not being able to vaunt of theſe gifts, by the happineſs I poſſeſs, a happineſs before which all indifference flies, of being with moſt profound reſpect, &c.

LETTER LXXVII.

From the King.

September 24, 1741.

TO thy doctoral ſcience I remit a very whimſical letter, for Greſſet; which I charge thee to copy, to criticiſe, and to ſend. Shouldſt

thou think the letter pleaſant, encloſe a copy, in thy own name, for Voltaire.

Adieu. I am very buſy to day, another time my letter ſhall be longer, conſequently more dull. Bid Pöllnitz babble.

LETTER LXXVIII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Breſlau, September 24, 1741.

COUNT Algarotti is arrived, with the Ruſſian ambaſſador, gay and contented; for he is proud of the Pruſſian deeds which embelliſh the gazette, and he reſembles the trumpeter of the day of judgment.

The poor Swede is gloomy, in deſpite of the efforts he makes to conceal his gloom by a forced compoſure. He lives however in hope, and remembers that fortune daily changes. Yet with us fortune has loſt her fickleneſs, for our ſoldiers are too conſcious of courage to ſuffer defeat.

The ſurrender of Lintz is poſitively affirmed, and it is even added the French are on the full march to beſiege Vienna, while the Pruſſians beſiege Neiſs. God grant theſe things may ſoon come

come to paſs; that your majeſty, after ſo many warlike and glorious exploits, may enjoy tranquillity and repoſe! May you partake of the pleaſures of that peace which you will procure for the world! Thus Jupiter, at intervals, quitting his arms and his thunder, yields to the ſeductive charms of pleaſure.

According to your majeſty's commands, I this day write to Voltaire and Maupertuis—Frederic, Maupertuis, and Voltaire, will beſtow thoſe delights on mankind that will render earth envied by heaven; the converſation which I have had the honour to liſten to, between theſe thinking beings, have been to me the moſt delicious ambroſia.

In imitation of the poets of the paſt age, I have choſen a miſtreſs to whom I may occaſionally addreſs my verſes, not being able to make her any other preſents. I know not whether your majeſty will be ſatisfied with the following thoughts, on the agreement between the heart and the underſtanding, which I have verſified.

"The underſtanding has but little power over
"the heart, by which it is held in continual
"ſlavery. The underſtanding preſcribes rigo-
"rous duties, the heart pants after pleaſures. If,
"Iris, you wiſh to make love the baſis of your
"happineſs, be ſage in your choice, and beſtow

" your tender heart on him among your lovers " who thinks moſt. Who could condemn ſuch " a choice? My reaſon was never inſenſible to " affection; my heart adores you, Iris, and my " underſtanding accords with the dictates of my " heart."

Nor, however they may ſometimes diſagree, is it on the ſubject of love, alone, that my heart and underſtanding are in uniſon: my heart is delighted to ſerve a monarch whom my underſtanding admires. They divide between them the pleaſures of his amiable and mild dominion.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER LXXIX.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Breſlau, October 6, 1741.

THERE are a thouſand rumours in town which I believe to be falſe. All hopes of peace ſeem to vaniſh. It is affirmed your majeſty's army is encamped, near Brieg, in its former ſituation. Letters from Neiſs ſay that the town was opened to both parties, and that the magiſtrate had given a very conſiderable ſum, to obtain this kind of neutrality. Ridiculous as it is, this

this intelligence is credited. The public are flattered with the happineſs of ſeeing your majeſty, at Breſlau, on the 20th of this month; and it is ſaid the ſtates are to aſſemble, two days after, to do homage. Some affirm this is a thing impoſſible; firſt, becauſe thoſe who are in Upper Sileſia cannot come, however good their inclinations, without running great riſks; and, again, becauſe there is not time ſufficient for many vaſſals to receive full powers, from their reſpective chiefs.

I have been aſſured your majeſty's fine army will go into winter quarters on the 19th; and that, on the firſt of November, the whole court will be at Berlin.

I have written to Voltaire and Maupertuis, according to your majeſty's orders.

Poor Madame de Rocoules is dead; her lamp is extinct for want of oil.

It is ſaid the queen of Hungary is entirely at variance with her conſort.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER LXXX.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Breſlau, October 11, 1741.

LORD Hyndford, for the conſolation of politicians, arrived yeſterday. He brings two articles of intelligence: one that the condition of the army of Neuperg is better than was ſuppoſed; and the other that he waited till your majeſty's army ſhould go into winter quarters, that he may recruit in like manner.

The Cologne gazette, of the 6th of October, ſays——"It is generally rumoured, at Duſſel-"dorf, that the grand affair of Juliers and Berg "is entirely ſettled, in favour of the prince and "princeſſes of Sultzbach; the king of Pruſſia "having, as it is affirmed, renounced his claims, "in conſequence of other equivalents."

The people of Breſlau are impatient for your majeſty's arrival, to receive homage. They have a rage for illuminations, and flatter themſelves ſuch will be commanded.

Thiriot has written to me from Paris, and mentions the death of poor Rollin.

Rollin,

Rollin, the wiſe bigot lies here,
Till ages ſome few ſhall elapſe;
Who ne'er taſted pleaſure, for fear
He ſhould loſe all the joys of *perhaps*. *

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER LXXXI.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Breſlau, October 12, 1741.

THE continuance of the Engliſh Ambaſſador at Neiſs turns the brains of politicians. Some ſay he is ill, others that he is negotiating.

I have heard that a critical hiſtory of the city of Breſlau is about to appear, written by a young officer, who is ſaid to be ill ſatisfied with it, eſ-

* Epigrams are ſeldom capable of a literal tranſlation. The French is,

Ci-git le tres-bigot Rollin,
Qui quitta les plaiſirs de l'être,
Et ce qu'on a de plus certain,
Pour l'eſpoir d'un très-grand peut-être.

Literally——Here lies the Bigot Rollin, who quitted the pleaſures of exiſtence and certainty, for the hope of a great (or prodigious) Perhaps. T.

pecially with the fair ſex, of whom he complains. The work is in French, and ſome ſheets of it have even been read, which endeavours were made to ſuppreſs. I will exert myſelf to obtain a copy for your majeſty.

The day before yeſterday, the ſon of Baron von Schwertz was baptized to whom your majeſty ſtands ſponſor. He is named Frederic-William-Maximilian-John-Népomucène. Thus he is ſure of the protection of two ſaints; though ſaint Frederic, if I do not miſtake, will afford him more powerful aid than ſaint Népomucène.

Great preparations are making here, for the homage which the ſtates of Sileſia are to render your majeſty. The throne is erecting in the knight's hall, which a year ago the Cardinal occupied.

I have received the mottos which have been ſent me by your majeſty's orders. Such as my own leiſure has produced, I have remitted to his excellency Baron von Podewils. It were to be wiſhed that ſome might be ſent by all the learned of the kingdom, from which the beſt might be ſelected.

I have the honour, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXXXII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Breſlau, October 18, 1741.

THE titles which your majeſty has been pleaſed to honour me with have to me nothing attractive; to be inſpector general of human infirmities is revolting, both to the heart and underſtanding; and reaſon teaches me to contemn the others. I never had the vain wiſh to poſſeſs a pompous title. Let *Jordan, his majeſty's ſervant*, but ſtand at the head of an epiſtle, and I would not barter this revered title for all the mitre has to beſtow. Titles are, to reaſonable people, what trinkets are, to a woman of underſtanding; they are even ſo inſignificant that they are not ornamental. A woman full dreſſed, though ugly, will attract momentary notice, if ſhe diſcover taſte in her dreſs; but no titles, however ſounding, will induce reaſonable people to caſt a ſingle glance toward the man who has no other merit. Beſide, I am as little proper for the hoſpitals as I am for the kingdom of love; the one is the rendezvous of diſeaſe, and the other of deſpair; and I wiſh neither to be ſick nor in deſpair. The ſatirical

correſpondent of your majeſty, who ſays I am in love, does me more honour than I deſerve. I never was but once in love, and I am as much averſe to this paſſion, at preſent, as your majeſty is to bigotry. I will own, I have lately been in ſome danger; but my underſtanding is now too ripe to be ſo eaſily duped. The puiſſant but ſilly god of love, who inhabits the eyes of Celimena, only took up his abode with me for a week, and this was a week too much. I gave him nothing but Greek and Latin to read, and proved, by the moſt ſubtile metaphyſical arguments, he had no buſineſs with me. I am not ambitious of his favours, I ſhould be more ſo of thoſe of the god of verſe, that I might reply to a poem of a hundred and forty two lines, that bear the impreſſion of a maſterly hand; a hand that hurls thunder on its haughty foes; a hand that is to ſign the promiſed peace! Were this god favourable to me, I ſhould not at preſent be ſo embarraſſed as I am. But to anſwer a poem ſo long is to me too ſevere a taſk. My Pegaſus is reſtive, broken-winded, and will founder at the very beginning of the race. I never mount him but I look like Don Quixote, aſtride on his Roſinante.

I admire your majeſty's politeneſs, when you call me a deſerter from pedantry. Would I were!

were! It is a rock on which men of letters generally are wrecked; a malady of the mind, from which I do not believe myſelf exempt.

Your deſcription of the ſoldier's life, during autumn, is charming; nor can I help wondering that, while ſo deeply engaged, your verſes ſhould flow ſo freely. When I read them, my imagination takes fire; like the imagination of Graun, at hearing the voice of Farinelli. At other times, my fancy is dry and cold; my endeavours to enliven it are all in vain; winter or ſummer, it is ſtill the ſame; capricious even in the extreme, and moſt ſo when moſt it is wanted; ſo that my will is obliged to act with it as a wiſe man does with a termagent wife; he groans, takes patience, and is ſilent *.

It is poſitively aſſerted here that Neuperg is departed for Moravia. God ſend him a good journey! He has left the field open to your majeſty: and with good reaſon; it is his intereſt to ſuffer you to take Neiſs, ſince any reſiſtance on his part muſt coſt him many men, and his queen has not any to ſpare.

I have the honour to be, &c.

* The candour, modeſty, and amenity of M. Jordan do his memory great honour; few bad poets are equally conſcious of their weakneſs. T.

LET-

LETTER LXXXIII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Breſlau, October 21, 1741.

PRINCE Leopold it is ſaid is before Neiſs, and that the garriſon cannot long hold out, but that the place will ſoon ſurrender to your majeſty's arms.

Rumour poſitively affirms Neuperg has twice had the honour of an interview with your majeſty, which occaſions the approach of peace to be ſuſpected.

It is ſingular that letters have been received from Venice, which ſay your majeſty is expected there this winter. This intelligence gives me pleaſure, for it revives in me a hope, which I had always entertained, of viſiting Italy. Cataneo I hear confirms the report.

The citizens are preparing for illumination, and they ſeem to be very deſirous of diſtinguiſhing themſelves, on the occaſion.

An odd adventure has happened here. The bookſeller Korn, who is returned from Leipſic, intending to pay a viſit to M. Blockmann, with whom the citizens are all delighted, inſtead of going to his houſe, miſtook and went to that of M. Vockel,

M. Vockel, the Saxon counſellor, whom he ſuppoſed to be the city director. Compliments having paſſed, Vockel aſked what news from Leipſic; and Korn, who ſuppoſed himſelf converſing with M. Blockmann, replied that people were very much diſſatisfied in Saxony; that nobody was paid; and that the Lutherans were perſecuted; with a thouſand other circumſtances, of a like kind. M. Vockel could not comprehend the reaſon of ſuch diſcourſe; nor did the farce end, till the bookſeller began to put queſtions, relative to the functions of the director, when he diſcovered his miſtake.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER LXXXIV.

From the King.

The general quarters of Neintz,
October 25, 1741.

LIGHTER than æther, when thy ſoul
Shall burſt the body's ſtrong control,
Then Jordan, changing ſtate and name,
Thine eſſence thin, thy lambent flame,
Transfus'd in timid turtle-dove,
Shall gently coo of peace and love!
Shall ſeek its native fruits and flow'rs,
And haunt its much-lov'd olive bow'rs!

Or

Or ſhould unpitying ſearch of game
Make thee the ſportſman's fatal aim,
Alack, then muſt thy wand'ring ſpirit
Some lamb-like tenement inherit!
On hills of thyme, thou'lt feed and ſleep;
Of ſheep become the moſt a ſheep.
I'll ſtake my royal word of this,
No mortal metempſychoſis
Can make thee mount with eagle wing,
Or reign of quadrupeds the king.

Your wiſhes riſe and your pen runs. You are for peace at all events; and unfortunately peace you muſt not have. But, in revenge, I promiſe you the campaign ſhall ſoon be ended. Be with me on the 27th at the lateſt. I want ſome converſation with you; after which it will depend upon yourſelf whether you do or do not precede me to Berlin:

Where the fine arts, united all,
The times of ancient Greece recall;
Where lofty tow'rs can well protect
That life which you ſo much reſpect;
Where lie your love, your heart, and mind,
For theſe you always leave behind;
Where all your written wiſdom lies;
Where——Pſhaw! your earthly paradiſe!

Thither you may return as ſoon as you pleaſe, provided you will promiſe to love me ever, and to remain certified of reciprocal affection. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXV.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, January 27, 1742.

PEOPLE are much divided in their opinion, concerning your return. Some affirm it will be on the 12th of March, others on the 15th, and others again on the 25th. Nay, there are wagers laid that it will not be before the month of November. Thoſe who endeavour to diſcover the reaſon of every event ſay that, if your majeſty come to Berlin, it will be an indubitable proof of approaching peace, for which all Europe languiſhes; eſpecially becauſe it is affirmed the grenadiers have joined their reſpective regiments, and that your majeſty's fine troops are returning into winter quarters, for repoſe.

An oppoſite party pretends this is all falſe, and that the war will again begin in the ſpring. While ſome, who keep a middle path, affirm it is indubitably true that a ſuſpenſion of arms is on the tapis.

France is ſaid to be embarraſſed, and rumour aſſerts that her troops periſh in Germany; that Marſhal Belle-Iſle will paſs through Berlin, on his

his return to Paris; that your majeſty has ſent an adjutant to Dreſden, whoſe buſineſs is entirely a ſecret of the utmoſt conſequence, for that he cannot have brought news of the ſurrender of any fortreſs; and that the cardinal has ſaid he has ſeen the actions of all the princes of Europe in his magic mirror, except thoſe of the king of Pruſſia, which he could not diſcover.

I am exceedingly mortified that I am come to the end of the chapter of rumour.

Peſne has finiſhed the picture of your majeſty, which is one of the fineſt that can be imagined. If he might be permitted, he would have maſſes ſaid, that the rage of gaming might ſeize the inhabitants of Sileſia and Pruſſia.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER LXXXVI.

From the King.

Olmitz, February 2, 1742.

THOU makeſt war on me, unfeeling Jordan, for not enjoining thee, in the moſt poſitive manner to write to me. Haſt thou not wit enough to comprehend that, though I ſhould forbid the fooliſh and importunate to write, my dear

dear Jordan would not be included in the prohibition? Canſt thou doubt of the pleaſure I take in reading thy letters, or of the ſatisfaction I feel, in my exile, at receiving letters from my country? And, though none even of theſe reaſons ſhould ſtrike thee, know that two words from the hand of my friend would be more precious to me than all the ſubtleties which brains ſtupidly prolific, and people deſtitute of friendſhip and genius, produce. Recollect that I take pleaſure even in thy black ſtrokes, and that I highly vaunt of the ſhort correſpondence which thy levees and thy library will allow.

With reſpect to news of myſelf, I can ſend thee none; except that the dæmon, which leads me into Moravia, will bring me back to Berlin.

I am a lunatic, dear friend, thus to quit repoſe for the frivolous glory of uncertain ſucceſs. But the phrenzies of this world are ſufficiently numerous; and I ſuppoſe mine to be one of the moſt ancient.

Take my advice, let thy ideas be *fleſh-coloured* *, not gloomy; let thy tints be all vivid, during my abſence, and cheer thyſelf with the

* From the ſecond paragraph in letter one hundred there ſeems to be ſome alluſion here, the ſenſe of which perhaps is not eaſily diſcovered; and likewiſe, that paſſages have been omitted. T.

touches of Watteau, in preference to thoſe of Rembrandt.

Adieu. Do not, I entreat thee, aſk poetry from a man who can think of nothing but hay and chopt ſtraw. Pity me, but ceaſe not to love thy faithful friend.

LETTER LXXXVII.

From the King.

Groſsbitiſch, February 11, 1741.

FROM gloomy ſeat of gloomy ſaint,
From land of ſimple ſwains,
From ſuperſtition's holy groves,
And ſtrange prieſt-ridden plains;

From haunted hill, from wizard, imp,
Nightmare, and goblin-nation;
Where relicks, liars, friars, fiends
And fears have ta'en their ſtation;

From thoſe unenvied drear abodes,
I ſpeak it to my ſhame,
Impell'd by Folly, where I flew,
To ſeek the bubble Fame!

In ſhort, from the moſt diabolical ſpot in all Moravia, in all Europe, amidſt roads the moſt deteſtable and fatigues the moſt inſupportable,

having a moment to myſelf, I write to convince you that, notwithſtanding all my labours, I do not forget the moſt laconic of the ſcribbling fraternity. Inform Maupertuis that my journey into Moravia will, to him, be preparatory of a journey to Berlin; which will prove the axiom of Wolf, that things and incidents in this world are all connected with each other. This is a truth, in the preſent inſtance; but I know not that it is a truth which will be eaſily divined. In a word, peace will reſtore the arts and ſciences to Pruſſia. Tell Maupertuis I ſhall till then reſerve acknowledging my gratitude for the paſt.

Write me letters ſix ſheets long; prattle away; inſert every thing that enters your head.

Farewel, moſt amiable, moſt pettiſh, moſt fantaſtical, of mortals! Think occaſionally of the philoſophic warrior, who ſighs for Rheinſberg and his friends.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

From the King.

MY DEAR JORDAN, Znaim, Feb. 25, 1742.

TO judge by your letters you are the buſieſt man in the world. You filch news, yet ſeem a miſer of your time. Perhaps you are employed in reducing a volume in folio to one in duodecimo, for I believe too well of you to ſuppoſe you the author of a large book.

According to this rule, were you to judge by my loquacity, you would imagine that I am unemployed here, and that my only paſtime is your favourite amuſement *. But, between ourſelves, a very ſerious blow is meditated againſt the houſe of Auſtria; and, according to appearances, it is poſſible that a few weeks will be infinitely deciſive to the affairs of Europe. My huſſars approach within four miles of Vienna. Lobkowitz flies, and Khevenhuller wanders. In fine, the enemy is totally confuſed.

Tell K * * * that to ſatisfy him I ſhall make ſome addition to his penſion, after which I hope he will ſuffer me to be at peace.

* "*Votre contenance favorite*"—The phraſe is obſcure. T.

Farewel.

Farewel. Remember I love long letters as much as I hate large books. Do not forget me. Inform Kayſerling he is ungrateful, indolent, and perfidious, to forget the abſent; but he is not the firſt whoſe brain has been turned by love. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXIX.

From the King.

DEAR JORDAN, Znaim, Feb. 28, 1742.

THESE gentlemen huſſars have very pleaſantly, or rather vilely, filched from me letters, among which there was one for you. We ſhall ſee whether the enemy will profit by the capture. Of this I doubt, for as far as I recollect it was a wretched collection. You will gain the time which you would have loſt in reading, and the public may perhaps have the advantage to poſſeſs Tindal Jordanien ſome weeks ſooner, and I the mortification to be deprived of your letters an additional poſt. Such are the conſequences of a letter loſt.

I live here at Znaim from day to day; ſometimes very buſy, and at others very indolent. When I have leiſure, however, I profit by it,

and read, write, and think much. This you will ſay is to make the beſt uſe of our machine, True; but we had better make uſe of our ſtomach; eſpecially ſince digeſtion is ſometimes a thing of uncertainty. For a like reaſon, we ought to employ our powers during this ſhort life; otherwiſe they will be waſted, without advantage to ourſelves, or the world.

The roofs of the houſes here are all flat, in the Italian faſhion; the ſtreets are dirty, the hills barren, the vineyards numerous, the men fooliſh, the women ugly, and aſſes plentiful: and this is an epigrammatic picture of Moravia.

I have this moment received your letter, in proſe and verſe, for which I thank you. But it is too ſhort; you ought to know that I make a great diſtinction between long works and pleaſant epiſtles. Turn all Berlin into rhyme; no matter how trifling the ſubject, for my curioſity is inſatiable; eſpecially in what relates to political conjectures, which generally are very diſtorted.

The news I continually hear of the enemy leads me to imagine we ſhall ſoon come to action. Should it be ſo, may the fortune of Pruſſia favour me for a few hours, or rather for a whole day; that the affair may there terminate with

with as much glory as it has been begun! In the mean time, fear nothing. Get rid of your diſeaſe, and do not forget your abſent friends, who love you much. Farewel.

LETTER XC.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, Feb. 29, 1742.

HOW vain am I to ſee your majeſty write and ſend verſes to me, at a time when occupied by affairs ſo difficult, and ſo important!

Your majeſty certainly is in an unknown country, when you are in that celeſtial court which, by my troth, is unworthy of your company *. Fame, it muſt be owned, is leading your majeſty through diſagreeable roads; but I have remarked that ſo are all roads which lead to her temple. I dread leſt your majeſty's health ſhould ſuffer, and think I can logically demonſtrate my fears to be juſt.

The Dutch have purchaſed the Luxemburg for fifteen millions, with which purchaſe the po-

* M. Jordan here refers to the poetical deſcription of Moravia, given by the king in letter LXXXVII. T.

liticians of Berlin are delighted; they think it a ſubtle artifice, worthy of admiration. The partiſans of France condemn the act, and ſuppoſe M. Fenelon already buſy at the Hague, in reſtoring things to their former ſtate.

The Dutch gazette, it is ſaid, affirms the emperor will immediately go to Cologne, to adore the three kings, whoſe names are certainly known to your majeſty; for theſe are facts which you are not apt to forget.

Your majeſty commands me to babble, and I obey. May the god of dulneſs protect you from the attack! In England, the noiſe of ſuch triflers is drowned by the continual ringing of bells. Heaven ſend my loquacity may amuſe you! Though I ſhould rather pray it might ſet your majeſty to ſleep, for that would be for the good of your health, and I ſhould then be of great uſe.

I am aſtoniſhed to find that, occupied as you are by the affairs of Pruſſia and the empire, you ſhould take any pleaſure in reading the nonſenſe I write. But who can write, or laugh, or joke, when ſighing for what cannot be obtained? Beſide I have loſt my health, and am condemned to take three bottles of diet drink per day. Is it poſſible to be witty, and poetical, under ſuch circumſtances? I am unacquainted with

with the road to renown; nay, from ſyſtematic cowardice, I avoid it; but I know the path that leads to health is a very diſagreeable one: I wiſh Eſculapius and his whole ſtock in trade at the devil; for, if Heaven do not aid me, I ſhall die under the cure.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER XCI.

From the King.

DEAR JORDAN, Znaim, March 8, 1742.

WERE I to relate all that paſſes here, I ſhould not want employment; for we are as buſy as we can be. I can ſay nothing of the future, which is very uncertain. I can only tell thee that we have our work before us, and that the building we have begun is not yet finiſhed.

The pride of the Auſtrians ſeems to me the harbinger of their ruin. This ruin will coſt us dear, but will nevertheleſs follow. I imagine Berlin is at preſent the abode of dulneſs and women; and that a man might well return thanks to Providence, for having ſent him any where elſe.

I live like a philoſopher, labour continually, amuſe

amuſe myſelf when I can, and take care to keep cheerful and in good ſpirits. I wiſh thee the ſame with all my heart, and pray God to take thee, Jordan, into his holy keeping.

LETTER XCII.

From the King.

MY DEAR JORDAN, Pohrlitz, March 11, 1742.

WHAT ſhall I write to thee from this place? Nothing new; except that we are on the march to the blockade of Brunn; that we have taken three hundred priſoners at Gœding; that we ſhall take more, and that the war will be hotter than ever. Judge, therefore, whether I am likely to return to Berlin; or whether the ſweets of peace are near! I imagine this year will afford greater events than the preceding. The perplexity of affairs increaſes; nor is it in human prudence, at the preſent criſis, to predict the future. Time will draw the curtain, and diſcover what is to come: new ſcenes will then be diſcloſed.

A comet has been ſeen at Vienna, and every body there ſays it is a preſage of good fortune. For my part, I think the contrary, and imagine we

we ſhould rather draw terreſtrial than celeſtial horoſcopes. Good meaſures, timely taken, wiſe deliberation, and prompt and juſt reſolves, are better guides, by which to judge of the ſucceſs of enterpriſes.

Adieu, dear Jordan! I imagine thou art weary of my prattling; but not, I ſhould hope, of the friendſhip and eſteem I have for thee. *Vale.*

LETTER XCIII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, March 18, 1742.

THIS Mr. Comet has at length ſhewn us a trick of his trade; he has occaſioned the death of cardinal de Fleuri, who is gone on a viſit to the other world. The ſame ſervice was performed, by a comrade of the comet, at the death of cardinal Mazarin. This important intelligence affords infinite amuſement to political newſmongers, and ample ſubject of reflection. They are impatient to know who will be his ſucceſſor, and whether the helm will be confided to cardinal Tencin, who, if ever there were a cunning fox, is one; the creature of the Jeſuits, a ſociety that, unfortunately for mankind, has great influence over the affairs of this world.

It

It is imagined the cardinal's death will change the preſent ſyſtem of Europe, and that Chauvelin * may perhaps remount his mule. This unforeſeen accident is attributed to the various changes which have lately happened. Some affirm he was greatly affected by the fall of Walpole; and the conduct of Sardinia, together with the third augmentation of Holland, have been the darts with which death completed his great work. In fine, the world is eager to ſee whether peace will be accelerated by this event, or war continued.

Mr. Finck, the Engliſh envoy, arrived here two days ago; and, as I hear, intends to depart on Tueſday next.

Report ſays we have no battle to fear, and I recover breath at the intelligence. It is added that your majeſty has formed a chain, to prevent all ſurpriſe; and that, when this is completed, we ſhall have the conſolation to ſee you. This hearſay hope has given me health. I have been able to leave my chamber, ſome days ſince, and viſit colonel Cannenberg, who is relapſed.

We are told, the Auſtrian troops have marched to meet the French, and prevent their junction with your majeſty.

* Chauvelin had been in the miniſtry, and was baniſhed by the cardinal, for having attempted to ſupplant him. T.

Baron

Baron von Pöllnitz has been here ſome time. He throws himſelf at your majeſty's feet, and knows not whether he may venture to intrude upon your time, by writing to you.

Peſne is recovered, and has employed his returning powers to finiſh the picture of cuckoldom, which, according to the opinion of connoiſſeurs, is a maſter-piece.

I am at the end of my chapter. Letters from Paris tell us Voltaire is there, and that he will remain there three months; they add that his Mahomet may perhaps appear; and that the roſe-coloured canopy * of Crébillon, the ſon, has not had all the ſucceſs that was hoped.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER XCIV.

From the King.

MOST DEAR JORDAN,

The Quarters at Sclowitz, March 17, 1742.

THE difference, between the leiſure of Berlin and the buſineſs of Sclowitz, is that men write poetry, at one place, and take priſoners at the other. I proteſt I have been ſo tormented,

* "*Le canapé couleur de roſe.*" The title of a book. T.

and

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and

and occaſionally diſturbed, that to think with that freedom which is the mother of imagination, and conſequently of poetry, has ſcarcely been poſſible.

The enemy, four thouſand ſtrong, has attacked a village, in which Truchſeſs and Varenne commanded with four hundred men; and, not being able to daunt theſe brave fellows, they ſet fire to the place. Still our troops did not loſe their courage, but killed near two hundred men, and ſome hundreds of the horſes of the foe. Truchſeſs, Varenne, and ſome officers, have been ſlightly wounded; but their wounds are very unequal to the glory they have acquired. Never did the Spartans ſurpaſs my Pruſſians; which gives me ſo much confidence in them that I think myſelf tenfold more puiſſant than I was. We have taken above ſix hundred Hungarians; and our brave ſoldiers, who only know to conquer or die, leave me nothing to fear for my renown.

Give that picture to Knobelſdorf, as a token of my remembrance. Inform me what you think of the marquis d'Argens; whether his levity and reſtleſsneſs be truly French; whether he have the art of pleaſing; in a word, whether he be approved by Jordan. Should you one day

day ſee me again, you muſt expect an inundation of words.

The honour of turning the wheel of Fortune, for all Europe, is truly a very ſevere taſk. Independence, leiſure, and oblivion, though leſs ſplendid, are in my opinion more happy, and the true portion of the ſage, in this world. How often do I think of Remuſberg, and that voluntary application which rendered me familiar with the arts and ſciences! But, after all, each condition has its pains and penalties. At that time, I had my petty pleaſures and my petty griefs. Mine was a freſh water voyage; at preſent I am on the open ſea; one wave lifts me to the clouds, another daſhes me down to the bottomleſs abyſs, and by a third again I am propelled nearer than ever to the regions of bliſs. Motion ſo violent but ill accords with the philoſophic ſoul; for, ſay what we will, to be indifferent to good or ill fortune, and to baniſh ſenſibility from the human heart, may much eaſier be talked of than put in practice. In vain would we appear unmoved in proſperity and adverſity; the countenance may diſguiſe the feelings, but the interior man, the workings of the heart, will not be the leſs affected. All I wiſh for myſelf is that ſucceſs may not corrupt humanity, and the virtues which I have ever profeſſed

profeſſed to love. I hope and flatter myſelf my friends will always find me what I have been; ſometimes more buſy, full of cares, and diſturbed, but continually ready to ſerve them; and particularly to prove to you that I love and eſteem you with all my heart. Adieu.

LETTER XCV.

From the King.

Sclowitz, March 19, 1742.

I HAVE received your ſecond letter, in verſe and on politics. It is charming. Nobody but yourſelf could have ſaid ſo many pretty things on * * *. But no wonder; for you are ſo perfect a maſter of that ſubject that it is evident you ſpeak feelingly.

On houſe-tops, and taking their teleſcopes out,
At Vienna the courtiers are all on the ſcout;
In planets conſulting their hopes and their fears—
When lo, ſir! Ah woe, ſir! A comet appears!
The women come peeping—"Oh Jeſu! Good lack!
"'Tis flaming and hairy I vow in its track!"
The Queen * in a panic begins to bewail!
"I'm ruin'd! I'd plac'd all my hopes in its tail!"

* The French text reads L. * * *. There can be little doubt but that *La Reine* are the words which have been omitted. T.

Politicians

Politicians thence conclude that the downfal of the houſe of Auſtria approaches, and that the end is come.

We ſhall certainly have a battle; it may even happen on the anniverſary of Molwitz. I do not ſay this to terrify you, but becauſe it is true, and cannot fail. My hopes are higher than ever, and I think myſelf as certain of ſucceſs as mortal can be of mortal event.

Purchaſe and ſend me Boileau's works, and Cicero's Letters, from the third volume to the concluſion. Let it pleaſe you to add the Tuſculan Diſputations, the Philippics, and Cæſar's Commentaries.

Farewel, Jordan. I moſt cordially embrace you, praying God to take you into his holy keeping. My compliments to my friends.

LETTER XCVI.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Undated.

I HAVE great news for your majeſty! Marvellous news! News not of terreſtrial origin, nor of the acts of men! News that comes from the firſt hand, and which excites the attention

of all who delight in novelty! A huge comet, with a long tail, has appeared in the heavens, for theſe three days, and has already made three or four people, who have been deſirous to trace its proud path, catch cold! Opinions, concerning its effects, and forebodings, are various. Some believe it to be of ill omen, and that it can only come to ſpread the flames of war over all Europe. Others, on the contrary, have the politeneſs to ſuppoſe it beneficent. The only thing I fear is leſt, with a ſtroke of its tail, it ſhould derange the whole order of our poor earth.

A paltry newſpaper is publiſhed, in Holland, under the title of the *Cyclope errant* *, from which I have extracted the two following paſſages. It is neceſſary to remark that the author always ſpeaks in allegory.

"There is one for the king of Pruſſia, the "heroic virtue of whom we have depicted. "We have taken it from a ſtatue in the Farne-"ſian palace, repreſenting Hercules, with a "lion's hide, reſting on his club. He holds "three apples in his hand, plucked in the gar-"den of the Heſperides, which are emblems of "three kinds of virtue: *Moderation in anger,*

* The wandering Cyclops.

"*temperance,*

" *temperance, and a generous contempt of the plea-*
" *ſures of the world.*

" I have juſt received orders for a coat of
" mail proper for academicians, who intend to
" follow Bellona. The reaſon of this order being
" ſent me is that one of the firſt of the acade-
" my of Berlin, having been curious, and ap-
" proached the lady too thoughtleſsly, his horſe
" not bearing the uſual load which a Bucepha-
" lus is wont to carry, galloped away with him
" to the enemy; to the great diſquiet of men of
" letters, who highly rejoice that he is once
" more found. I have ſent him a teleſcope,
" that he may view objects at a diſtance and no
" more run the ſame riſk *."

Poor Peſne is very ill, and has kept his bed theſe four days.

The ducheſs of Wurtemberg is ſo pleaſed with your majeſty's favours that ſhe would canoniſe you, were women permitted to interfere in heavenly affairs. You will be her ſaint, as you are the ſaint of many others. We are very good friends with the marquis d'Argens. There is a young man in her ſuite named Deſpars, who has as much wit as can well be imagined. I have ſeldom met with perſons who

* Maupertuis is the academician here ridiculed. T.

expreſs themſelves ſo ingeniouſly, in converſation.

A new philoſopher has made his appearance, in the horizon of Berlin. I mean young Vatel, who has ſo well defended the philoſophy of Leibnitz.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER XCVII.

From the King.

Undated.

I EXPECTED every moment to have heard that the cold in thy eyes, which has haunted thee ſo long, would have deprived thee of ſight, and had prepared ſome very fine verſes for the occaſion, which I have been highly mortified not to have an opportunity to ſend. How have I wiſhed thou ſhouldeſt become blind, for thou wouldeſt not then have had any pretence for abſenting thyſelf, and my rival, thy library, would have become as uſeleſs to thee as Venus would be to impotence.

Thou makeſt me tremble for our good Europe, with thy comet and thy prophecies. I would rather the prophet and his phenomenon were

were at the devil, than ſee our charming little globe ſwallowed up by a voracious and thieviſh meteor. Hark thee, learned and ſublime Jordan, I give thee notice that if, hereafter, thou ſhouldeſt prognoſticate misfortunes, and fatalities, and eſpecially public calamities, thy name ſhall be eraſed from the liſt of great men, thy wandering ſoul ſhall be eyeleſs in the next world, thy ſtatues ſhall be buried in the duſt, and thy memory effaced from my heart.

LETTER XCVIII.

From the King.

Sclowitz, March 23, 1742.

I HAVE continually the ſame things to repeat in praiſe of your letters.

Familiar or ſublime you write
With eaſy wit, in art's deſpite;
Your flowing diction never nods,
But ſeems the language of the gods.

I have ſeen what you ſo learnedly predicted, concerning the comet which has lately appeared. It has given Maupertuis an inflammatory fever, becauſe he forgot to announce its ap

proach according to rule, and it has had the effrontery to make its public entry without aſtronomical certificate, or paſſport.

All read their comments as they pleaſe:
Hence ſome prognoſticate a peace;
While others dread that England's court
Is all puiſſant, in ſupport.
For me, I Heaven hold too ſage
To vex itſelf, with mortal rage.

We lead very induſtrious, philoſophic lives, at Sclowitz. I expect Cicero with impatience; his writings would, under my preſent circumſtances, be a very ſeaſonable relief.

Our holy empire, good old dame,
To new made emperor ſwears her claim
Is much the riper:
But, whether Danube or the Seine
Bear up his long and lordly train,
She'll pay the piper.

This appears to be the more probable, as we may reaſonably expect to ſee the queen of Hungary ruined, by the empire.

Thus hungry hounds the hunted boar aſſail;
And thus, at length, his ſtrength and courage fail.

I know not what vertigo has ſeized on Pöllnitz, that he ſhould go to Frankfort without my permiſſion.

permiſſion. My gentleman has wit indeed, but not a grain of common ſenſe.

What! Fifty! Yet as beetle blind!
Deform'd in body as in mind!
A cynic ever, never ſage!
When will the blockhead be of age?

Cardinal de Fleury is not, as you ſuppoſed, dead; he is full of health and ſpirits. Recollect, therefore, ſome other prophetic phenomenon, which might have been typified.

Your courier comet,
Heav'n ſhield us from it,
Brings goods news—or brings bad:
Thus here, and there,
And every where,
Men all are running mad.

Farewel. My compliments to all friends, male and female. Think of the abſent, and ſleep in peace, in ſpite of the perils we encounter. Continue to love me, and be aſſured of my beſt friendſhip.

LETTER XCIX.

From the King.

MY DEAR JORDAN, Sclowitz, March 28, 1742.

GO to madam de * * * and tell her that, having informed her what my will was concerning her ſon, of whom ſhe has diſpoſed contrary to my intention, if ſhe do not cauſe him immediately to return, I will take revenge of her like an irritated maſter, who puniſhes a bad citizen, acting contrary to the good of the country. Announce my vengeance, and let her know I have more means than ſhe ſuppoſes of obtaining ſatisfaction for her infidelity, and treachery; that ſhe has diſcovered the ſecret of quarrelling with every body; and that I am at length obliged to own her opponents have reaſon on their ſide; but that there are houſes of correction for wicked women, as there are places in which bad citizens are ſequeſtered.

Adieu. Be perſuaded I love thee with all my heart.

LET-

LETTER C.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, March 31, 1742.

I AM exceedingly obliged to your majeſty for your kindneſs, at being ſatisfied with my letters; eſpecially that which your majeſty calls the ſecond. Although I regularly write twice a week, I cannot ſend an epiſtle without encloſing ſome of my vile verſes; and you are pleaſed to praiſe, either my verſes or my folly.

If I have ſaid any thing pleaſant on the * * *, it has been ſaid with the deſire to pleaſe your majeſty. I ſhould find it difficult to talk ſenſe, and ſtill more to have *fleſh-coloured* ideas, were I to underſtand what I have ſaid in your majeſty's ſenſe. You have the art of adorning facts by fiction. To tell a lover he muſt no longer doat on his miſtreſs would but incite deſpair; but to ſhew him the moth burning its wings is the way to gain his attention. We gild the pill that the ſick may ſwallow it with the leſs diſguſt.

Your majeſty's verſes on the comet of Vienna are charming, and the point is highly pleaſant.

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I do

I do not wonder at the alarm of a bigotted woman, beholding a comet without a tail.

The fall of the houſe of Auſtria is not here ſuppoſed to be ſo certain as it is in France. The reaſons alleged are that ſhe has powerful friends, who ſupport by ſupplying her with money. The expiring torch ſay they flames out with greater fierceneſs, and with its laſt ſpark excites dreadful conflagrations.

Your majeſty ſeems to believe me under the care of the phyſicians, to rid myſelf of a certain malady; but I ſwear by the God Jupiter, and my good friend Mercury, that this is a diſeaſe with which my poor nature never was infected.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CI.

From the King.

Sclowitz, April 2, 1742

FROM your arm-chair, the Muſes throne,
Where man and nature are your own,
In which with vagrant eaſe you rove
From pole to pole, yet never move,
From that arm-chair—firſt having penn'd—
When you poetic packet ſend,

The

The gift I take; in verſe and proſe ſee
Myſelf the Monarch of Potoſi.

The courier loiters, whets his whiſtle;
I wait, pet, fret, get no epiſtle.
In vain I wiſh that you had wings!
We are but mortals, though we're kings!
In vain I wiſh, from your full font,
Supplies of all the wit I want.
Grown weary, then, in grievous plight,
Sad elegies I would indite;
And ſtrait to lonely haunts I rove,
To rocky waſte, or gloomy grove;
And call on Echo to repeat
My verſes—when I've ſcann'd the feet.
But oh! Increaſe of black deſpair!
Nor thee nor Echo find I there.
For Echo, though perchance I hear her,
Is gone, if I ſhould come too near her.
And don't your heart, while as you read,
Ah! Don't it, Jordan, don't it bleed?

Once more the Comet: Yes! They ſay,
It but prognoſticates the day
Of peace, rencounter, joy, and pleaſure;
When I and Jordan, out of meaſure,
Prattling as faſt as we are able,
Shall beat your famous men of Babel:
Nay, lips unlock'd and tongue ſans clog,
Out-gabble Jewiſh ſynagogue!

In myrtle bowers ſhalt thou be found,
Anacreon's ſon, with roſes crown'd;
And lips diſtilling Hybla ſweets:
Or, in Corinthian cool retreats,

From

From grape unpreſs'd, rich nectar quaffing,
With demi-gods carouſing, laughing!
The loftieſt verſe from thee ſhall flow
Apollo's ſelf did e'er beſtow!

Not but that ſome few gallons of water ſhall firſt flow through Moravia; though the arrival of this delightful day is not the leſs deſired by me, nor will it be the leſs rapturouſly felt.

We are on the eve of great events; theſe it is impoſſible to foretel, but we ſhall certainly ſoon hear news of that remarkable kind which will change or perpetuate the face of Europe. Think a little on the poor Siſyphus, labouring at his uphill work, and be aſſured that neither fortune nor misfortune, ſickneſs nor health, principality nor kingdom, ſhall ever alter my friendſhip for thee.

LETTER CII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, April 3, 1742.

I AM proud of the approbation your majeſty beſtows on my letters; this encourages me. You praiſe my proſaic rhymes, but you ſhould

ſhould rather pity the author, who verſifies in poetry's deſpite. His ſalt is inſipid, and his taſte, from his love of antiquity, ſomething gothic.

To return to the comet: I muſt own to your majeſty I am very little ſatisfied with its conduct. It has ſcarcely deigned to appear; yet it is ſaid to be a comet of abilities, and that it might ſhew itſelf with propriety, and would be admired by being ſeen. I can ſay nothing to it, though I have done every thing in my power to pay it my reſpects. I have been told it has taken its ſtation near the polar ſtar, whence it contemplates you combatting. I am unfortunate, for my ſight is weak, and like my underſtanding often confuſed. Hearing, feeling, and taſte, are all the ſenſes I have left; and if theſe will but remain I ſhall be ſatisfied, for I have learnt to be contented. Give me but the flavour of the ſparkling wine, let me but feel the ſmooth velvet of the cheek, and hear the recital of your glorious deeds, and I ſhall be happy! What need I more? Too much penetration is often a misfortune; the conjectures of politicians reſemble the conjectures of a juggler's audience.

It is your majeſty's will that Heaven ſhould not interfere with the affairs of men; but, though pure reaſon would tell us Heaven has no concern

concern with human events, yet many of them are ſo inexplicable that I am obliged to believe the contrary.

Your majeſty will with this receive the Tuſculan Diſputations, the Philippics, and Cæſar's Commentaries. As I could not purchaſe a copy of the Commentaries at Berlin, madame de Montbail has given me one for your majeſty. The other things will be ready at the end of the week.

The gazettes ſpeak of nothing but the misfortunes of the empire, by which I am greatly affected. He who could elect an emperor may deliver it from theſe afflictions. Nor could this monarch enjoy a greater advantage than that of being the friend of your majeſty. Oh that he might be permitted tranquilly to profit by your labours!

While the comet ſhall continue in our hemiſphere it will enjoy all prophetical rights. Nor can the end of its miſſion be interpreted, till it ſhall diſappear. Should it be aſked what extraordinary things it has occaſioned, it may be anſwered—an emperor deſtitute of money and land; a king who in one year could conquer a vaſt and puiſſant country, without aſking his people for a penny; and Jordan catching

* * * † are no common occurrences; nor could they have happened without a comet's aid.

Your majeſty has charged me with a commiſſion to K * * *, which I have executed. The worthy man is of nothing more deſirous than to ſerve your majeſty. He does not wiſh, at his age, to remain in indolence, while his friends are at the army. He regards his ſituation as diſgraceful, and further proteſts that it is not poſſible to live at Berlin with his income, where in reality every thing is very dear.

Your majeſty has returned the requeſt of the young philoſopher, Vatel, without letting me underſtand your commands, or what anſwer I am to give.

You have ordered me, ſire, to preſent your compliments to your friends; but this is an order which it is impoſſible I ſhould execute; the number is too great, I could only perform it to the choſen few. May God preſerve your majeſty! This is my continual prayer.

I have the honour to be, &c.

† See the concluding paragraph of M. Jordan's laſt letter. T.

LETTER CIII.

From the King.

Sclowitz, April 3, 1742.

I HAVE no reaſon for once to complain that you do not talk enough, but that you talk too much of the world at large, and too little of Berlin. I wiſh you to relate whatever paſſes at home, becauſe that highly engages my curioſity.

The news from this place is that the Auſtrians are ſetting their own country in flames; a day does not paſs in which they do not burn two or three villages.

> The Paſſions, raging with deſtructive brand,
> Againſt Moravia arm their impious hand.
> Like Troy behold her wretched towns expire!
> Victims of Vulcan's hate, and Vulcan's fire!

You reaſon very jocularly, and very much at your eaſe, concerning fame; yet are moſt aſſiduouſly laying in a ſufficient ſtock of this material, for your own uſe, at the very time you require others to ſit with their arms folded in indolence.

> But your example is of force
> To make me 'tempt the daring courſe:
> In ſhowers, laurels on you tumble;
> Oak leaves will ſerve, ſweet ſir, your humble.

Enjoy your Apollo, and permit me to pay my court to Mars. I have as great a right to be ambitious as yourſelf, though in a very different way. You prepare a banquet of pleaſures, to induce me to peace, which is, of itſelf, the moſt delicious of banquets.

Who is it that paints theſe delights with ſuch rapture,
In colours ſo vivid, where pleaſure thus beams;
Joys Epicurean, the ſenſes to capture?
Why, truly, 'tis Jordan the ſtoic, it ſeems.

Contradiction is here perhaps as manifeſt as in the reproach you make me, on the voluntary privation of that liberty of which I am enamoured.

The world is a Bedlam, to frenzy conſign'd,
Wherein madmen have five thouſand years been confin'd;
Who, acting their pranks, as impell'd by the fit,
Continually vaunt of their excellent wit.

I ſend you a picture with which I ſuppoſe you will adorn your library, and I at the ſame time ſuppoſe you will regret paying the poſtage. All is contradiction, except the friendſhip with which I am ſincerely yours. Farewel.

Tell Knobelſdorf that he muſt write concerning my buildings, furniture, gardens, and opera houſe, to afford me ſome amuſement.

LETTER CIV.

From the King.

Wichau, April 5, 1742.

MY obſervations on your ſtate of health are, perhaps, as uncertain as thoſe of the aſtronomers, who diſpute on the exiſtence, appearance, and form of the comet that has made ſo much noiſe at Vienna, and induced ſo many lunatics to turn prophets. Having learned from you the grand art of doubting, you ought not to take it amiſs that I extend this art to doubts concerning the nature of your diſeaſe; eſpecially as your health is dear to me, and well merits my attention.

To myſtery's deity I recommend you;
Not to the quack of Epidaurus, who
Would pills, and poiſon'd unguents, daily ſend you,
Leſt he ſhould rob the devil of his due.

I ſhould much rather recommend you to the enchanting god of love, did I not fear the venomed ſhafts which the little winged villain too often employs.

If maim'd you be, 'tis not in wars
Which pride and faction wage;
Devouring man, devouring earth,
With blind and ceaſeleſs rage.

In

In Cupid's cauſe, ſans ſubſidy,
A volunteer who bleeds,
Of right, muſt be admitted one
Of Cupid's invalids.

Among whom I one day expect to ſee you, and to compliment you on the excellence of your eſtabliſhment, and the pleaſures of the neighbourhood; for I imagine Ceſario will be of the party, and that thoſe whom we call amiable people will not be long before they follow.

At preſent, I am at Wichau, whence I ſhall march into Bohemia, for reaſons too tireſome to repeat. I think to be within a few miles of Prague on the twentieth, with the whole army. You will eaſily conjecture that this I ſhall do to defend that capital of Bohemia againſt the Auſtrians, and ſupport the feebleneſs of the French, who are unequal to its defence.

There is a doſe of military intelligence for you, which will do you as much good as a doſe of bark, and concerning which you trouble yourſelf little. Adieu, dear Jordan. Write to me often; be circumſtantial; repeat every trifle you hear; beſtow plenty of ink upon me.

I am your faithful friend and admirer.

LETTER CV.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, April 6, 1742.

I HAVE been enchanted by the laſt verſes it has pleaſed your majeſty to ſend me. However accuſtomed I am to be ſurpriſed by your talents, I ſtill cannot comprehend the poſſibility of reigning, hurrying, acting, making war, and writing witty poetry. Your majeſty's Pegaſus is indefatigable; he never relaxes his pace, while mine is as motionleſs as the wooden horſe of Troy. Sober reaſon very gravely adviſes me to meddle no more with rhymes, but to be ſatisfied with proſe; to which I very angrily reply—Be pleaſed, madam Reaſon, to be ſilent; it is the abſolute will of my hero that I ſhould rhyme, in deſpite of dulneſs. And who could not perform miracles to give him pleaſure?

How much am I affected to ſee your majeſty, by inevitable circumſtances, engaged in a kind of life which ultimately cannot but diſpleaſe you, and be prejudicial to your health! Such motives make me paſſionately wiſh for peace, notwithſtanding the intereſt I take in your majeſty's glory. I daily expect to hear of ſome great blow, ſtruck by your majeſty.

Borne

Borne on the tempeſt's dang'rous wings,
To port the pilot ſafely brings
The ſhip, which waves and ſeas aſſail,
And halcyon days once more prevail!

How happy ſhall I be again to have the honour to pay my court to your majeſty at Rheinſberg, or at Charlottenburg, and to ſee you lay aſide thoſe thunderbolts which make Europe tremble, and enjoy the pleaſures of a permanent peace! I figure this rapturous delight to myſelf as the devout do that of banqueting with Abraham, Iſaac, and Jacob; and, when I ſhall obtain it, I will not barter my happineſs for their ambroſia. The banquet of the gods muſt be delicious, but it is a banquet only prepared for ghoſts; and, in your majeſty's palace, the feaſt will be leſs divine but more ſubſtantial.

God guard your majeſty and preſerve your health! Theſe are the firſt of my wiſhes. Man is never without a favourite wiſh, which borders on extravagance and caſtle building; but this of mine precedes all others, by right of pre-eminence. I often viſit Tourbillon, to talk reaſon and converſe on this ſubject; and we reſemble a couple of bigots, who are never ſo happy as when ſpeaking of their ſaint.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CVI.

From the King.

Proſtnitz, April 8, 1742.

I CANNOT write verſe to-day, for we are marching among mountains, and know ourſelves to be in Bohemia by—

By ſcutcheon'd poſts, by rugged rocks;
By wooden ſaints, in corners;
By begging monks, who ſally forth
Right ſimple ſoul ſuborners!

By prieſts, who twang forth luſty laud,
Unto the Lord moſt high!
And pater-noſters, groans, and beads,
Do drop moſt righteouſly!

By grim pandours, who, ſhould they catch
My lord in lonely place,
To perſons paying ſmall reſpect,
Would bid my lord uncaſe.

This is the route of the greateſt part of the army, now on the march to join the prince of Anhalt, and prince Leopald, near Pardubitz.

Not far from where dwelt Wallenſtein; and Ziſka,
Bohemian hero! Near to the camp renown'd,
Where, on a day, he taught diſgraceful flight
To that proud foe who him free-booter call'd;
Yet, him oppoſing, practis'd equal pillage.

Theſe

These are verses that drop from my pen I know not how; I have no doubt you will think them very bad. To write good poetry is indeed difficult, though nothing is more easy than to write ill. We do not all possess the happy art of Jordan.

> Capricious vixens, proud and shy,
> Who court them ill the Muses fly;
> And me they hold, who countries ravage,
> But little better than a savage.

All who wish to be are not favourites with Apollo; it is necessary first to pay him assiduous court, and especially to possess a kind of versatile visage, and an undescribable similarity of taste to the God.

Adieu. I have not time to talk more nonsense.

LETTER CVII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, April 14, 1742.

YOUR majesty's pyrrhonism is a dangerous enemy to combat; nor do we know where to attack. Expert in the art of doubting, you

can clothe all things in the garb of reaſon; yet no gripe can hold the ſceptic eel by the tail. I never could have imagined that ſcepticiſm would have been employed, to demonſtrate an accuſation which I believe wholly groundleſs. On the contrary, I ſhould have thought doubt was itſelf the thing moſt favourable to my cauſe.

> In the ruby carbuncles that blaze on my face,
> The quick eyes of Pyrrho love's poiſon can trace.

But of this I am as free as the child unborn. There is as little of this poiſon in my body as there is of the warrior's virtue in my ſoul; and, ſince your majeſty is ſo diſpoſed to ſuſtain ſcepticiſm, perhaps you will find ſome congruous ſyllogiſm to prove me a hero.

It is long ſince I might have been ranked among Cupid's invalids, a name I never pronounce without trembling. Not that I am wholly incapable of the ſervice of this deity, but that becauſe, in general, our faculties wear out and decay. This is the caſe with all ſublùnary things; the mind loſes its vigour and doats; for which very profound reaſon I conclude ſuch misfortunes I cannot avoid. Since Scarron's caſſock was out at elbows, why ſhould not my faculties be the ſame? I employ the remaining powers of my mind in favour of friendſhip,

ſhip, inſtead of love; for the reſult of friendſhip is always pleaſure and content. I have known a king toward whom ſuch ſentiments cannot be too ſtrong.

I am perſuaded your majeſty has been informed of the diſpute between the marquis d'Argens and the dutcheſs. The conteſt was warm, and their ſeparation and reconciliation public. The ladies and the learned are divided in their opinions concerning the cauſe of quarrel: the former ſay it was jealouſy; that the marquis d'Argens is in love, and ought not to be, except with his wife and his books. He has ſworn all his Sunday oaths that he is not; but he is not credited. He was required to remain three years at Stutgard. But would it be the act of a philoſopher to ſacrifice his freedom, and his reaſon, which conſtitute the charms of life, to the foibles of humanity? The marquis, who is delighted with Berlin, and thinks that the only place proper for him, would not be abſent from it above three weeks; and this was the real origin of the diſpute. The reconciliation was ſingular. D'Argens, kneeling to the dutcheſs, intreated her eſteem once more, and the interview drew tears from the perſons preſent. They no longer live in the ſame houſe however, and though they viſit it is with premeditated coolneſs.

coolneſs. The lady is ever ready to ſhew ſhe hates d'Argens, from feminine caprice; and the philoſopher is equally ready to demonſtrate he acts from the dictates of reaſon. Syſtematic hatred is the only true. The marquis is writing a comedy, the ſubject of which is the perplexities of the court, and I have adviſed him to lay the ſcene in the anti-chamber of the dutcheſs, for there the paſſions are ſeen to play their parts. Enmity and Love on that ſtage are abſolute, and Reaſon a ſlave.

I thought I could not do better than engage the marquis d'Argens to write a relation of all that has paſſed himſelf, for your majeſty's amuſement; for no perſon is more capable.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CVIII.

From the King.

Leitomiſchel, April 13, 1742.

HOLA! ſir, hola! Who the devil can match you!
Don't you hear how I'm puffing and calling to catch you?
Whoo! Zounds! How you gallop! I mean how you fly!
Alackaday, what's to become of poor I?
Your way you keep winging, ſtill higher and higher,
While here I am left to look up and admire!

Theſe

Theſe are the ſenſations that *Divus Jordanus Tindaliorum* has inſpired, by his two pleaſant letters; in which there is, without exaggeration, as much wit as would ſupply a month of my common expenditure. I ſay, ſir, the dæmon of poetry poſſeſſes you. You write verſes ſo well that I am determined to write no more.

A ſilly architect once chanc'd to ſtray
To Rome, and took St. Peter's in his way;
Where every ſplendid ornament, profuſe,
That pride, and wealth, and genius may produce,
Collected ſtand.—He came—To gaze he turn'd,
With fires till then unfelt his fancy burn'd;
Amaz'd at all the miracles he ſaw!
Convicted, ſtruck by reverential awe!
At length he cried, with ſelf-contemning ire,
"I'll build no more—I'll only live t'admire!"

I leave you to apply this tale, which indeed very forcibly applies itſelf to your verſes, and my admiration of them.

Moſt errant of your errant tribe,
My wand'ring life muſt I deſcribe?
I'm vex'd, I'm pleas'd, I'm low, I'm high,
I'm hot, I'm cold, I'm wet, I'm dry,
I'm here, I'm there, I know not where,
This hour all hope, the next all care;
While plenty, famine, reſt, fatigue,
And every contradiction league,
Of yes and no, of bright and dreary,
That might a man of iron weary!

But,

But, bleſt be Fate, my temper's ſuch
That, be it little, be it much,
Be the weather gruff or gay,
In November, as in May,
Of preſent bleſſings never cloying,
I'm cheerful ſtill, am ſtill enjoying.

Did you ſee with eye unjaundiced, you would be the moſt amiable and the moſt happy mortal God ever created. But, as perfection is not to be found in this world, you are only the former. I beg you will be kind enough to calm your fears for Europe. Were we to grieve for the individual misfortunes of every man on earth, life would be one chain of afflictions. Let each ſpin the flax from his diſtaff as well as he is able. Be contented to participate in the fortunes of your friends; that is, of a very ſmall number of perſons. This is all nature has in conſcience the right to require, of a good citizen; otherwiſe the brain would not ſupply moiſture ſufficient for the tears we ſhould have to ſhed.

Europe, by fiends poſſeſs'd, is running mad!
There's reaſon ſo to ſay, and ſo 'tis ſaid.

The abbé de Saint Pierre is very buſily adjuſting the claſhing intereſts of kings; and this he wiſhes to do with as much eaſe as you write verſes. There is nothing wanting to complete

the grand work, but the conſent of the parties. You have read theſe viſions on arbitration, and ſynonymous frenzies.

I have nothing to tell you of a place where nothing is doing, except that our ſoldiers are ſo many Cæſars, and that I love you ever; whether deſponding becauſe ill, or gay becauſe in good health. Farewel.

LETTER CIX.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, April 17, the ſecond fine day of the year 1742.

I HAVE received the letter with which it has pleaſed your majeſty to honour me, dated at Proſtnitz. As I uſually carry Sileſia, Moravia, Bohemia, Auſtria, Bavaria, Hungary, and Turkey, in my pocket, I am always able to follow the redoubtable army of your majeſty; but, ſhould my maps increaſe with your conqueſts, I am afraid my pockets will ſoon be too much loaded. I alſo fear conqueſt has too many ſeducing charms for your majeſty. Perhaps I ſhall ſay, like Bias, I carry every thing about me; ſince all Europe will be in my pocket.

The

The Bohemians, ſeeing you enter their country without chaplet, bead, or roſary, ought to entertain a very indifferent opinion of their ſaints, who ſtand like ſtocks and ſtones, and never move, but ſuffer your majeſty's armies to act at will. What are theſe celeſtial *** about, in the fine principality of Paradiſe? They do not ſeem to me to have more wit than my old ſlipper, or to be more capable of deceiving your majeſty. I fancy, indeed, you have found the ſecret of enchanting them, like as the Syrens enchanted hearers by their ſongs. I am intolerably ſuſpicious of poets, and of their rhymes. You no doubt addreſs them in holy verſe, and thus captivate and render them benevolent.

> The charms and incantations well I know
> Of dulcet ſounds, that ſo melodious flow!

Had I any misfortunes, their melody would ſoften them; but your ſervants have none.

With reſpect to my verſes, they are ſo rude that they might well produce the effect of the ſkin of Ziſka *, and put to flight the man who ſhould attempt to read them. They do not

* Ziſka, or the one-eyed, was a famous but cruel chief of the Huſſites, who dying ordered his ſkin to be made into a drum, which, if beaten, would be ſufficient to put the opponents of his followers to flight. This anecdote, however, is ſaid to be fabulous. T.

ſpring ſpontaneouſly, but, on the contrary, are produced by contortion, and convulſive motions. When I am about to be delivered of a rhyme, I reſemble a bigot, at the tomb of the abbé Paris *, or the Pythian goddeſs, in one of her fits. The ſimile is indeed very applicable, for this goddeſs, on her tripod or ſtool, never uttered any thing but nonſenſe.

A propos of Ziſka and of Wallenſtein: let me intreat your majeſty not to make them your models. They glutted the earth with human gore, you underſtand the art of making men happy; they were the plagues of the human race, your virtues are its ornaments. The talents of Tindalian Jordan are confined to one very real ſpecies of knowledge, a knowledge of his own ignorance, of which he is perfectly convinced. I hope your majeſty will pardon this accidental praiſe I beſtow upon myſelf; for, to know our own ignorance, it is neceſſary we ſhould be very learned. Alas! I was not formed for ſcience. Men who know nothing are happy; but not ſo thoſe who are ignorant of nothing.

* The abbé Paris was a Janſeniſt who, after writing pious books, and ſcriptural commentaries, which nobody read, betook himſelf to retirement and knitting of ſtockings. After his death he became a ſaint and worked miracles, till government would not ſuffer him to work any more. T.

Peace

Peace is again the topic; the reaſon alleged is that public affairs are ſo perplexed they cannot long remain in ſo critical a ſtate.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CX.

From the King.

DIVE JORDANE, Chrudim, April 11, 1742.

YOUR verſes, at preſent, flow like a torrent. I imagine you keep Apollo in pay, and that the ſiſters nine are all in your ſervice; otherwiſe it would not be poſſible to write as you do. You muſt have diſcovered a mine of charming things in Pindus, and a new vein of beautiful thoughts.

Nor madrigal, nor ſong, nor glee,
Not one poor impromptu,
Will condeſcend to viſit me;
They all are flown to you!

Monopoliſer, as you are,
You all the profit pocket
Of ſmall and great poetic ware;
While I'm a bankrupt blockhead!

This is what a man gains by the dog's life we here

here lead for the love of glory, as our friend Chaulieu ſaid.

Looſe rob'd Anacreon's pride was he,
And honour'd be his name!
Yet, rival'd in the race by thee,
He's now ſurpaſs'd in fame!

This is a commodity of which you have plenty. Nor is that prudence you poſſeſs, which is ſo inſeparable from your courage, a thing leſs to be admired in you!

Of valour, prudence is the ſource;
Its true ſupport and guide:
The reſt, at beſt, is brutal force;
Is anger, inſtinct, pride.

You well know that we cannot be more brave than when our circumſpection never expoſes us to danger, except ſuch as is rational and neceſſary; and, as you are extremely provident, you are never expoſed to any. Hence I conclude few heroes equal you in valour. Your courage has hitherto preſerved its virginity; and, as all new things are better than old, it follows that your courage is ſomething peculiarly admirable: like a flower in the bud, which has never yet been injured by the ſun's heat, or northern blights. A being ſo worthy of eſteem that it equals the metaphyſics, and diſſertations,

of the marchioneſs du Chatelet, on the nature of fire.

All that you want is a white plume of feathers, that ſhall nod and conceal your audacity; a long rapier, a warlike pair of ſpurs, and a voice not quite ſo ſqueaking. You would then ſally forth a complete hero! Permit me to congratulate you, divine and heroic Jordan; and, from the ſummit of your glory to entreat you would caſt a gracious ſmile on your friends, who are wading here through the mire of Bohemia, with thouſands of other mere human creatures.

I imagine D'Argens is mad. Do not tell him ſo, however, but take good care not to ſtir the bile of our philoſopher, who appears to me to have more of that merchandiſe than of good ſenſe.

Adieu. Thou knoweſt the ſentiments I entertain for thee!

LETTER CXI.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, April 22, 1742.

I AM at my wits ends. I know not how to begin the letter I am to write to your majeſty. I have

I have no ſubject on which to write; not a ſingle article of news! The gazettes ſpeak of peace. That of Cologne pities the world, becauſe the flux of the cardinal, which continues, may continue the war. Peace indeed ſeems to be as ſlow footed as the Mans * meſſenger. I recollect, on this occaſion, the remarks of Bayle on the flux of Julius Cæſar; where he proves, in his uſual manner, which your majeſty ſo well imitates, that the greateſt events have often been cauſed by the moſt inſignificant accidents.

Among theſe, the quarrel between the dutcheſs and the philoſopher may be claſſed. It is, however, very ſerious, and reſentment is ſo great that ſhe will not eat on ſilver † becauſe the word awakens ideas of revenge, and hatred, which bring on a want of appetite. The marquis ſupports it all without reſentment; paſſion is vain; he is unmoved; his enemy ſtrikes and he forgives. The world impatiently waits your majeſty's opinion on this important diſpute. I for my part ſay nothing; though I know what I think.

It is reported here that the Ruſſians have taken part with the French, which gives me

* *Mans*, a town in Germany. T.

† The marquis's name, *d'Argens*, ſignifies ſilver in French. T.

pleaſure; that the Auſtrians have been chaſtiſed before Scharding, which fills me with joy; that the queen of Hungary perſiſts in refuſing to yield, which incites my fears; that the king of England is ſending a body of troops into Germany, and that Holland is following his example, which put me in a panic.

It is added that the king of Poland has a ſevere fit of the gout; that, however, he is expected at Glogau, where the king of Pruſſia is to receive and regale him magnificently. And this is the whole of my gazette, which ſeems to me not worth reading; I, therefore, haſtily conclude.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CXII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, April 24, 1742, rainy weather.

THE letter with which it has pleaſed your majeſty to honour me came very opportunely, for I was at my wits ends. My Apollo has taken flight, on a viſit to Lucifer; and there is a ſtillneſs over the whole town which is exceedingly diſtreſſing to thoſe who are in lack

lack of news for their correſpondents. But your charming and ingenious verſes have re-animated my languid mind; the fire and wit of your poetry teach me to ſpeak the language of the gods *.

This is, indeed, a language which greatly reſembles the *lingua Franca* †, and which I ſhould not be very able to underſtand, were I condemned for any length of time to reſide on mount Parnaſſus. Yet your majeſty deigns to praiſe my verſes, and it is with difficulty I can forbear ſuppoſing this praiſe to be delicate and artful ſatire. I know king Frederic, and how apt he is occaſionally to laugh at his neighbour's expence. He always was ſomewhat addicted to keen and dignified ſatire.

It is ſatire indeed, to reſolve to write no more poetry becauſe Tindalian Jordan writes poetry ſo well! I can but anſwer, the language of verſe is ſo familiariſed to your majeſty that it is become your common ſpeech.

The architect, who beheld the regularity of a magnificent edifice, at Rome, and renounced his art that he might live only to admire, is ex-

* This laſt ſentence is in rhyme, therefore, according to M. Jordan, in the language of the gods. T.

† *Lingua Franca* is a mixture of all the languages, ſpoken by the ſailors that frequent the Levant. T.

actly my picture. Nor have I, to render the reſemblance perfect, any thing more to do than to imitate him entirely; to quit the reſtleſs whim of rhyming, and renounce eloquence, which, for a man in his ſenſes, will be to act conſiſtently; and, thanks be to Heaven, the little ſenſe I have I continually endeavour to preſerve.

The deſcription your majeſty gives of your preſent life will appear poetical, to any perſon who does not know your majeſty's manner of thinking, when at the army: for to ſpeak of a king is to ſpeak of a happy mortal, who is unacquainted with fatigue, or pain, and whoſe only employment in the world is to get rid of all trouble. A king is created for pleaſure, and a man of ſcience for poverty; the former gratifies his paſſions when he pleaſes; the latter lives in the continual dread of hunger.

The comet has thought proper to change the order of things. There is a kingdom on earth the monarch of which makes war in winter, and endures the rude aſſaults of the rudeſt ſeaſon, while by his favour the man of letters is effeminately ſeated on a couch, curſing that diſeaſe which forbids him the practice of the enjoyments, which he might otherwiſe procure.

We cannot all ſee with unjaundiced eyes; the human

human mind is ſo little maſter of itſelf that it excites our pity. I am wrong to afflict myſelf for the evil which happens in ſociety; and with as little reaſon am I inclined to grieve becauſe the vintage has not been good in France. Society forms one great whole, and La Fontaine has well proved in his fable of the belly and the members, how neceſſary it is that each part ſhould reciprocally be afflicted, by that particular evil which muſt affect the whole *.

I know not whether Europe have loſt her ſenſes, but I very well know ſhe is very much to be pitied for this loſs, brought on her by ſome perſons. If the man in health be refuſed his pleaſures and his food, and be tormented from morning till night, his health will ſoon decay, and he will no longer find content, or pleaſure, in the world. There are two perſons who afford Europe ſo much employment that there would be no great wonder ſhould ſhe go mad.

The old doating abbé de St. Pierre may be allowed to undertake to adjuſt the intereſts of the princes of Europe, as young men are forgiven the follies of love. I excuſe the attempt of the abbé as I do Alexander, who wept that the world was too ſmall. The houſe of induſ-

* This and the following ſentence are each of them ſelf-contradictory; I, once more, can but follow the author. T.

try will at length be completed. Nothing could have given this undertaking ſucceſs, to which your majeſty has been pleaſed to contribute, except the activity of the miniſter of ſtate, De Happe. I return my perſonal thanks, becauſe of the intereſt I take in the good of ſociety. The police will be well regulated. One thing is ſtill wanting, which is that your majeſty ſhould appoint ſome perſon to ſuperintend the pavement, and the buildings of the city.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CXIII.

From the King.

Doctiſſime Jordane Tindalienſis, Chrudim, April 27, 1742.

TH' œconomiſt Phœbus deigns always to ſhine
On your verſes, but darts not a ray upon mine.
Thus Fleury, as careful, will only advance
His friends to the lucrative poſts of finance.

I do not wonder, therefore, that you write ſo much poetry, and ſo little news. You are more inſpired by the nine lovely ſiſters, who protect the arts and ſciences, than by hideous and

and deformed ſcandal, with the eyes of a lynx, the ears of a hare, and the ſnakes of Meduſa.

Yes, favourite lover of the Graces,
Who lull you in their arms,
To Scandal's hateful face you, rightly,
Prefer their blooming charms.

To Scandal, monſter! who, envenom'd,
At rich and poor man's door,
In town and country, hall and cottage,
Tells all ſhe knows, and more.

Such are the reaſons why I receive little intelligence, and many rhymes, from Berlin. But a mixture of the two would give me great pleaſure. You tell me nothing of all the follies which regularly, and periodically, are committed. You ſend me no information of your learned correſpondents, of my buildings, my gardens and friends; in a word, of all the things in which I am moſt intereſted.

The various events, on political ſcene,
Compar'd to your magical-lanthorn have been.
Say what's your opinion? Or rather relate
What fortunes the old beaux of Berlin await;
Their ſquabbles, and ſquibs,
With their girls and their ribs,
Their kiſſing, their ſcratching,
Their parting, their matching;
For words can't convey
The ſenſations which may,
In the heart of the abſent, ſuch trifles create.

Perhaps you ſuppoſe me too much occupied to think of my friends; but you ought to feel they are often in my thoughts, in deſpite of buſineſs.

Its friends, and its feelings, the heart will prefer
To reſtleſs ambition, that prompts us to err;
Or pleaſures ſeductive, that dazzle and blind,
That weary the body and ſatiate the mind.
The noble ſoul firing,
High raptures inſpiring,
Thee, Friendſhip, I claim!
Thy force, and thy flame,
Thy ſympathies, tears,
Smiles, joys, hopes and fears,
Reign ſacred, and pure, in my boſom enſhrin'd!

I now come to our itinerary. I am with the grand army in Bohemia. The prince of Anhalt is going to command in Upper Sileſia, and prince Didier has quitted Moravia, where he no longer could find ſubſiſtence. We ſhall apparently remain in this ſituation till hay harveſt, which may perhaps be two months hence. And here ends all I have to ſay, except aſſuring you of the ſentiments of eſteem I entertain for you. Adieu.

LET-

LETTER CXIV.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, April 29, 1742.

YOU maliciouſly compare my flow of verſe to the torrent's impetuous courſe. You muſt however allow the ſtream is not always clear, without which concluſion, if your majeſty will be pleaſed to be ſincere, and ſpeak rather as a philoſopher than as a poet, you muſt confeſs the compariſon is ill applied. My conſolation and juſtification are that, when I dip into the waters of Hippocrene, I find them muddy, and know not where to find them otherwiſe. Your majeſty, by praiſing, treats me as we treat a parrot, when we give it ſugar, and thus tempt it to chatter. I am but your parrot; but, if I can but amuſe your majeſty, I am ſatisfied.

Beſide, I really profit by the correſpondence: I receive letters that abound in wit, and charming poetry; verſes which bear the ſtamp of Chaulieu, which are inimitable, and which endear you to that god who, according to the fable, is miniſtered to by the nine ſiſters.

Such prerogatives are not for every man. Poetry is like courage: all men are not brave, neither

neither are all men poets; to be truly either they muſt be born ſuch. A coward may perform an act of valour, at leaſt as I have been told, for I do not know the fact by experience; and a man who is not born a poet may, once in his life, write good verſes, becauſe nature occaſionally delights to be capricious.

With reſpect to prudence, I will do myſelf the juſtice to allow this is a quality I poſſeſs. I never had any occaſion to put my courage to the proof: perhaps I may have more of it than Hannibal, or Scipio; but, be it prudence or be it modeſty, I do not wiſh to make the experiment. Thus the affair muſt remain undecided; and, poetically ſpeaking, I thence conclude, though not philoſophically, that I may paſs for a poltroon. The thing cannot indeed be demonſtrated in due logical form. Beſide, what the devil do I want with courage? I have no foes to face; except the foibles of human nature, which I ſhould be ſorry to extirpate; for, though they often make me do ill, I ſtill confeſs, had I the courage of Alexander, I would not give them regular battle. There is one foible, however, which I have the valour to conquer, and this is the love of fame, ſhould ſuch an enemy ever attack me; for I know, were I vanquiſhed, I ſhould loſe my peace of mind.

Ingolſtadt

Ingolſtadt is ſaid to be taken by aſſault, by the Auſtrians, who have even put the citizens to the ſword. It is added that your majeſty's chancery is to be tranſported to Glatz: and to all this I add that I am very ill, and have had a body given me very ill fitted for this life.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CXV.

From the King.

Chrudim, April 29, 1742. A day for ſatire, a clear ſky, and the firſt in which ſome buſhes have puſhed forth their buds.

AT length 'tis fallen!——Th' abode aerial
Of Urania, defended in its pride
By Talpaſch fell, pandour, and Ulan grim,
Intrench'd and iſolated, rear'd aloof
From human intercourſe, by ſcreech-owl haunted,
Or by wand'ring ſpirits, gibbering nightly plaints;
Aſſail'd, ſurrounded, ſtorm'd by bands Teutonic,
Itſelf, its forts, its holds and towers of ſtrength,
That haughty and contemptuous ſtood, are fall'n!

That is to ſay that Glatz ſurrendered, on the 28th of this month, by capitulation; ſo that I am now without reſerve maſter of all Sileſia. Mr. * * *, a bad copy of ſome wretched Engliſh

liſh original, has juſt determined to leave us. Imagine how much I regret his loſs.

His pantomimic melancholy
Can only copy Engliſh folly.
I'll conquer worlds, in one campaign,
Ere he ſhall Engliſh wiſdom gain.
Zoilus was ne'er miſta'en for Plato,
Nor ſuch a Therſites for Cato.

Forgive this trait, which has eſcaped me againſt a man whom you honour with your eſteem: but I imagine that eſteem to be ſomething like that of a perſon—

Who, if you're ſick, ſends kindly greeting;
Or, in the ſame breath, utters, meeting,
"Dear ſir! I hope you're very well!—
"I wiſh the raſcal was at hell!"

You ſend me no news of Berlin, of Tourbillon, of Ceſario, nor any extracts from the chronicle of gallantry.

Why do you not mention the gouty old lover;
His hot fits, and cold fits; and all you diſcover
Of him, the ſweet youth, who ſo active can leap,
A vig'rous adept, at the game of bopeep?

Here is nonſenſe enough for once: ſatisfy yourſelf, my dear Jordan, till the next poſt, when I hope to be out of your debt. Adieu.

LET-

LETTER CXVI.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, May 1, 1742.

I SHALL only ſpeak of war and politics to-day, and therefore ſhall not depart from rule, ſince theſe are the peculiar pleaſures of your majeſty, as dear to you as the arrangement of her toilet is to a coquette. You have learnt valiantly to fight, to beware of political artifice, and adroitly to diſcover what politicians endeavour to diſguiſe. It is the peculiar excellence of your majeſty to live at your eaſe, amid the moſt aſſiduous labours; to employ your genius and to quit the pleaſures of life, yet to think the whole an amuſement.

Politics begin likewiſe to be in faſhion at Berlin. The firſt queſtion always aſked is, Where are the armies? What are they doing? Men of letters quit their libraries to read newſpapers, which lie, and never are favourable to us, though I cannot diſcover the reaſon.

It is here rumoured that the enemy has ſeized on Olmutz. Others, on the contrary, affirm he has retreated into Auſtria, fearing to be attacked in front and rear. The moſt ſubtle politicians

aſſert that, in leſs than a month, theſe good Auſtrians will be kind enough to evacuate Bavaria.

The preſent general topic is the memorial of the Earl of Stair, to the ſtates of Holland. Commentaries are made on the following words.

"When your High Mightineſs ſhall have "put all your frontiers into ſuch a ſtate as to be "under no apprehenſion of a ſurpriſe, his "majeſty and your high mightineſſes may be "able to protect your allies, in ſuch manner as "ſhall appear moſt expedient; and, by this "means, other princes who are deſirous of "joining with the maritime powers, may do it "the more freely, and with the leſs appre-"henſion *." It is aſked — Who are here meant? And concerning this opinions vary: each thinks he can ſolve the ænigma. One of theſe politicians very artfully enquired what I thought on the ſubject; and I, very truly and frankly, anſwered I could on oath aſſure him it was an affair of which I was extremely ignorant; but that I could inform him, in all confidence, though I never had been a conjurer, that your majeſty was encamped at Chrudim.

* The words of the memorial are quoted, and not the French tranſlated. T.

I have

I have read an account, which is ſaid to come from the army, as circumſtantial as account can be, of an attempt which I believe to be entirely falſe, and which was that the governor of an Auſtrian fortreſs had formed a project againſt the life of your majeſty, which was defeated by the dexterity of a Jew.

Shall I relate an article of intelligence, as comic as it is untrue? The father of Maupertuis has ſhut his ſon up in a monaſtery, becauſe he wiſhed to marry a woman who was an improper match. How do I love to diſcover weakneſs like this in the heart of a mathematician! But ſtoics themſelves, in ſuch caſes, are never maſters of their paſſions *.

I have the honour to be, with profound reſpect and moſt devoted gratitude, &c.

* M. Jordan ſays this anecdote is falſe, yet reaſons on it as if it were true; this however is one of the paſſages in rhyme, and how far he might poetically ſuppoſe rhyme had nothing to do with reaſon it is impoſſible to ſay. T.

LETTER CXVII.

From the King.

Doctiſſime Doctor Jordane, Chrudim, May 5, 1742.

I CALL aloud for news from Berlin, and you are hard hearted enough to ſhut your ears. I receive nothing from you, but the gazettes of Pindus and the oracles of Apollo. Your verſes are charming, but I want news. Tell me what weather you have at Berlin; what is done, what is ſaid there, and if you can find nothing better talk to me of the horſe in bronze;

And of the equeſtrian hero *, ſlave ſurrounded,
For that he Swedes and Viſigoths ſubdued.

Relate any trifles you pleaſe, provided that you do but talk of my country; and deign to be a little more circumſtantial.

You who can ſo politely teach
E'en ſatire's ſelf to ſmile,
May ſurely, to divert your friends,
Her journal keep awhile:
Some blockhead ſure may ſacrifice,
To make the abſent laugh,

* The great Elector.

Berlin

Berlin can furniſh many a fool,
And many a paragraph.
'Tis not your learning, wit, or taſte,
In theſe degen'rate days,
But malice, plenteouſly diſpers'd,
Will crown you, ſir, with bays.

Perhaps you have diſcovered ſome of this malice, too copiouſly diſperſed through the laſt letter I wrote to you; if ſo, I entreat a thouſand pardons. Though you well know it does not depend upon ourſelves to be ſad or merry, but that it is a conſequence of temperament; like ſo many other mechanical operations of the body. Perhaps you think this is not exactly true, reſpecting ſatire, and that it is a doſe found in great abundance with thoſe perſons who are ſo inclined; but I anſwer,

To ſatire I was ne'er addicted, no
I want the wit—I'm ſorry, but 'tis ſo.

With mathematic regularity I muſt tread in the ſteps of cuſtom, and follow the general example of our good and ridiculous ſpecies. We are all inclined, whether from complacence, or becauſe we have nothing better to do, to ſpeak ill of our neighbour, and idly to ſcatter the venom on which ſcandal feeds in the moſt unchriſtian-like manner.

We do not however pique ourſelves much on our chriſtianity; and it is common enough to ſuppoſe that to be the father of a bon mot is better than to be a brother in Chriſt. Men forget brotherly love, when they are accuſtomed to make war.

Nor Talpatſch, nor Pandour, who daily girn
And ſwarm around, no brethren are of mine;
No, Heav'n forefend!—They're Imps of Beelzebub;
His Cubs, on Bears and on Baboons begotten.

How can you expect we ſhould revere the form of man, in people who ſcarcely have any traces of ſuch form? Moral ſimilitude, in my opinion, is a more intimate cauſe of unity, among mankind, than ſimilarity of figure; and I deny that our enemies poſſeſs either. How then is it poſſible to love them?

We are preparing to open the campaign, which yet will not be ſoon begun. Perhaps we may remain houſed longer than the twentieth of the preſent month. We are tolerably tranquil at preſent; the old prince of Anhalt covers Upper Sileſia, and your humble ſervant is here, collecting his principal forces, to fall with great ſuperiority on the foe; which cannot be done till forage arrives.

This is a trifling military leſſon, to rectify your

your ideas, concerning what you ought to think of our operations; and that, if you ſhould be queſtioned, you may know what to anſwer.

Moravia is a vile country, which cannot be maintained for want of proviſions; and the town of Brun could not be taken, becauſe the Saxons have no cannon, and becauſe he who would enter a fortreſs muſt firſt make a breach in the walls. Beſide that the country is reduced to ſuch a ſtate that the enemy cannot long ſubſiſt in it, and it will therefore ſoon be evacuated.

Adieu, Doctiſſime Jordane. Labour in honour of ſcience, and rank me among the firſt of your admirers and friends. *Vale.*

LETTER CXVIII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, May 5, 1742.

I HAVE received two letters from your majeſty, equally witty; and indeed all are ſo which fall from your hand. The laſt is ſeaſoned by that ſalt which ſatire itſelf prepares. Harmoniouſly you can touch the lyre, can make war like a hero, and can excel as a ſatiriſt.

Your majeſty wiſhes for news——The king of Poland, it is ſaid, has bought a diamond at Leipſic which has coſt eight hundred thouſand crowns. We are told too there is an abbé at Vienna, ſent on the part of France, named Fargé, who is negotiating there very ſecretly, and that there will be a ſuſpenſion of arms.

With reſpect to literary intelligence, I thank your majeſty for aſking for it; for without vanity I have a good ſupply. A defence of Machiavel has appeared, ill treated as he has been by the author of the Anti-Machiavel. The work is printed in Holland, but the author is anonymous; and in this he ſhews his prudence, for he really deſerves to be brought to a ſtate of repentance. He has treated Voltaire without mercy.

Some books are arrived for your majeſty; which it will not be neceſſary to ſend. The new volumes of the quarto edition of Rollin, the beautiful poem of Racine on religion, and a new ſelection of poetical and oratorical extracts, are all waiting in your majeſty's chamber, to be turned over by your royal hands. When will that happy moment arrive when a confirmed peace ſhall tranquilly ſuffer us to enjoy our good fortune? Tourbillon has been ill, and kept her chamber for a fortnight. I have occaſionally been to viſit her, and we have had our con-

verſation parties there, as card parties are held in other places. The diſpute between the dutcheſs and her philoſopher has been the general topic, eſpecially among the ladies; and Tourbillon has avoided interfering, very frequently, by making her retreat.

Knobelſdorf yeſterday departed for Rheinſberg. Ceſario continues the ſame, but I am ſorry to ſee he loſes his cheerfulneſs, and perhaps his health.

Here is a charming letter from Voltaire, written to a clergyman in London; and I hope by Monday's poſt to ſend your majeſty a poem, in the ſtyle of Scarron, on the labours of Hercules, which I think excellent. The author has communicated it to me himſelf, and the queſtion was put for my opinion whether we ought to enjoy pleaſure whenever we have an opportunity. I maintained the affirmative, and that to act otherwiſe were ſinful. I will expoſe my opinion to your majeſty's criticiſm, certain of the excellence of your judgment.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CXIX.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation, Chrudim, May 8, 1742.

I HAVE received a letter from Knobelſdorf, with which I am tolerably well ſatisfied; but it is too dry, not ſufficiently circumſtantial. I wiſh that the deſcription of each moulding of the palace of Charlottenburg, ſhould contain four pages in quarto, for this would give me great amuſement.

At length you are become a politician ſuperior to Mazarin himſelf.

Rapacious plans, romantic fears,
Suſpecting all he ſees and hears;
Infidious arts, unquiet dreams,
For granted taking all that ſeems;
Foreboding wrong; from falſe concluſion
Error heaping, ſcattering confuſion;
Searching for ſecrets in the moon,
Diſcovering midnight in high noon;
In public playing hide and ſeek;
Beneath a maſk, by nature weak,
Pernicious projects ſtill concealing;
Pretended treachery ſtill revealing;
Such is the man you paint, I ſee,
Whoſe politics and mine agree.

Such

Such is the politician concerning whom you reaſon, according to the manner of mankind, who always impute to their neighbour all the evil they themſelves would do, were they in his place. Jordan, however, is allowed to ſatirize me, and time muſt juſtify me to the world.

Your wit poetic me would fix
The weather-cock of politics.
But no; or Fame would, to the crowd,
Have trumpeted the fact aloud.

From all which you find that your wit runs a little too faſt, over the field of futurity.

Above the firmament, to mortal eye
Impervious, Fate recedes: nor aſtrolabe
Can mete her dread beheſts, nor tube diſcover.
On ſhreds, by wretched Grub-ſtreet gazetteer
Compil'd, Interrogation leanly feeds;
Yet, eating nought, eternally is famiſh'd:
Though ſhe, full oft inflated, thinks ſhe's cramm'd.
But thou! Quaffing drafts Pierian as thou doſt!
Conſorting with the Muſes! What! May'ſt thou
The pompous tales of proud Lorraine accredit?

Here are politics in rhyme for you; and nothing more is wanting to complete the picture but a treaty of peace, with the preliminaries, in the form of a dramatic poem.

In my letter, two days ago, I ſent you your catechiſm, concerning our operations, and ex-

plained, with all due length and breadth, what was paſſing here. I now add my prophecy is fulfilled, for the Auſtrians have quitted Moravia for the want of ſubſiſtence. You will ſoon ſee what conſequences all theſe grand affairs and the complicated motions of the two armies will produce.

Adieu, *Dive Jordane Tindalienſis.*

LETTER CXX.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, May 8, 1742.

IS it not ſurpriſing that I ſhould be aſked whether, when pleaſure preſents itſelf, it ought to be enjoyed? I am almoſt tempted to give no reply, for to decide ſo important a problem the heart ſhould be cheerful; and he who is himſelf gloomy cannot ſpeak, with effect, on the ſubject of pleaſure. I own to your majeſty that what mirth I have is mirth of mind, and not of heart. It is, therefore, unnatural, and as falſe as the aſſumed majeſty of Baron, when he acted the part of Mithridates.

I will, therefore, undertake to decide the queſtion, provided I conſult the underſtanding only;

only; and by this I will prove that we not only ſhould enjoy pleaſure, when it preſents itſelf, but that not to enjoy it would be ſinful. To fly pleaſure is heretical; to profit by it is prudent; and this I ſhould have little trouble to prove, ſince our inclination always inclines us to act thus; obſerving, however, that inclination is ſtronger in ſome perſons than in others. Indeed, ſuch a proof would only be to demonſtrate that, being thirſty, it is neceſſary to drink. We always attend to our ſenſations, which we willingly gratify, for they are preceptors at whoſe authority we never take offence; ſince they not only preſcribe what pleaſes but what is neceſſary.

I have a multitude of reaſons in proof of my theſis; the firſt is that we ought to fulfil the duties of our vocation. Who can doubt that man is formed for enjoyment? By enjoyment only do we preſerve and ſtrengthen our faculties, each of which has a determinate portion of pleaſure that has been adjudged to it, though ſome indeed have the advantage over others; but as there are pleaſures in which they all participate, this is a partial remuneration for the deficiency, and forms a kind of equality between the whole. The food of pleaſure, which is the ſupport of theſe faculties, when diſtributed proportionately

portionately to the capacity of each, is never injurious, but the contrary; and only enfeebles and deſtroys when exceſſive. We are, therefore, conſtituted for pleaſure, as fiſh are for water, and the propenſity of our faculties at the proſpect of pleaſure proves the aſſertion. For this propenſity increaſes in proportion to the ſtrength of the impreſſion incited by the preſence of pleaſure.

We feel a repugnance for whatever can injure us, and an attraction toward objects which contribute to our ſatisfaction. The force of nature is ſo powerful that it vanquiſhes even the fears of women; and that tender ſex, naturally poſſeſſed of but little courage, when inſpired by love, acquires fortitude. Love is a paſſion which produces more heroes than ambition and the deſire of fame.

The preſence of pleaſure has this advantage that, by its influence, of the origin of which I am ignorant, it concentrates the man, ſo that his only endeavour is to render that homage which is required. At the ſight of danger, ſelf preſervation and the love of fame contend for victory; each ſuppoſes pre-eminence its due, and each cites its prerogatives. But with pleaſure it is different, pleaſure ſtifles all ideas which do not concur in its gratification, and baniſhes

niſhes all which are not acceſſary to this from the mind. Nothing dare diſpute its ſuperiority *.

Incloſed are verſes by one M. de St. André, who is at Berlin; and I add the comedy of the marquis d'Argens, entitled, *l'Embarras de la Cour* †, which, in my opinion, is too ſerious. I know not why he has been unable to laugh, except that never, perhaps, did philoſopher more perfectly experience the perplexities of a court. D'Argens departed the day before yeſterday. Ginkel, it is ſaid, has received a letter from Peterſburg, in which it is remarked that our envoy is exceedingly intimate with the envoy of the queen of Hungary.

I have the honour to be, &c.

* I have made ſome trifling deviations from the inſinuations and words of the text, not to enflame a paſſion which, in general, has no need to be enflamed. T.

† The perplexities of the court.

LETTER CXXI.

From the King.

DEAR JORDAN, Chrudim, May 11, 1742.

I HAVE been ſo ſtupified by a chaos of affairs, which have ſuddenly aſſaulted me, that for once I demand quarter. I am ſo buſy, have ſo much to think of, ſo much to write, and ſo many orders to iſſue, that it is impoſſible I ſhould hold any long arguments with thee. All that I can tell thee is that we ſhall encamp on the 13th, that the Auſtrians are marching toward us, and that certainly, without the aid of a miracle, I cannot return to Berlin before the end of October, or the beginning of November.

Adieu; I commend thee to the care of philoſophy, and the god of health.

LET-

LETTER CXXII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, May 12, 1741.

I HAVE impriſoned my Apollo, bid adieu to the nine ſiſters, and taken my departure from the ſacred valley, that I may write nothing but news. Your majeſty muſt have received two or three of my letters, full of political, literary, and home intelligence. The ſubject of my laſt was pleaſure, but, to own the truth, this was but to hear your majeſty ſpeak on the ſame topic. The pureſt pleaſure and the imagination are ſo intimately allied that no perſon could treat the ſubject in a more maſterly manner.

It is reported here that count Bruhl is in total diſgrace at the court of Saxony, and that the prince of Weiſſenfels is the ſole cauſe of this, by repreſenting to the king that the Saxon army was wholly unprovided. The good fortune of Bruhl has been univerſally remarked: he had every thing the world could ſupply, but he has left the Saxons deſtitute, and has afforded a fine opportunity for ſatire.

Rutowſky, it is added, is in like diſgrace, and has

has quitted the army; but theſe are particulars which are related here with a myſterious air, and which I will not warrant.

We have very bad weather at Berlin; the north wind continually inſults us, and the ſun is gone I know not whither; whenever he makes his appearance it is but to lower upon us. I imagine he ſhines out at Chrudim, becauſe your majeſty is there, and he knows in what high eſtimation he is held by you.

The horſe of bronze continues to carry his hero, whom I ſeldom paſs without a ſalamalec*; for, to ſpeak freely to your majeſty, among the mighty dead, he is one whom moſt I honour. Were the Electors ſaints he ſhould be mine.

The people bleſs God that there are no more beggars in the ſtreets, and that they have been delivered from this race.

The dutcheſs will depart on Sunday for the country ſeat of count von Gotter. All people bleſs and wiſh her a good journey. D'Argens is her harbinger, and has been gone theſe three days, curſing thoſe duties of decorum which have obliged him to travel a hundred German miles to no purpoſe. He is continually appealing to what men are unacquainted with, to reaſon; he is not ſo intimate with the land of reaſon as

* A Turkiſh ſalutation ſignifying God ſave you. T.

your

your majeſty is with the regions of ſatire, which to me form a labyrinth the very entrance into which I dread. We do not all poſſeſs Ariadne's clue; it is a preſent which the gods beſtow only on princes, when they grant them authority.

K*** is afflicted to ſee that K***, to whom ſhe has promiſed her eldeſt daughter, and whom ſhe regards as the future ſupport of her houſe, is on the point of departing. I believe ſhe wiſhes to retire to her eſtate in Eaſt Frieſland, and that ſhe will aſk permiſſion. I freely confeſs to your majeſty I pity her. K*** cannot digeſt the mortification of remaining at Berlin, while the whole world is at the army.

I know not whether your majeſty has received all the books I ſent, agreeable to your orders. I have the honour and the happineſs to be, &c.

LETTER CXXIII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, May 15, 1742.

I HAVE received your majeſty's laſt letter, written in a political ſtyle, and which con-

tains much meaning in few words. The portrait of a politician is there truly traced.

I yeſterday liſtened to one of theſe politicians, with as much ſubmiſſion and docility as your majeſty would to Epicurus, were he to reviſit earth, and preach pleaſure. My inſtructor pretended that England has made very advantageous propoſals to your majeſty, tending to confirm you in the poſſeſſion of Sileſia; and that the continuance of the war could not be to the intereſt of the houſe of Brandenburg, ſince it was actually in poſſeſſion of more than it claimed. Bad politician as I am, I proteſted this diſcourſe was not common ſenſe, and that the actions of princes reſemble riddles, which ſeem all contradiction till we diſcover the key.

It is generally ſuppoſed a ſuſpenſion of arms is on the tapis. But theſe are affairs of which I am ignorant. I only know that every body praiſes and admires Charlottenburg, and is charmed with the alterations made in the park.

I have the honour to inform your majeſty of the death of the abbé du Bos, to which it is neceſſary that I ſhould add twenty-five thouſand counters * belonging to the academy have been

* *Jetons*—may ſignify either counters or medals of corporate bodies. T.

found

found in his chamber, which he had appropriated to himſelf.

The following is a pleaſant anecdote. Father Patau, abbé of St. Geneviève, received a preſent of confectionary and flowers, accompanied by a letter, written in Arabic, without informing him by whom they were ſent. The abbé Fourmont was ambitious of the honour of being the ſole interpreter of this letter, to which he applied himſelf four days, turning over Arabic, Turkiſh, and Perſian dictionaries. At length he very fortunately diſcovered the letter was written by Turks, in the ſuite of the ambaſſador, who were deſirous to become chriſtians. The abbé Patau vaunted loudly of this, and ſpoke of it to the queen of Spain. The queen burſt into a fit of laughter, and proteſted not a ſyllable on ſuch a ſubject could be found in the letter. M. de Fiennes was applied to, and he immediately interpreted the letter, and proved it to be a Turkiſh compliment, in which after God and Mahomet had been invoked, in favour of the abbé, he was informed that the flowers and fruits would gratify the palate and the ſight. The truth is the queen of Spain had played the abbé this trick, by cauſing a petty trader of Aleppo, who ſold jewels at the royal palace, to write the letter.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CXXIV.

From the King.

DEAR JORDAN, The field of battle of Chotuſitz, May 17, 1742.

CHEERFULLY do I inform thee that the enemy has been well beaten. We are all in good health. Poor Rottemburg is wounded in the breaſt and the arm, but it is ſuppoſed not dangerouſly.

Adieu. Thou wilt be glad, I imagine, to hear this good news. My compliments to Ceſario.

LETTER CXXV.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, May 20, 1742.

THE laſt letter your majeſty has been pleaſed to honour me with was ill calculated to inſpire joy, and diſſipate Engliſh ſpleen; it rather would generate the diſeaſe. The Auſtrians are marching toward the army your majeſty commands; deſpair is their guide. The fate of war is uncertain, and victory only to be obtained

tained by wading through ſeas of blood. Such ſubjects afford me little recreation; I confeſs, I know none more melancholy. We become the prey of Fortune, who is often capricious, nay ſometimes fatal, and we riſk the loſs of that good which moſt we love and cheriſh. But let us draw the curtain over this ſubject.

Ginkel has received his recal, and it is ſaid will ſoon depart. The dutcheſs is gone. The following lines are ſaid to have been written, by her, againſt the comedy called *l'Embarras de la Cour*.

Pendant au croc toute philoſophie,
Pour ſe livrer aux appas de l'amour,
Frère d'Argens fit très-humble folie,
Et ſe rendit l'embarras de la cour.
Sur ce ſujet, jamais ſa comédie
N'a pu paraître au coin d'un bon auteur;
Ni réjouir, malgré tout ſon génie,
Un public las de rire de l'acteur *.

I have read a pamphlet which appears to me ingenious enough, on the preſent ſtate of Europe. The ſubject is allegorical. A ball is

* Forgetful of philoſophy, and yielding to the allurements of love, brother d'Argens humbled himſelf to folly, and became himſelf the ſubject of his comedy. It was, therefore, impoſſible he ſhould write well, or, in deſpite of his genius, divert the ſpectators, who were weary of laughing at the actor.

exhibited, which is opened by your majeſty with the queen of Hungary, who complains that ſhe is exceedingly fatigued. The duke, her conſort, does not dance, becauſe he has ſent for ſhoes from France, by which he is pinched. The Dutch do not think proper to dance, except in the torch dance. The allegory is further extended, but I cannot recollect the whole.

Holland, we are told, has granted the queen of Hungary a hundred thouſand crowns, per month; and the Engliſh have done much more; they have voted two hundred thouſand pounds ſterling *.

I have been aſſured that general Prætorius is to enter the ſervice of Holland, where general officers are wanting.

I have the honour to be, &c.

* The parliamentary grant of the year 1742, for the aid of the queen of Hungary, was five hundred thouſand pounds ſterling. T.

LETTER CXXVI.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation. The camp at Schlep, May 20, 1742.

YOU have no doubt received the letter in which I informed you of our victory, and I have now the ſatisfaction further to relate that it was not very deſtructive to our troops, which renders it more agreeable to me, and allows me to indulge the joy of my heart. Our advantages are complete, and the rout of the enemy, whom we have two days purſued, ſo terrible that conſternation, grief, and dejection are univerſal among them, and exceſſive.

No perſon of our acquaintance is dead. Dear Rottemburg, who is wounded, will recover, and our ſlain are eſtimated at a thouſand, or twelve hundred men at the utmoſt. The loſs of the enemy is ſuppoſed to be between ſix and ſeven thouſand. The account, which will appear, of what paſſed preceding and after the battle, is drawn up by me, and ſtrictly conformable to truth.

I believe peace will ſoon follow, and that I ſhall return to Berlin ſooner than you ventured to hope.

Bid Knobelſdorf prepare my dear Charlottenburg, and finiſh my opera houſe, and do thou lay in good ſtore of pleaſantry and content.

Adieu, dear Jordan. Thou ſeeſt I do not forget thee, ſince I thought of thee the moment after victory. *Vale.* My compliments to Ceſario, tell him that our cavaliers have fought like ſo many Cæſars.

LETTER CXXVII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, May 22, 1742.

I CONGRATULATE your majeſty on your victory over your enemies. The Pruſſians are formed for conqueſt, and the Auſtrians to be conquered. Never did prince make a more glorious campaign. To recover a province from the enemy, and to gain two victories in a year and a half, are the height of glory.

Your majeſty cannot imagine the general joy of your ſubjects. The moment the news arrived I ran to proclaim it, that it might be immediately public. I ſtopped people in their carriages, and paſſengers, to announce it, and make them participators of my joy. I found

Tourbillon

Tourbillon in an ecſtaſy, who immediately exclaimed at ſeeing me—"The king! Tell me "ſomething of this king."

The Bavarian ſecretary, when he heard the news, ran to a certain perſon to hear it confirmed, and this perſon ſaid, with a grave and ſerious air—"The king of Pruſſia has gained an "empire for your maſter."—Your majeſty has the art of making emperors, of conquering and of rendering mankind happy.

You muſt not, ſire, be ſurpriſed at the incongruity of this letter; I am in raptures, and joy, like drunkenneſs occaſioned by drinking champagne, overpowers the imagination by a too crowded ſucceſſion of ideas. I fancy I behold the king of England jealous of the aſtoniſhing ſucceſs of his dear nephew, and mortified at the firſt tranſport of his troops. The Dutch do not know how to behave.

The following verſes are ſung at Paris, and are characteriſtic of the levity of the people.

Par la conſeil de l'éminence,
En diminuant ſa dépenſe,
Louis croit ſoulager vos maux;
Conſeils indécens, et profanes!
Ah! ſire, gardez vos chevaux,
Mais défaites-vous de vos ânes.

Que, comme un vrai foudre de guerre,
Broglio ſoit armé du tonnerre;

On

On en eſt ſurpris, et comment
Radote-t-on ſous la calotte?
Non, il ne va préciſément
Que pour rechercher ſa culotte *.

I have the honour, to be, &c.

LETTER CXXVIII.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation. The general quarters of Neintz, October 25, 1742.

WERE I to follow my inclination, I ſhould ſay, come hither, dear Jordan, keep me company, and let us reaſon on the uncertainty of our knowledge, and the inſignificance of our exiſtence. But, as it is a rule with me to prefer the welfare of my friends to my own ſatis-

* "Louis, following the advice of his eminence, imagined "he ſhould diminiſh our ſufferings by diminiſhing his ex- "penditure. Indecent and profane advice! Ah! ſire, keep "your horſes, but rid yourſelf of your aſſes.

"Let Broglio be armed, the thunder-bolt of war! Can a "dotard be found under an abbot's cap?—No, he is only "gone in ſearch of his breeches."

It was impoſſible to tranſlate theſe lines either as poetry or common ſenſe. Their whole merit was temporary, and conſiſted in their alluſions to perſons and things which would require a long commentary to explain. T.

faction,

faction, I forbear, and bid thee remain a peaceable citizen of Berlin, pay frequent visits to Haude *, give audience to the learned in thy library, buy books at every auction, and write to me when thou hast nothing better to do. Thus am I sure to be obeyed; whereas, were I to write to a poltroon, and invite him to visit the army, I should but shed my ink in vain.

Poor Rottemburg is not dangerously wounded, but he suffers much from the gravel. I hope that in a week he will be better. I have not yet had sufficient calm of mind to rhyme, for I have continual employment, and perpetual arrangements to make.

Our loss in the last battle amounts in the whole to seventeen hundred men, six officers of infantry, and fifteen of cavalry; which is not great for a battle so decisive as that of Chotusitz.

Farewel, friend. Desire fat Knobelsdorf to write me word how Charlottenburg, my opera-house, and my gardens behave. I am a child on this subject. These are play-things with which I divert myself.

You know, therefore, it is useless to repeat what I think of you. *Vale.* My compliments

* The editor of a newspaper. T.

to

to good Monbail, Tourbillon, and little Tettau *.

LETTER CXXIX.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, May 26, 1742.

WE impatiently wait the arrival of a ſecond courier with a circumſtantial account of the battle, and we are extremely deſirous of knowing the conſequences of the purſuit. The victory is ſuppoſed to be deciſive, and the more glorious to your majeſty becauſe you were neither aided by French nor Saxons. The Pruſſians have hitherto ſupported the whole weight of the war, to their own honour, and have brought affairs to their preſent ſtate. Should peace be the conſequence, Europe will be indebted for it entirely to your majeſty. While you are gaining victories, the people ſing in France, dance at Moſcow, curſe at London, and caſt up their accounts at Amſterdam. Comedians, muſicians, artiſts, and painters, daily paſs through the city on their road to Moſcow. The artiſts pay their reſpects to Knobelſdorf.

* All females. T.

The

The famous Valeriani has viſited him, and was exceedingly pleaſed with the plans that were ſhewn him of the opera-houſe, &c. The Italian owned the antique and the taſte of Palladio were every where conſpicuous.

Incloſed are verſes by young Vatel, who waits to know his deſtiny, preſented to her majeſty, the queen mother, on the late victory.

Count Rottemburg is here reported to be dead, but this I do not believe: from the hopes which your majeſty has done me the honour to inſpire, I flatter myſelf he will recover. Is it not afflicting that the homage paid to fame is attended with ſo much danger?

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CXXX.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, May 27, 1742.

OUR whole converſation here is on the victory gained over the Auſtrians; though this joy is mingled with apprehenſion, excited by not hearing the conſequences of a battle ſo glorious to your majeſty's troops.

The following ſtory is current among the people.

people. A young man, a ſtranger, in the heat of the battle, put himſelf at the head of ſome ſquadrons, and fought with ſuch ſurpriſing valour that your majeſty demanded his name, that he might be ſuitably rewarded. The youth would not diſcover himſelf, but withdrew, and who he was ſtill remains a ſecret. Such is the ſtory, on which the vulgar, who are always ſuperſtitious, make commentaries.

Incloſed is a ſong, the humour of which will divert your majeſty. The author does not wiſh to be known, and it was with difficulty I could procure a copy.

The two young princes of Wirtemberg greatly diverted their governor, by the exceſſive joy they teſtified when they heard of the battle. But, when they were informed that the count von Rottemburg was wounded, they began to weep bitterly, and deplored the misfortunes to which they were expoſed, by the loſs of their beſt friend.

Poor Kayſerling has kept his bed theſe eight days, to which he has been obliged by a violent fit of the gout. He has deſired me to lay his duty at your majeſty's feet.

I know not whether all the papers I ſend come ſafe to hand; your majeſty will, next week, receive the continuation of the labours of Hercules,

Hercules, with a comedy, in which the portrait of the quarrelling philoſopher * is drawn in a maſterly manner.

An artiſt here has repreſented a vaſe of flowers, in tapeſtry, which is admired by all connoiſſeurs. Knobelſdorf and Peſne very much wiſh your majeſty could ſee it, for it is a finiſhed performance. The perſon is one of the workmen of the Gobelins, but poverty will not permit him to wait your majeſty's return. Peſne labours aſſiduouſly at the platforms of Charlottenburg.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CXXXI.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation. The Camp of ——, Undated.

WHAT I foreſaw is come to paſs; we have had a deciſive battle, the ſucceſs of which you are acquainted with, and the conſequences are, prince Charles has evacuated Bohemia, and is marching toward Brunn, or Wittingau.

* D'Argens, as I imagine. T.

Rottemburg

Rottemburg is recovering of his wounds, and our loſs is not exceſſive.

Thus is thy friend, a ſecond time in the ſpace of thirteen months, victorious. Who would have ſaid, ſome years ſince, that the ſcholar of Jordan in philoſophy, of Cicero in rhetoric, and of Bayle in reaſon, would act the warrior on the ſtage of life? Who would have imagined Providence had choſen a poet, to overturn the ſyſtem of Europe, and totally to change the political combinations of her kings? But there are many events the reaſon of which it will be difficult to aſſign, and this may boldly be ranked as one of their number: a comet, remarkable in its courſe, and the orbit of which is diſtinguiſhed from that of the regular planets.

I expect to hear from thee with impatience. Write to me fully concerning my buildings, furniture, and dancers, and thou wilt afford me recreation in the midſt of affairs which, becauſe of their importance, are become difficult and ſerious. I read as much as I can, and aſſure thee that, in my tent, my philoſophy equals, or exceeds, that of Seneca.

When ſhall we ſeat ourſelves under the tall and peaceful beech rows of Remuſberg, or the ſuperb lime-trees of Charlottenburg? When ſhall we reaſon at our eaſe on human follies

and the nothingneſs of man? Theſe are moments for which I wait with much impatience; and with the more, becauſe that man, having taſted of all things, uſually returns to the beſt.

Adieu, dear Jordan; forget not thy friend, but preſerve my remembrance in thy heart with all the faith of Oreſtes to Pylades.

LETTER CXXXII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Undated.

PEOPLE are impatient to know what effects the laſt victory has produced. The Leyden gazette informs us the news excited great conſternation in England. The Dutch endeavour to perſuade themſelves the battle was not deciſive, and it is added there is ſome miſunderſtanding between Holland and Great Britain. People here do not conceive the reaſon of the cantonment. Such is the intelligence that by chance has eſcaped the lips of maſters in politics, who often are as taciturn as formerly the diſciples of Pythagoras were.

The reflections your majeſty makes, on the revolutions which a ſingle man may occaſion,

are equally juſt and ingenious. To ſpeak frankly to your majeſty, theſe revolutions have not excited my ſurpriſe. Before I had enjoyed the honour of paying my court to your majeſty a month, I was convinced you were deſtined to accompliſh great things. Every body was alarmed to ſee war break out at the beginning of your majeſty's reign, for the glory with which you have run the race was not foreſeen. You have convinced Europe of your military and political talents, and have always ſhewn your people that, though a mercileſs foe, you are to them a tender father. Your majeſty, by the war, has proved you are not to be attacked with impunity, and that you have a formidable army.

The buildings proceed rapidly. The poet has almoſt finiſhed his firſt opera. The dancers are expected. The ſtreets are freed from beggars, and there is much ſpinning done at the houſe of induſtry. The new director, deſirous of your majeſty's favour, will carefully viſit the houſe which is confided to his management; though, unfortunately for him, it ſtands at the end of *Wilhelms-Straſſe* *.

I have the honour to be, &c.

* William-Street.

LET-

LETTER CXXXIII.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation. The Camp of B——, May 27, 1742.

I PERCEIVED the characteriſtics of ſincere joy in thy letter, and diſcovered the friend and the philoſopher. We are at preſent going into quarters of cantonment: and I imagine, conſidering the ſituation of affairs, and the advantages which the French have recently gained over prince Lobkowitz, that the war is almoſt at an end.

Adieu, dear Jordan. As ſoon as I ſhall be cantoned, my letters ſhall be as long as thou couldeſt wiſh, and perhaps I may converſe with thee ſooner than I hoped, in the new Lyceum of Charlottenburg; where I will perſonally aſſure thee that I eſteem and love thee, with my whole heart. *Vale.*

LETTER CXXXIV.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, June 2, 1742.

THE gazettes all reſound with the glorious deeds of the Pruſſian army, which in hiſtory will be ranked with the thundering legion, and known by the epithet invincible. We are here told that, notwithſtanding the defeat of the Auſtrian army, *Te Deum* has been ſung at Vienna. I cannot imagine this to be true, nor is it mentioned in the public papers. One of the Dutch journals, entitled *Magaſin politique*, has not the art of being guarded in its expreſſions. The German ſpectator, which appears at Berlin, repays this journal, as it well deſerves, in its own coin.

Wagers are laid concerning the arrival of the tranſports from England, with troops. Some pretend the firſt fleet is already at Oſtend, and others the contrary. If the embarkation have not yet taken place, your majeſty's victory may well impede it entirely.

The report here is that marſhal de Belleiſle will go to Vienna, after having been at Dreſden, Prague, and the camp of your majeſty. This

ſtep

ſtep gives a glimmering of peace, and is pleaſing to all.

Algarotti leaves Dreſden, and returns to Italy, very much diſguſted with Germany. His friends believe he will turn monk.

The French, it is ſaid, are before Paſſau. People wiſh your majeſty's troops to remain inactive for the reſt of the campaign; they reſemble a fine courſer, which ought not to be run out of breath. Your majeſty has hitherto ſupported the whole weight of the war; your allies have done nothing; they ought now to pay their quota. Such is our political converſation.

The Freemaſons have deputed me to requeſt your majeſty's permiſſion to hold a proceſſion, with muſic, on the feaſt of St. John, as is practiſed in England. I wait your majeſty's commands, that I may communicate them to the order.

Ceſario ſtill is confined to his bed. How delightful is the hope of ſoon ſeeing your majeſty, here! How efficacious is its virtue over my mind!

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CXXXV.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation. The Camp of Kuttenberg, June 4, 1742.

I AM ſo buſy that, inſtead of having my mind free, it is more than ever loaded. The two Belleiſles, and ſome French officers, are here. Poor Britz has paid the debt of nature. I regret him much, as a brave fellow and an old acquaintance. Rottemburg is out of danger. Thoſe victims of their country who have lately ſo generouſly fought are moſt of them convaleſcent, and the ſurgeons give me great hopes of their cure.

I know not when I ſhall ſee you. To ſpeak freely, not, I preſume, before the cloſe of the campaign. Adieu, *Dive Jordane.* My mind at this moment is neither cheerful nor heroic. Continue to love me, and remain perſuaded of my eſteem and friendſhip. My compliments to Ceſario, to Tourbillon, and to the architect.

LET-

LETTER CXXXVI.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation. The Camp of Kuttenberg June 5, 1742.

YOU will, no doubt, by this time have been informed of the happy conſequences of our victory. The enemy has retreated to Budweis, where they have joined prince Lobkowitz. This will prove the day to be inconteſtably ours; for nothing ſo well confirms our ſuperiority as the flight of the enemy, and a retreat of ſixteen German miles.

The narrative printed at Berlin, which no doubt at preſent is read in every coffee-houſe in Europe, was written by me. I related the whole battle with exactneſs and truth. The ſtory of the ſtranger is a mere fable. A ſentinel * gave riſe to it, who, being with the baggage, imagined he ſhould find more ſafety in fighting with others than in remaining there alone.

* Un maître de poſte.—I doubt whether a ſentinel be meant or ſome officer in command, but I believe the former. T.

I pity poor Ceſario. You muſt own he is very proper to become a huſband! His ſtate, however, both of body and mind, excites my compaſſion. Rottemburg is entirely recovered, and we are here in tranquillity. I read much when I have nothing more ſerious to do, and my tent infinitely rather reſembles the abode of a philoſopher than the ridiculous tub of Diogenes, or the indecent lodge of Leibnitz *.

I have received the verſes you ſent me. The burleſque on Hercules appears to me trivial enough. I hope the comedy you promiſe me will be better. Adieu, Jordan, faithful friend, and good citizen, but whoſe very prudent wiſdom invents more than one means of concealing its maſter's weak ſide, his attachment to his own ſpecies, and his love of the duſty caverns of the old Latian land.

* Leibnitz was remarkable for the ſlovenly manner in which he lived. T.

LETTER CXXXVII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, June 5, 1742.

I HAVE received two letters from your majeſty at once, which is more honour and pleaſure than I merit. They ſerve me as remedies, and are excellent lenitives to a man who, ever ſince the month of November, has been in the murderous hands of the faculty. The juices of my body are in a very bad ſtate, as is the mind preſiding over this body. I ſtill have felt my heart rejoice, ſince the gain of the battle, and the revival of my hopes that we ſhould again ſee your majeſty at Berlin. Haude flies only with one wing. Francheville publiſhed a periodical paper which might have become very intereſting, but that he is not encouraged, and cannot pleaſe the cenſor. My delight is in my library, for, while I turn over my books, I more and more perſuade myſelf that every thing in the literary world is frivolous. The only ſtudy ſalutary to men is that which teaches to live with and know each other, and which contributes to our preſervation and our pleaſure. Other ſciences I only look upon as the ſports of children.

Of this no perſon is better convinced than your majeſty, who, during your life, have philoſophiſed ſo much.

The building of the opera-houſe advances apace, as is the remark of every body. The ſame may be ſaid of the ceilings of Charlottenburg, at which Peſne works with great aſſiduity.

The public has been impatient to ſee a relation of the battle, printed by the court of Vienna; it has at length appeared, and proves that the Auſtrians allow they have, in due and good form, been beaten by the brave Pruſſians.

The count de Tœrring, it is reported, will go to Vienna.

God preſerve your majeſty! May I have the conſolation ſoon to ſee you, in the ſuperb and charming gardens of Charlottenburg!

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation. The Camp of Kuttenberg, June 7, 1742.

THESE curſt French pull down as faſt as I build up! The emperor and the king of France

France have well ſelected their two goſlings to command in Bavaria, and who have ſuffered Khevenhuller to paſs the Danube in their preſence. To enumerate all the miſtakes of theſe generals would be impoſſible. And what will be the reſult? The whole weight of the war will fall upon me. It is a very conſolatory reflection to remember that countries have been conquered for others! Prince Charles has marched toward the Moldau, to attack marſhal de Broglio, who remains at Frauenberg. Belleiſle is at Dreſden, and the Saxons on their own frontiers. What a medley! This is the moment, the criſis, for the preſent year. In a fortnight more, light will be thrown on the ſcene.

Inform me what is ſaid of the battle; whether it excite great rumours in the world; whether the people take any part in it; whether the army be ſuppoſed capable of beating the enemy, and whether it be thought I underſtand how to make war. In a word, tell me every thing relative to this ſubject.

Write to me fully concerning Charlottenburg, the park, and the opera-houſe. Let your deſcriptions be copious, that my entertainment, on ſubjects ſo agreeable and amuſing, may be the ſame.

Heaven knows when I ſhall converſe with you

you in that charming retreat, and talk reaſon freed from the whirl and perplexity of the world. I very much fear this deſired moment is more diſtant than it is ſuppoſed. In the mean time, I read and think much. Perhaps you will find me more reaſonable than I have been; whether therefore better, is a queſtion. This is a *latus per ſe.*

My compliments to the friend whoſe body and heart are ill. Tell Pöllnitz I do not write to him becauſe I am buſy, but that his letters give me pleaſure, and that he will do well to write often.

I deſire you will ſend me a good teleſcope, to diſcover diſtant objects, and ſuch as nearly ſuits your own ſight.

Adieu, *Dive Jordane.* Forget not the poor Ixion, who, like a madman, turns the great political wheel of Europe; and be certain that to thee I devote friendſhip equal in duration to my own exiſtence.

LET-

LETTER CXXXIX.

From the King.

The Camp of Kuttenberg, June 10, 1742.

BORN for the arts, the Muſes' child;
A feeling heart and manners mild;
Alive to wit, to grandeur dead;
By no heroic frenzies fed;
The tyrant and his flatterer's foe;
Propenſe alike to mirth or woe
As each were preſent; prone to wile
The hours away, that ſweetly ſmile
On jocund youth; with flowers bedeck'd,
Such as the laughing Loves collect,
From Cyprian iſle, where Venus reigns,
O'er rapture's bowers and pleaſure's plains;
Unknown to care, my ſpirits high,
Sportive and gay—Thus once was I.

Alas! Too ſoon Fate interpos'd;
War and Ambition ſoon diſclos'd
Tremendous ſcenes; and with them came
The bright ſeductive phantom Fame;
Triumphant, haughty, hot, and daring,
For human miſeries little caring,
She dazzling came, I fell before her,
Renounc'd my nature, vow'd t'adore her,
In ſearch of victims wildly ran,
And loſt the better part of man.

Then Glory ſhew'd her hideous face,
Then taught the maddening hand to trace

Deſtruction

Deſtruction in a ſanguine flood,
And mark her route by ſeas of blood!
Gore-dripping wreaths her temples bound;
With ſhrieks, writhes, howls, and tortures crown'd!
Nations her ſacrifice ſhe dooms,
And every breath ſnuffs hecatombs!

No! Periſh firſt, me and my name,
Ere I aſpire to Nero's fame!
The blood of friends for vict'ry ſhed?
'Twould taint my board! 'Twould haunt my bed!

Though hiſt'ry's page my name might know,
What good can hiſt'ry's page beſtow?
Let but another age arrive,
And where's the name that ſhall ſurvive?
Or, in Elyſium, who can hope
He may with ancient heroes cope?
We die, our mem'ry Envy rends,
From her dark ſtabs not death defends.
She finds Fame's vulnerable part;
She finds, and ſtrikes her to the heart!
Then happy he, from noiſe retiring,
Who lives unknown and unaſpiring;
Who reckleſs can when dying ſay,
"Eraſe remembrance—Hide my clay."

Here is morality in metre and cadence for you, with which I hope you will be ſatisfied. I ſometimes flatter myſelf I ſtill ſhall paſs the end of autumn with you at Charlottenburg, and reaſon on the emptineſs and nullity of all human events. I have concluded an agree-

ment

ment for the famous collection of the cardinal de Polignac, which I shall wholly possess. It will be sent by Rohan to Hamburg, and will be an additional ornament to Charlottenburg, which will afford you as much amusement as your library.

Encourage Francheville till my return.

GAZETTE.

Prince Charles of Lorraine and Lobkowitz have formed a junction, passed the Moldau, and have driven a flock of Frenchmen before them, of whom Broglio is the shepherd. The Prussians will march toward Prague, to bring the French once again into the high road, or to conclude peace.

Adieu, dear Jordan. I say nothing of the esteem, the friendship, and the sentiments of your humble servant.

LETTER CXL.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, June 12, 1742.

I FLATTER myself we soon shall have the honour to see your majesty tranquilly enjoy, at

at Charlottenburg, the fruits of your military labours. But the letter which it has pleaſed your majeſty to ſend me ſeems to envy me the happineſs of that hope. We are told that marſhal de Belleiſle, when he ſhall quit your majeſty, will proceed to Vienna. Of the truth of this I wiſh to perſuade myſelf; it is a lenitive which it is good to ſwallow; but my confounded reaſon, the eternal enemy of my peace of mind, objects that, if the marſhal were to go to Vienna, preliminaries of peace muſt, at leaſt, have been ſigned. I regret poor Britz, as I do ſo many other worthy people, who have fallen the voluntary victims of their love of fame!

Report ſays the enemy intends to hazard a ſecond battle, and this is very poſitively aſſerted. Although I do not fear him, I ſtill wiſh he would remain quiet.

It is rumoured that a young officer has been killed in a duel, in defence of the fine eyes of the gallant counteſs of Breſlau, at hearing which I was ſurpriſed.

The muſic hall will be ready on Saturday next: it repreſents Parnaſſus and the Muſes. In a fortnight, two more will be finiſhed *. No man can be more aſſiduous than Peſne.

* I imagine M. Jordan means two more rooms and not two more muſic halls. T.

Ceſario's

Ceſario's gout is in his hand; in other reſpects he appears to have been tolerably well, for a week paſt, both in body and mind.

K*** will go to her eſtates in the country, as I believe ſhe continues indiſpoſed. I pity her; to be ill, to have five daughters to marry, a vagabond ſon, and a man for a ſon-in-law whom ſhe cannot diſpoſe of, are afflictions ſufficient.

I have received ſome jewels from your majeſty, for ſale. They were ſent off on the 23d of May, and arrived here only on the 12th (of June). I ſhall give an account of them to Fréderſdorf, that I may not trouble your majeſty. The Freemaſons impatiently wait your majeſty's permiſſion, and D'Argens an exemption from the exciſe duties, for his effects.

I have the honour to be, &c

LETTER CXLI.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation. The Camp of Kuttenberg, June 13, 1742.

AT length I inform you of the ſo long expected, ſo much deſired, intelligence, the

end for which war was made, the great article of news, in a word, the concluſion of a good and advantageous peace. * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I give you time to breathe——I imagine news ſo little expected, and ſo agreeable, may happen to incite pleaſure. Let not your joy, however, be indiſcreet. I forbid you to mention it till the affair ſhall become public.

I have acted as I thought was neceſſary for the glory of my nation; at preſent I act for its happineſs. The blood of my troops is dear to me; I ſtop up every channel of further effuſion, which a war, carried on with barbarians, muſt inevitably have cauſed, and I ſhall now, once more, yield to pleaſures of the body, and to the philoſophy of mind. I ſhall be at Berlin toward the 15th or 20th of July. Take care to be in good health about that time, and make proviſion of whatever your mind can imagine moſt diverting and moſt agreeable. In a word, let me find in you the wiſdom of Plato, the eloquence of Cicero, the docile complaiſance of Atticus, and the aid of Epicurus.

Adieu, moſt pacific Jordan; the Hector thy friend will ſoon ſalute thee in the modeſt and ſimple guiſe of a philoſopher.

LET-

LETTER CXLII.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation. The Camp of Kuttenberg, June 15, 1742.

PEACE at laſt is arrived! Peace for which thou ſo long haſt ſighed, to obtain which ſo much blood has been ſpilt, and of the return of which Europe began to deſpair! I know not what will be ſaid of me. I own I expect to be ſatirized, and to hear thoſe common-place remarks which the ignorant and the fooliſh, in a word, which unthinking people repeat after each other. But I trouble myſelf little concerning the ſenſeleſs jargon of the public; and I appeal to all the doctors of juriſprudence, and political morality, whether, after having done all that man could do to fulfil my engagements, I was under any neceſſity not to depart from them, when, on the one hand, I ſaw an ally who acted ill, and on the other an ally who did not act at all; and when, in addition to which, I apprehended, on the firſt reverſe of fortune, I ſhould be abandoned, in conſequence of a clandeſtine peace, by the moſt potent of my allies.

I demand, whether, under circumſtances in which I foreſaw my army ruined, my treaſury

exhauſted, my conqueſts loſt, my provinces depopulated, my people wretched, in a word, all the ill fortune to which the chance of war and the duplicity of politicians expoſe men; I demand, whether, in ſuch a caſe, a ſovereign does not act rationally who, by ſage retreat, guards againſt certain ſhipwreck, or evident peril?

Do you aſk us for fame? Of this my troops have gained ſufficient. Do you require advantage? Conqueſt anſwers the demand. Do you wiſh veteran troops? I appeal to the teſtimony of our enemies, which is irrevocable. Nothing can ſurpaſs our army in valour, force, patience under labour, and whatever can conſtitute invincible troops.

If a gameſter be thought prudent who, having thrown in ſeven times, quits play, how much more ought a warrior to be approved, who ſhelters himſelf from the caprices of fortune, after one continued ſucceſſion of victory!

You will not be the perſon to condemn me; it will be thoſe ſtoics, whoſe aduſt temperament, and overheated imaginations, incline them to rigid morality. My reply is, let them follow their own maxims; but that the country of romance is better conſtituted, for ſuch ſeverity of practice, than that continent which we inhabit; and that, after all, a private perſon has very different

different reaſons for being an honeſt man to thoſe of a ſovereign. The queſtion with the former reſpects only his individual advantage, which he ought conſtantly to ſacrifice to the good of ſociety; therefore, the rigid obſervation of morality, with him, becomes a duty; for the rule is—"It were better one man ſhould ſuf-"fer than that a whole people ſhould periſh."

The object with a ſovereign is the advantage of a great nation, which to procure is his duty, and which to obtain he ought to ſacrifice himſelf, and conſequently, ſtill more, his engagements, when they begin to oppoſe the welfare of his people.

Such is what I have to ſay to you, of which you may make uſe in time and place, in companies and converſations, without remarking that peace is concluded.

Preſs Knobelſdorf to finiſh Charlottenburg, for it is my intention to paſs much of my time there.

Adieu, dear Jordan. Doubt not of the tender friendſhip I have had, have, and ſhall have, to the laſt breath of life.

LETTER CXLIII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, June 18, 1742.

FROM your majeſty's letter, I perceived you were far from ſatisfied with the French. They have committed a great blunder, with reſpect to the corps under Khevenhuller. The Leipſic gazettes ſay they have been beaten by the Auſtrians. Your majeſty commands me to inform you of the thoughts of the public, on the preſent ſtate of affairs. As I am unacquainted with diſobedience, I ſhall ſpeak on the ſubject with all that frankneſs to which my mind is prone, and ſcrupulouſly report the different rumours.

Your majeſty may be aſſured of one thing, which is that, in general, the French are not beloved. It is with pain that they are ſeen in the heart of Germany, there to ſpread diſorder, and afterward to fiſh in troubled waters. Nor has your majeſty's alliance with France been regarded with pleaſure; for it is aſſerted the intereſt of that nation is to ſee your majeſty's power enfeebled. Men preſume, as the French have only ſent very bad troops into Germany,

they have not, from the commencement of the war, done any thing in ſupport of their allies; and that the whole burthen has been borne by your majeſty.

Add to all this, many people imagine your majeſty will dupe the cardinal, who is not ſo far advanced as he ſuppoſes himſelf to be. The moſt refined politicians affirm your majeſty might gain greater advantages by an alliance with Holland and England; which powers would grant whatever your majeſty ſhould pleaſe to aſk, would you be of their party. Your majeſty is compared to a beauty, whom all the world courts, and who has a right to ſell her favours at a very high price.

Such, on the faith of an honeſt man, is the quinteſſence of what I have very long heard. My anſwer has always been, in the words of madame de Sévigné, we cannot judge of events, unleſs we know the bottom cards of the pack.

The laſt victory has gained your majeſty great honour. All accounts of it vaunt of the intrepidity which you on that occaſion diſcovered; and ſurpriſe is excited by the talents of your majeſty in the military art. The people teſtified great joy, at the news of this victory; and, if there be a reaſon which leads them to wiſh your majeſty's return, it is that they may no

longer ſee you expoſed to the dangers of war.

I have ſent you teleſcopes of every kind; your majeſty will have the goodneſs to chooſe that which beſt ſhall pleaſe you, and to return me the others. It was with great difficulty I could obtain them.

The tapeſtry weaver, whom I had the honour to mention to your majeſty, and who has executed the beautiful vaſe of flowers of which I ſpoke, waits the deciſion of his fate.

May God preſerve your majeſty's health, and ſoon bring you among us! Had I any faith in the efficacy of prayer, I would even ſell my books, that maſſes might be ſaid; nor would I ever quit the altar.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CXLIV.

From the King.

The Camp of Kuttenberg, June 18, 1742.

THE palm of peace to dread alarm gives reſpite.
In olive groves we ſmiling pile our arms.
No more is heard the ſanguinary ſound
Of timbal, clarion ſhrill, or ſhouting foe.

Thoſe

Thoſe fields which late, by rage, with blood of man,
Carnage, and death were ſullied, ſoon ſhall laugh,
With corn, and wine, and oil, abundant crown'd.
The warrior brave, whoſe tyrant's int'reſt vile
Him enemies uprais'd, or ſeeming ſuch,
Shall with the warrior live in brotherhood;
Performing gentle acts of courteſy
To him againſt whoſe life, but yeſterday,
In rage, he rear'd his hand. Death hears! Again
The brand of Diſcord, vainly ſeizing, ſhakes,
And, there to wait new crimes, once more th' abhorrent
Spectre plunges, down to his native hell!

Come then, oh Peace! With garlands never fading
Come, prodigal in charms, with bleſſings ſtor'd,
To heal earth's wounds, and dry her ſcalding tears!
Ah! World accurs'd! Infatuated man!
Not even thou, oh Peace! All lovely as thou art!
In good exhauſtleſs! No, till thou haſt chas'd
The monſters Av'rice and Ambition hence,
(Dread warfare for a form ſo ſoft and fair!)
Not thou canſt fix on earth thy ſure abode!

My muſe, occaſionally growing warm, has juſt produced theſe verſes. My imagination ſtill catches fire, at intervals, when the affairs with which I am often overloaded will permit.

It is at Charlottenburg that I hope again to meet my Apollo; though care and age muſt greatly diminiſh ardour. Should I find that the god has totally forſaken me, I will then addict myſelf to eloquence and morality. We will paſs many happy days, or, at leaſt, rational

days together. That is to ſay, we will have diſputes not a few.

Sagely reclin'd, in orange groves,
We'll laugh at Folly, while ſhe roves
In ſearch of bliſs, that flies ſo agile,
And is, when caught, ſo very fragile:
At madmen, ſadmen, wiſemen, ſtateſmen;
Him who admires, or him who hates men,
Your philo, and your miſanthrope,
Who feed in figure, bleed in trope;
At cuckolds, and at cuckold-makers;
At merry play'rs, ſad undertakers;
At beaux, and clowns, lank hair and curl'd;
At all the whimſies of the world,
On bank or bench, on ſtool or throne,
Careful to not forget our own.
Yes, Jordan, we will laughing blame
All, and the firſt of follies—Fame.

Inſulting forc'reſs! ſhadow bright!
Ah, wherefore riſe to haunt my ſight?
I weep, and view thoſe fatal charms
For which I ſet the world in arms.
From dreams that bid remembrance ach,
Like ſome poor lunatic, I wake!
Review my frenzy, ſtand aghaſt;
Amaz'd at madneſs now 'tis paſt!
To virtue turn, and hope to find
Some ſolace for my wounded mind!

Adieu, dear Jordan. Of all your admirers, I am the leaſt of a flatterer; and, of all your friends, the moſt ſincere.

LET-

LETTER CXLV.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, June 19, 1742.

I CONFESS to your majeſty that, ſince Saturday laſt, my body has undergone a moſt agreeable metamorphoſis. I feel no more pain; I look no more with jaundiced eyes; and my ſoul is exempt from fear. Peace concluded, and the collection of cardinal de Polignac purchaſed, are events which Engliſh ſpleen itſelf could not withſtand!

People report that the miniſter von Podewils is gone to Vienna. I know not on what grounds this falſe intelligence is circulated. One thing I well know which gives me inexpreſſible joy, and that is that your majeſty has glorioufly concluded the race which you glorioufly began. What a charming page in hiſtory will the conqueſt of Sileſia be!

Incloſed is a letter anonymouſly written to Tourbillon, the author of which ſhe would give any thing to diſcover. I requeſted a copy from her, which ſhe had the complaiſance to ſend me, and which I thought it my duty to communicate to your majeſty. You will have the good-

neſs

neſs not to mention the affair. Other pieces are added which may afford your majeſty amuſement.

My preſent occupations will not ſuffer me to anſwer the charming lines of your majeſty. Theſe occupations I venture to aſſure you will be daily multiplied. At one moment I have a profeſſor to place; at the next I am to take care that no beggar in the ſtreet, in deſpite of famine or extreme thirſt, ſhall intercept the walk of the citizen; then again I muſt ſign ſalutary orders, which have juſt been iſſued by the grand French council *; and preſently muſt proceed on foot, a truly apoſtolic mode of travelling, to viſit paupers who in the morning have been taken from ſome public place †. He, who is aſſaulted by ſo many troubles at once, may well groan, under the weight of his affairs.

I have the honour to be, &c.

* A chamber to which the affairs of all the French refugees, and colonies, were committed. T.

† Beggars taken up during the courſe of the day, as I ſuppoſe. T.

LET-

LETTER CXLVI.

From the King.

The Camp of Kuttenberg, June 20, 1742.

OF thy doctors I prithee get rid!
Let the rabble
Their gabble,
And their pills,
Swallow, to cure their ills.
But good ſenſe and reaſon ſuch remedies forbid.
What thou! Of ſceptics the firſt!
Drink poiſon and burſt?
Thou!
Mocking vulgar error,
Credulity's terror,
Yet faith in phyſician avow?
Well mayſt thou be ſick!
Yes, in truth, I muſt own,
Human reaſon is a bone
I cannot pick!
To-night a ſinner, to-morrow a ſaint,
Or by moonlight holding quaint
Confabulation with hobgoblin and ſprite!
All this may be very right,
With the herd;
But, once more I declare,
I cannot but ſtare
When ſuch follies bob out of a worſhipful beard!

I hope, with all your wiſdom, you will really be cured of your erroneous faith in phyſicians.

Depend

Depend upon it they underſtand nothing, or next to nothing, of the healing art. I would rather employ a juggler to teach me philoſophy than a phyſician to reſtore me to health. I am very glad that Ceſario recovers. I flatter myſelf I ſhall ſoon ſee you all. People daily depart from this place to return home.

Adieu, dear Jordan. Do not forget your friends, and love me ever.

LETTER CXLVII.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation. Kuttenberg, June 23, 1742.

PEACE was yeſterday proclaimed, with drum and trumpet. I hope the news will give you as much pleaſure as the firſt time it was announced.

Inform me circumſtantially of the public opinion on the ſubject, and do not conceal any part of the picture.

The day after to-morrow I ſhall depart for Kolin, whence we ſhall march to Chlumetz, and from Chlumetz I ſhall take poſt for Glatz, where I ſhall arrive on the 28th, and ſhall make ſome ſtay there, to regulate military matters,

ters, reſpecting the fortifications, and ſuch civil affairs as relate to adminiſtration and the laws. I ſhall thence depart for Neiſs, where, in like manner, I ſhall regulate the repairs of that fortreſs, and whatever has any connection with the new arrangements which I am obliged to make for Upper Sileſia. I ſhall leave this place for Brieg, ſtill continuing to fortify. On the 4th of July, I ſhall be at Breſlau, where I ſhall remain till the 9th, when I ſhall depart for Glogau, once again to fortify. On the 11th I ſhall go to Frankfort, and on the 12th, at noon, your very humble ſervant will have the honour to pay his reſpects to you. Do you and Pöllnitz depart, in the afternoon, for Charlottenburg; and Ceſario likewiſe, if health and love will permit.

Such is my itinerary, and the hiſtory of what I ſhall do from the 23d of June to the 12th of July, incluſive.

I return you thanks for the eyes you have ſent me, for ſuch they really are to a blind man, like me. Adieu, dear Jordan. My head is dizzy with the buſineſs which I have expedited this day.

My compliments to Pöllnitz. Do not forget me, dear Jordan; and tell Tourbillon that her huſband has appointed us a field of battle

on

on which it is impoſſible to fight, for want of room.

LETTER CXLVIII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, June 23, 1742.

FOR ſome days paſt the public converſation is all concerning the peace. I know not where the report originated, but it is ſaid your majeſty has iſſued orders from which it could not but infallibly be conjectured. Thus the guards are on their march to Ruppin, and neceſſary arrangements are taken for the regiments returning from the army. Thoſe are even named that are to be garriſoned at Berlin; and your majeſty, it is affirmed, will be at Breſlau on the 25th, with numerous other like particulars.

The laſt letter your majeſty was pleaſed to ſend me deſerves to be engraved in braſs; nothing can be more rational; it would ſtand conſpicuous in the writings of Julius Cæſar and Cicero; it has enraptured me. Your majeſty's proceedings bear their own juſtification. Alliances are like contracts, which are no longer valid

valid when the contracting parties do not reciprocally fulfil the conditions. Good ſenſe and natural right are, and will be, the apologiſts of that conduct which was formerly purſued by the great elector, with reſpect to France. Beſide, do not moraliſts generally allow that we are authoriſed to commit a little evil, to avoid a greater? I defy the moſt rigid caſuiſts to be able rationally to controvert the reaſons alleged by your majeſty in your letter.

When I conſider the different events, collectively, which have happened ſince the death of the emperor, they appear to me all to have concurred to the glory of your majeſty. The king of Pruſſia, who was ſuppoſed to be wholly occupied by pleaſure and reading, was the firſt to make head againſt a formidable power, at a moment when he was leaſt expected ſo to act. Europe was ſtrúck by the temerity of the attempt, but the battle of Molwitz, and the capture of cities, foretold ſucceſs. There was not a power that did not endeavour to gain over the youthful conqueror of Sileſia. France was the ſucceſsful candidate, and ſhe imagined herſelf in ſafety. Under the happy auſpices of that alliance, the elector of Bavaria was placed on the imperial throne, and obtained the crown of Bohemia by the valour of the Pruſſian troops,

and the negotiation of France. The Auſtrians, by a fortunate but unforeſeen blow, recover after their fall; the king of Pruſſia, jealous of this kind of fame, humbles them, once more, by new victory; his conqueſts, which time did but increaſe, and his fortunate ſucceſs, to be ſtrengthened and confirmed, required he ſhould abandon his allies, whoſe furtive proceedings denoted intentions but little favourable to the glory of the houſe of Brandenburg. Theſe allies immediately are abandoned without dread of their puiſſance, which is thus enfeebled, and by which their projects are ſuddenly deranged.

This picture, which my imagination paints better than my pen, is continually preſent to my mind, nor can I baniſh it from my fancy.

Harper has been invited to Moſcow, by the empreſs of Ruſſia. M. de la Chetardie has written to him on the ſubject, which letter I have ſeen; but Knobelſdorf has perſuaded him from purſuing his intentions.

The ballet-maſter is arrived, and the female dancer Roland, with others. They are hard at work at Charlottenburg, where I have lately been. I found architects there, who came from Dreſden to form their taſte. This flattered my vanity, though I know not why.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LET-

LETTER CXLIX.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation.

The Camp of Kuttenberg, where I ſhall not long remain. June 24, 1742.

WE are on the eve of departure, and about to evacuate Bohemia, in which our officers have recruited their purſes and their companies, where we have beaten the Auſtrians, and out of which I could have driven them, had I not preferred the preſervation of Pruſſian blood to the vain glory of overwhelming an unfortunate woman, and a ruined country. Under auſpices like theſe I re-enter Pruſſia, where nothing ſhall interrupt that order which awaits on peace, nor diſturb the public tranquillity, unleſs it be the violence and audacity of my neighbours. I am not inſenſible to the approbation you beſtow on my conduct; and I hope the thoughtleſs changeable multitude will, at leaſt, begin to acquire ſome confidence in me, and will not think me ſo ſenſeleſs as they accuſed me of being, at the commencement of the war.

The capacity of a man cannot be eſtimated in a week, eſpecially his capacity for public buſineſs.

ſineſs. The world is unacquainted with ſecret ſprings; it obtains crude ideas, is blinded by falſe prejudices, credits reports that have no foundation, and, on frivolous ſuppoſitions, erects a ſyſtem which it takes much amiſs that government does not follow. But, if the falſe ſteps which a politician would commit, who ſhould blindly adhere to the world's advice, were to be compared with the various windings of the perſons who regulate affairs, the groſs errors into which the firſt would fall will ſoon be ſeen; and the conduct of the governor will appear to be a rational and conſiſtent plan. As the majority of men, however, are not reaſonable, it is impoſſible they ſhould conceive ſentiments which require the efforts of good ſenſe; or that they ſhould properly eſtimate the conduct of thoſe with whoſe projects and means they are unacquainted.

It is vexatious that the actions of ſtateſmen ſhould be ſubjected to the criticiſm of ſo many judges, who are ſo ill qualified as are thoſe deciſive gentry whom indolence, and a ſpirit of detraction, render politicians. But theſe are not the leaſt of the diſagreeable things which men, like me, devoted to the ſervice of the ſtate, have to encounter.

It is pleaſant to hear you complain of your

cares

cares becauſe you have the inſpection of ſome twenty beggars. I have millions to guide and feed, yet I make no complaints. But you are idle, and have only lately diſcovered that the buſineſs of Parnaſſus may be diſpatched with greater eaſe than the government of ſociety.

I believe the verſes of the Pomeranian to madam Morrien are by Manteufel. I do not know very well what they mean; but I have admired the turn of the epiſode, at the bottom of the letter. I even believe madam Morrien has written that paſſage herſelf, as a vehicle to acquaint me with things which ſhe wiſhes I ſhould know.

The verſes on the aſs are wretched; thoſe to count Podewils are common-place; but thoſe of the fawn are charming.

I have received a delightful epiſtle from Greſſet, with which I will regale you on my return.

Peace in Bohemia, and the collection of the cardinal, were neceſſary to change your ſqualid and Good-Friday face, and impart to it the open cheerfulneſs of content. Your joy is extreme; but I pity you, with all my heart, when I ſee you ſeeking happineſs any where but in ſelf-approbation.

After this moral hint I dare not ſay more;

but in the mean time receive thoſe proteſtations of ſincere eſteem, and the ſentiments with which I am, &c. &c. &c.

LETTER CL.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation. Glatz, June 28, 1742.

HARK thee, friend Jordan, I have too much to do here, too much fortification, juſtice, and military œconomy, to write long letters. I muſt ſpeak to thee more fully at Berlin. Adieu. Thy German poetry is Hebrew to me.

LETTER CLI.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, June 30, 1742.

YOUR majeſty treats phyſicians ſeverely. They certainly, in all they do, can but grope in the dark; the land in which they travel is all obſcurity; nature is little known to them; yet are there ſome who by their abilities are able to prevent danger. No man is more uſeful

uſeful in a country than a good ſurgeon. Were I a monarch, I would certainly procure the beſt in Europe.

I have had the honour to entertain your majeſty with the diſcourſe of the public, concerning the great and intereſting news of peace. Your majeſty may reſt aſſured of one thing, which is that the joy is univerſal. To ſee the cardinal diſappointed in his views, and his deſigns overturned, gives peculiar pleaſure. There is but one voice on the ſubject.

Peace is to be proclaimed here, this morning; I am preparing to aſſiſt at the ceremony, and ſhall have the conſolation to be a witneſs of the tranſports of the people.

Tourbillon cannot comprehend what field of battle her huſband has appointed on which it is impoſſible to fight; the riddle is certainly an ingenious one, and to us wholly unintelligible.

Your majeſty's reflections, on the wavering and thoughtleſs opinions of the people, are excellent: yet their inconſtancy may be fixed; to effect which your majeſty knows the art. There is a certain manner of taking them by ſurpriſe, which is ſure to incite their admiration. They have been charmed by the fortunate ſucceſs of the campaign; but, as this ſucceſs ſeemed to remove the wiſhed for moment of peace, they

yielded to their fears; and now this moment is arrived when it was leaſt expected, and your majeſty has accompliſhed it by means which ſcarcely could have been foreſeen. This is, indeed, to take the world by ſurpriſe.

Your majeſty wrongs me, if you think me capable of complaining of the employment which the direction of the houſe of induſtry affords me; I have but one purpoſe to accompliſh in this world, to which I am ever ready to ſacrifice every thing, and that is to demonſtrate my perfect devotion to your majeſty's ſervice; and, ſhould you think me capable, to render myſelf uſeful to my country: my mind, occaſionally ſubject to a ſtate of indeciſion, never varies on this point.

I have the honour and happineſs to be, &c.

LETTER CLII.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation. Neiſs, July 1, 1742.

I HAVE been much diverted with your letter, relative to the opinions of the public. Neither I nor any perſon here knows any thing of the magazine you mentioned. The verſes of

of Francheville are languid and dull; there is little point to the tale; in a word, he does not excite laughter, and, therefore, I condemn.

You ſee, by the places from which I date my letters, I continually approach you; and you perceive how events ſucceed each other. I am erecting great works here. This place is to become the barrier of the ſtate, and the ſafeguard of my new conqueſts. I hence diſpatch new regulations for the province, ſettle claims, and arrange the government, which is, perhaps, in diſorder as great as that of theſe claims.

In fine, I intend to be at Berlin on the 12th, and there verbally repeat all that olio of tenderneſs and proteſtations which we make to our friends, when it is long ſince we have met. *Vale.*

LETTER CLIII.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation. Breſlau, July 5, 1742.

THIS is the laſt letter I ſhall write you on my journey. I have wholly finiſhed my taſk, and diſpatched my affairs, and am returning to my country

country with the conſolation of not meriting ſelf reproach, in what concerns her intereſt.

You will find me more than ever a philoſopher, and rather in practice than ſpeculation. I have had much to do ſince I have ſeen you, and have had my head ſo dizzy with work that I return thanks to God for being freed from it; for it has been ſufficient to turn the brain of an honeſt man. Prepare to philoſophiſe copiouſly in the charming groves of Charlottenburg.

Adieu, dear Jordan. On the 12th I will ſay more.

LETTER CLIV.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, September 8, 1742.

I AND D'Argens have heard Francheville declaim the firſt canto, and a part of the ſecond, of the War of Sileſia. There are many paſſages of which I can aſſure your majeſty Voltaire himſelf would be vain. We have been really diverted by the enthuſiaſm with which he recites his poetry; and I could not help obſerving, from his ſtrange manner and geſticulation, that, though he might write like

an angel, Satan himſelf could not be a worſe reader.

It is whiſpered that ſome regiments have received orders to march. This I cannot believe, though it is only, perhaps, becauſe I am a lover of peace. But who would not ſo be?

I ſhall have the honour to pay my reſpects to your majeſty, at Potſdam, according to the commands which you have been pleaſed to give me. I anticipate my pleaſure; for I am informed that the waters and baths of Aix have produced marvellous effects, on the precious health of your majeſty.

Two days ago, all the foreign ambaſſadors went to viſit the royal palace of Oranienburg; and, I am told, lord Hyndford could not ſufficiently admire the beauty of its ſituation, and that he was afflicted at the misfortune of the deſtruction of the garden. Speculators reaſon much on the union which ſeems to reign between the ambaſſadors of the various courts.

An engraving has been made, at Paris, from the laſt portrait which Peſne has painted of your majeſty, and I can diſcover but little reſemblance in the engraving. Beneath it are the four following lines, written by the chevalier de Neufville.

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S'il fut par ſa naiſſance au trône deſtiné,
Les droits de ſes vertus ſont-ils moins légitimes?
Héros dans les actions, héros dans ſes maximes,
Il eſt roi philoſophe, et ſoldat couronné *.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CLV.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation. Breſlau, September 21, 1742.

I HAVE received and read the firſt canto of the Sileſian poem, which is too bad for me to ſay more concerning it, and the praiſe in which is too extravagant for me to ſuffer it to be printed. I hope the opera will ſucceed better. The poet, at leaſt, has been informed of my ideas on the ſubject.

I have many affairs to regulate here, which may prolong my ſtay ſome days. I am writing ſome verſes, but I am too often diſturbed to

* Though born to reign,
His claim to virtue ſuffers no diminution.
A hero in axiom and in act;
He is both king and philoſopher,
And wields, with equal eaſe,
The ſceptre and the ſword.

write

write well. The buſts of cardinal de Polignac, and the ſingers, will ſoon arrive at Berlin. I ſhall take pleaſure in both; but more ſtill in meeting my dear Jordan in good humour, and full of that content of mind which ſits ſo well on every man, and particularly on philoſophers. *Vale.*

LETTER CLVI.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation. Breſlau, September 27, 1742.

I HAVE received the letter which the erudite, the charitable, the theological, the impeccable, and the politic Jordan has written, and am exceedingly diverted with public rumour, in which an indolent and malignant multitude is generally careful that I ſhould play my part. I ſhall ſoon have finiſhed my Sileſian tour, where I met with infinite employment. I have diſpatched more buſineſs in eight days than the commiſſions of the houſe of Auſtria have terminated in eight years; and I have been generally ſucceſsful. My head, at preſent, is full of nothing but calculations and figures; but I

ſhall empty it of them all, on my return, to make room for ſubjects more ſelect.

I have written verſes, which I have loſt; I have begun to read a book, which has been burnt; I have played upon a harpſichord, which is broken; and I have rode a horſe, which is lamed. To finiſh the picture, I have but to ſee you pay the friendſhip I have for you with ingratitude. *Vale.*

LETTER CLVII.

From the King.

Undated.

WHAT ſhall I ſay to thee, except that thou writeſt verſe like Tibullus, and thinkeſt like Scarron? I hear your learned lyre vibrate in praiſe of the immortal Anacreon; but the pleaſures he ſung were much leſs indolent than thoſe of your Apollo.—Why, notwithſtanding your foibles, do you pretend to the cold wiſdom of an auſtere ſon of Plato? For this you will get no thanks. You may martyr yourſelf, by abſtinence in this world, but will never obtain the crown of martyrdom in the next. What a gloomy manner is this of ſpending life! For my

my part, I follow the laws of Epicurus, and never refuſe pleaſure. I affect not to be vain of prudence which I do not poſſeſs; nor do I vaunt of the follies of which I am guilty.

Adieu. I am going to write to the king of France; to compoſe a ſolo; to invent verſes for Voltaire; to change the army regulations; and to do a thouſand things of the ſame kind.

LETTER CLVIII.

From the King.

Potſdam, May 5, 1743.

LIKE a prophet, I believed
You'd the comet foretel;
And of its birth;
And of the manner in which it would come,
Swallow the earth,
And ſwear 'twas an excellent ſugar plumb:
Or in frolickſome fit,
With its tail give a hit,
And, in a certain time given,
Whiſk us up to heaven,
Or whirl us down to hell.
I'm deceived.
Full
Of a tale of a cock and a bull,
You amuſe
Me with news

Which

Which I ſhould underſtand as ſoon
As would the man in the moon!
But pray behave like a ſolemn ſir,
And write me a volume, ſir,
To inform the world, if this raſcal,
With the hairy chin,
Should unmaſk all
His red hot ball batteries upon the poor earth,
Till ſhe burſt in the girth,
What is to become of my good town of Berlin.

Endeavour to diſſuade Peſne from his emigration. He is a madman who will ſoon be paid, and who, after having lived thirty years at Berlin, has not yet been able to correct himſelf of the inconſtancy and levity of his nation.

I have to-day taken rhubarb, of which I had great need. If the comet will give you leave, do you take ſome likewiſe. I will not aſk you to come here, for I ſhould be in deſpair to ſee you here againſt your inclination. Adieu.

LETTER CLIX.

From the King.

Jordanomania, Potſdam, May 12, 1743.

YES! Friend you call yourſelf! Why true—
There is no better
To black letter;

Ruſſia

Ruſſia or vellum,
And thoſe who ſell 'em;
Red morocco or blue!
Then you are in love too!
And with whom?
Perhaps with ſomething human, twice a year.
But, it doth appear,
Your conſtant flame
Is the hideous dame
Hypochondria!—Such is your doom!
Would the muſt,
And duſt,
Of your books would blind you!
That is to ſay, mind you,
If, when blind,
Your excellency would be ſo kind
As to come to Potſdam, where
You ſhould be the firſt fool in the fair.
Yes indeed, ſir, with incenſe we would ſmoke you,
And invoke you,
And of due right follow
You, as our Apollo!

That is to ſay, thou ſhalt have the privilege ſo to be. But it is all loſt labour; while thy library ſhall exiſt, it will be impoſſible to draw thee from Berlin; and, as I have perceived it gave thee pain, I have relinquiſhed the deſire I had to ſee thee. Adieu.

LETTER CLX.

From the King.

Potſdam, June 27, 1743.

WHAT! Trembling ſtill, good ſtar-inſpector,
At this red, blazing-bearded Hector?
You're ſure he's coming? Him Heav'n confound!
Well, if we muſt be drown'd,
Or like ſucking pig ſing'd, ſcalded, and roaſted,
I own that you, whom the Miſs Muſes court all,
More even than they did La Neuville,
Who, in his zeal,
Such fine words did fiſh up,
To diſh up
A Biſhop,
And render him immortal,
You, in the flower of your age,
So learn'd, ſo good, ſo ſage,
Whoſe knowledge is lamplighter to the ſchools,
The huſband of every wh—, the father of all fools,
High-prieſt of the town-ſpital,
I own 'twere pity you ſhould yet be toaſted!
As for me,
I agree,
The loſs to the world would be but little.
I, young frenetic reformer, han't
The ſame plea!
Voracious as your cormorant,
I, in my zeal,
Would have made but one meal
Of all the old ſyſtems which Jew,

Egyptian,

Egyptian, or Phœnician philoſopher
Did promulgate;
Whether ſeptuagint or vulgate;
And which our good Topinamboo
Great-grandfathers did ſo revere and gloſs over!
I have defied fire and flame!
Therefore of me, wretched ſinner!
Should Mr. Comet make a dinner,
I confeſs he would not be greatly to blame.

At leaſt thou ſeeſt I do myſelf juſtice; and that, though I know thy merit, I have ſtill virtue enough to eſteem and love thee, without jealouſy. Voltaire, I believe, will quit France entirely. Adieu.

LETTER CLXI.

From the King.

Potſdam, July 12, 1743.

PARIS and beauteous Emily no more
Shall proudly triumph o'er
Our poor Berlin!
At length we win
Him whom, in ſtrange neglect,
Dull Boyer and th' Academy reject!
Hither he comes, not knowing where
Better to go, the fam'd Voltaire!

Laughter ſhall ſhake
And cry, Hold! My ſides ache!
While with ſatiric venom he
Shall Boyer bite, and gird at Maupertuis.

He will ſoon arrive, for I have ſent him a paſſport for horſes. I have been as reſtleſs and as noiſy as a ghoſt in an uninhabited caſtle, ſince I have been deprived of thy company. I can ſend thee no news from the republic of letters, except that Mauclerc is no longer at Stetin, that the Pomeranians are illiterate, and the people of Rheinſberg are little better, ſince Stephen Jordan has left them; but that in revenge the cherries are better there than formerly, and that merely becauſe the air was become too ſoporific, by the Greek and Latin fumes which iſſued from a certain chamber, of a certain ſcientific gentleman, who was greatly addicted to ſtudy. Adieu.

LETTER CLXII.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation. Potſdam, Auguſt 20, 1743.

SEND for fifteen different kinds of Marſeilles figs for me, in all four hundred fig trees, covered, and fit to bear fruit this year. I wiſh,

I wiſh, however, for more of the green fig than of the others. I likewiſe want three hundred vine ſhoots, ſuch as may bear fruit the ſecond year. The latter may be ſent this winter, carefully packed up. I ſhall, beſide, ſend thee a liſt of other Provençale rarities, which I wiſh to have.

I have written an article for the Berlin gazette, in which Potier is defamed in a choice manner. I have already ſent for another ballet maſter, and I certainly ſhall have one leſs mad, for it is impoſſible he ſhould be more ſo than Potier. I am very well pleaſed to be rid of ſo eccentric a fellow, though I am ſorry that Roland is gone with him; but we can live without Potiers and Rolands, and our diverſions will proceed all the ſame. Thy philoſophy tells me I am in the right, and I thence conclude I am very much in the right indeed, ſince a ſage approves my conduct. *Vale.*

LETTER CLXIII.

From the King.

Undated.

WHY Jordan! Though a clever lad,
I ſhrewdly doubt thou'rt rather mad!
To thee muſt I repeat, and ſay,
How I'm tormented night and day?
That my poor ears are never free
From teizing importunity?
That plan, petition, project, brief,
Complaint, remonſtrance, fool, knave, thief,
In ſwarms beſet me? Or that I
A kingdom's wants muſt ſatisfy?
That breath muſt come, from my poor lungs,
To ſpeak with many a thouſand tongues?
That all the cares my brain fatigues
Which live in many a thouſand leagues?
And, knowing this, canſt thou ſuppoſe
On D'Argens I for ever doze?

Send therefore for what thou thinkeſt proper from D'Argens, without putting me to the torture for a dozen of wine, more or leſs; or troubling me about the trifles of Provence. The following verſes are in anſwer to Voltaire.

Truth is my ſovereign good; nor can my mind
In dreams of glittering grandeur pleaſure find;

From

From ſuch without regret I ſee thee fall,
Nor can I loſs like this misfortune call.
Thoſe better gifts be thine thou fear'ſt to own,
Then may'ſt thou ſmile contempt on king or throne.

Our two capering knaves are caught, and they ſhall be tried in due form. The raſcals would be tilting, but puniſhment muſt ſet bounds to their impertinence. Adieu. I admire thee, and am ſilent.

LETTER CLXIV.

From the King.

Potſdam, Auguſt 24, 1743.

HOW fares our fev'riſh chamberlain;
He who ſo delightfully ridiculous makes
All whom he undertakes;
Th' infirm old Satyr, fam'd for his pleaſant vein?
He 'as turn'd author, I hear, within this week,
And forſworn the court! One of D'Argens' recruits!
Is a ſcholar! A genius! One of your wits!
So that it now well behoves, and befits,
And becomes, and beſuits,
My ignorance to bow before his Greek!
For how ignorant we all are you will allow;
That is, ſave and except your academicians!
But, learned as you and your large perruques are,
Why do you not order the phyſicians

To command the diſeaſe
To be ſo civil as to pleaſe
To quit the patient? Be it catarrh,
Cachexy, cacochymia, or cacoethes!
Oh ye gods! What a treatiſe
Might be written on the *ſtatus morbi!*
What a feaſt!
Two volumes in folio, at the leaſt!
All beſet by quotation, Latin and Greek! Or by
Phraſes ſo very fine and good
That not one in fifty ſhould be underſtood!
Then, while doctors were wrangling,
And peſtles and mortars as tunefully jangling,
Ere they could fix
On preſcription, according to art,
Our Pöllnitz, to ſpite them, might depart
With his naked ſoul ſhiv'ring to the banks of Styx!
This were a pity—Our loſs would be great.
With his guardian angel too,
Bankruptcy would enſue!
For, all the ſaints ſwear,
Sir Grim-Gribber Moloch has ta'en eſpecial care
To keep the old Satyr's ſoul
Under his diabolic controul.

I ſhall be at Berlin, on Wedneſday. Prepare me a pleaſant comedy, and do it gallantly.

Voltaire will be here in a week. Prithee inſert the article concerning Potier in the London and Paris gazettes.

Farewel, Maſter James Stephen. I am thy high and humble ſervant.

LET-

LETTER CLXV.

From the King.

Potſdam, Auguſt, 26, 1743.

WHEN Voltaire arrives, prithee let thy Doctorſhip lodge him and his intrinſic worth in thy fine library; which are all the orders I have to give on this ſubject. How great a pleaſure will it be to a Jordan to at once poſſeſs a fine Horace, bound in red morocco, and the cacochymic Voltaire, enveloped in veſt of cloth of gold! Meſſieurs Achard and Boëtiger will exclaim—"What a great man that Jordan is! "His houſe contains every thing that is fa- "mous!"—Odes ſhall be written on thee, as tapſter to the Muſes. How many fine productions will ſoon ſee the light! Yes, divine Jordan, the moment of thy apotheoſis approaches! A moment for which I have waited with ſo much impatience; and when all the title-pages which thou haſt learnt by rote, an immenſe dunghill of literature, will be heaped upon thee to illuſtrate thy learning! I behold thee, my dear Corypheus, ſtanding on a heap of duſt-encumbered books; piled to form a trophy for thee, their happy conqueror!

On

On Wedneſday, my idiotiſm will moſt humbly place itſelf at the feet of thy ſapience. I flatter myſelf I ſhall then ſee thee at the palace, that I may aſſure thee, &c.

LETTER CLXVI.

From the King.

Undated.

THOU haſt mentioned ſome barbarous word, in thy letter, of a book which has been employed by Voltaire. Tell me what it ſignifies, for I do not underſtand. Thou mayeſt aſſure thyſelf Voltaire has made a collection of all the ridiculous perſons and things of Berlin, which he will produce in time and place; and the ſecretary of impromptus will there find his niche, as I ſhall mine. I have loſt the lines which he wrote in his tablets; ſend them me.

Beware of Wit's envenom'd ſtings!
Hear not the Syren when ſhe ſings!
Mellifluous ſounds, which rapture ſwells,
Are chang'd to madd'ning ſhrieks, and yells!
Like forked viper, ſoon is arm'd
That dulcet tongue that ſweetly charm'd;
And ſatire's ranc'rous killing lays
Succeed to mercenary praiſe.

This is a ſhort leſſon from thy very humble ſervant, by which thou mayeſt profit; and, as I know it would be treaſon to talk proſe in thy houſe, I have clothed it in rhyme; where, under favour of the ſports and the ſmiles, it may preſent itſelf before thy judgment ſeat.

LETTER CLXVII.

From the King.

Undated.

THIS, good Signior Jordan, comes greeting to ſay,
We want you, ſir, here, without let or delay;
Your wiſdom's ſo larded with quips, quirks, and jokes,
That your preſence gives pleaſure to all ſorts of folks.

Our prieſt, all impatient his conſcience to clear,
Swears he'll not keep his ſabbath till you ſhall appear.
His clerk, mean time, left to ſing pſalms to the pews,
Outbawls the Apoſtles, although they were Jews!
And who, by the bye, ſpite of all the book ſays,
Delighted in ſomething much better than praiſe.

Your coming a thouſand good arguments preſs;
A ſtrapping young damſel, of eaſy acceſs,
Your abſence lamenting, all rueful complains,
Some nymph of Berlin her dear Strephon detains.

Return,

Return, then, and free the poor girl from her fears;
Put an end to her ſobbing, her ſighs, and her tears;
Or with dagger, I doubt, ſhe will cure her diſeaſe,
And cut holes in her boſom to give her heart eaſe.

Poor Chazot, in his dungeon, labours at his flute like one of the damned, and drives all his neighbours mad by the muſical torments which he inflicts upon them. Inſtead of dulcet breath, you would think him a trumpeter, blaſting to arms. He gives Willich the head-ache. The famous chaunter of Thrace would have puniſhed him for his effrontery. When you come, you will aſk him, in eloquent ſpeech, honied words, and ſmiling countenance, whether he never read the hiſtory of Marſyas.

I perceive you are ſeduced by our pleaſures, Jordan, and for once I have written reaſons enough to convince you, and prevail on you to double your ſpeed. I hear you calling for your boots, and wrapping yourſelf up in that cloak which ten years ago was new, and then encaſed a ſoul devout. Fly on the wings of Love. Venus the proſtitute invites you, wiſhing to render your life happy.

All this will ſeem to ſignify that we cannot do without your company, at Rheinſberg. Three days have we made the experiment, and they have appeared ſo many lovers years. You, who

who have been a lover, ought to know that theſe years are thrice as long as common years; therefore make an eſtimate of our impatience. The table wants thy aid, and philoſophy ſtill more. On Monday evening we ſhall all expect thee, at Rheinſberg. Lay in good ſtore of good humour; load thyſelf with the whole erudition of thy library; but firſt puff away the duſt, and be certain of being received like one who is neceſſary to our pleaſures.

LETTER CLXVIII.

From the King.

Potſdam, November 17, 1743.

WHILE D'Argens did but counterfeit the Jew*,
That I admir'd his ſage remarks is true:
But, when the Muſes language he would ſpeak,
Homer, tranſlated into modern Greek,
A jargon more abſurd could not compoſe.
Then to th' Academy, and humble proſe,
Let him, if yet he love his peace and fame,
With modeſt diffidence, confine his claim.

And art thou ſtill in the ſame dogged temper; in the ſame melancholy gloomy reverie; more

* The marquis d'Argens wrote the Jewiſh Letters. T.

in

in love with thy library than any man leſs than a lunatic could be? Art thou ſo attached to thy Boëtiger, Achard, the wits of the new town, and the marmoſets of Des-champs, that we cannot ſpeak to thee without perceiving thy impatience to rejoin them? If theſe things ſtill are thus, I wiſh not to ſee thee; but, if thou art prudent, come to me on Tueſday after dinner, and receive my praiſes and my careſſes. *Vale.*

LETTER CLXIX.

From the King.

Potſdam, November 22, 1743.

MISER of thy moments! What, not a line!
Buried among thoſe duſty books of thine,
All converſe with the world haſt thou forſworn?
Would they were rat-gnawn, blotted, torn,
Or in La-Mancha's court-yard ſet on fire!
Doſt thou mind me, Jordan?—Write—
Abundantly, jocoſely; tell me ſome merry tale;
Or, in mine ire,
I will not fail
Thee ſpeedily to cite
Before Apollo; where thou ſhalt be told
Of all thy miſdemeanors, manifold.
Yet, proceed with thy labours, poliſh thy works—
Oh may they 'ſcape the vile ravages of Turks!
(I mean

(I mean critics.) And of Time!
That thy ſcience, ſublime,
May that bleſt immortality find
Which, Jordan, is native to thy mind!

If thou doſt not write to me, and if thou ſatisfieſt thyſelf with a letter two lines long, I will write a ſatire againſt thy ſilence worſe than the Philippics, and be more bitter than Cicero againſt Catiline. Farewel.

LETTER CLXX.*

From the King.

Potſdam, May 6, 1744.

MY Muſe, proſtrate at thy feet, addreſſes thee with trifles. Incapable of pretending to the honour of great works, ſhe contents herſelf with ſmall; ſatisfied if the name of Jordan do but illuſtrate and protect her rhymes.

* Some verſes are at the beginning of this letter which to imitate would be very difficult, and, as their humour chiefly conſiſts in their whimſical meaſure, they are omitted. They begin thus—

Une tempête
Dedans ta tête
De guet-apens
D'un coup te prend, &c. T.

I.

By Jordan ſhelter'd, go my verſe,
That future ages may rehearſe
The flowing numbers; void of fear,
In preſence of the bards appear;
Who, while they ſweep the ſounding lyre,
By fame conferring, fame acquire!

II.

In Jordan's praiſe be firm and bold;
And let poſterity be told,
On tuneful bleſt Parnaſſian plains,
That he with ſouls congenial reigns;
With bards who ſweep the ſounding lyre,
And fame confer, and fame acquire!

III.

Shake off the ſhackles of the ſchool,
Which genius would create by rule.
But, oh! Let ev'ry pow'r expand,
In concert with the kindred band
Who join the ſong, and ſweep the lyre,
And fame confer, and fame acquire!

IV.

Thee, Jordan, let my verſe invoke,
And thee invite, or thee provoke,
To viſit theſe delightful bow'rs.
So ſhall I gain increaſing pow'rs
To join the ſong, and ſweep the lyre,
And fame confer, and fame acquire!

Buy me the collection of maps which I want, and let them be bound up by provinces. But ſend

ſend neither Africa, Aſia, America, Spain, nor Portugal. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXI.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation. Undated.

I AM ſorry, my dear friend, that thou art not yet well. I am very truly intereſted for thee; and, I know not why, but I wiſh Jordan was in good health. Be not uneaſy about me. Our affairs, thank Heaven, are in a good train; and, with reſpect to myſelf, individually, I am a trifle in the univerſe. Scarcely can the atoms of which I am compoſed be perceived to exiſt. Thou wilt think this a very metaphyſical remark, but I would have thee know war does not deſtroy the arts, except when barbarians make war.

In a few days we ſhall be at Prague, where affairs begin to wear a ſerious aſpect. By this we ſhall profit, and I perſuade myſelf that, with reſpect to our ſoldiers, nothing will tarniſh the fame of my troops. We have undergone many fatigues, from bad roads and worſe weather. But what are fatigues, cares, and danger,

compared to glory? It is ſo mad a paſſion that I cannot conceive how it happens that it does not turn every man's brain! But hitherto thy chief pleaſures have been confined to love, and drinking, which thou preferreſt to renown.

Adieu. Enough for the preſent. Write to me often, and be perſuaded I love thee ever; and that, raillery apart, I intereſt myſelf in thy welfare and happineſs as much and more than Boëtiger, Achard, &c. &c. &c.

LETTER CLXXII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, Auguſt 26, 1744.

NEWS of the taking of Prague is waited for with great impatience. God grant it may ſoon arrive; and with it intelligence of the preſervation and health of your majeſty!

Every reader is delighted with the elegance and beauty of the reſcript communicated to the court of England: it is, in effect, a perfect piece of eloquence.

My ill health is continual.

Baron

Baron von Pöllnitz is arrived and well; he writes to your majeſty, and waits your commands.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CLXXIII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, Auguſt 29, 1744.

THE public is very impatient to hear news from the Rhine, and eſpecially from Bohemia. Nothing can be more ſingular than the rumours, relative to theſe events, ſome of which ſay the Auſtrians have entered the country of Cleves; that the court of Vienna threatens to invade Saxony, with a body of men, to puniſh the Saxons for having granted a free paſſage to the Pruſſians; that the conſternation of the Hanoverians is ſo great that they do not themſelves perceive it is too viſible; and that prince Charles has paſſed the Rhine.

I have not yet iſſued from my literary ſtrong hold. I begin to be better, but my progreſs toward health is very ſlow.

The manifeſto has been commented on, and the notes have given great ſatisfaction. Spon is ſuſpected to be the author of them.

I flatter myſelf your majeſty has read the *Obſervateur Hollandais*, which is printed at Berlin, and appears weekly. I eſteem the author happy if, by theſe two ſheets, he ſhall have gained the approbation of your majeſty.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CLXXIV.

From the King.

MY DEAR JORDAN, Undated.

I THANK thee for thy two letters, which I have juſt received. I wiſh thou couldeſt conſole me by ſending me news of thy perfect recovery. Be not uneaſy, my good fellow, concerning us; our affairs are in an excellent train, and I believe we ſhall, in a few days, be maſters of Prague.

Our friend Duhan is in good health, and as active as a boy. We endure great fatigue, which I ſupport better than, from my conſtitution, I could have expected. I am much occupied, at preſent, by regulating the preparations for the ſiege. Our heavy artillery is arrived rather late, otherwiſe the city would now be ours.

Adieu,

Adieu, dear Jordan; be careful of thyſelf, for the love of the monade; and be perſuaded that the attraction of thy good heart continues to act on me in the inverſe ratio of the ſquare of the diſtances. Heaven bleſs thee!

LETTER CLXXV.

From the King.

Undated.

GIVE the incloſed, my good lad, to Monbail, and aſſure her of my friendſhip. Thou art very cruel not to write a word of thy own health. Thou talkeſt two pages together about Prague, and not a ſyllable concerning Jordan. Shouldeſt thou again commit the ſame fault, I will not forgive thee. Have no fears for me, but do not forget thy friend, who loves thee much. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXVI.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, September 3, 1744.

THE letter with which it has pleaſed your majeſty to honour me is a powerful lenitive for my illneſs, of which I am not yet rid. I bleſs Heaven to ſee every circumſtance favour your majeſty's deſigns. The defeat of prince Charles has ſpread great joy through the city, and ſupports the hopes of the timid. How much does that atom of which your majeſty ſpeaks ſo modeſtly excite the attention of mankind! It is a monade which forms great projects, is capable of ſurmounting every occurring difficulty, and inceſſantly forms vaſt projects.

I am impatient to hear of the fate of Prague. Berlin reſounds with the combat of the huſſars of Feſtelitz, and the taking of Königſgrætz.

May God grant, amid this ſplendid appearance of glory, health to your majeſty, of whom the emperor, and the ſtates of Brandenburg and Pruſſia, have need. I as much dread this exceſſive thirſt of fame as a paſſionate lover does the victorious charms of his miſtreſs.

It is here whiſpered that the queen of Hungary

gary is more than ever embroiled with the court of Ruſſia; and this is a new ſubject of joy, for the poor ſick philoſopher.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CLXXVII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, September 18, 1744.

I HAVE been exceedingly affected by the death of prince William, which has increaſed my fears for your majeſty. We are told that a page belonging to his royal highneſs prince Henry was killed by his ſide. In the name of God, ſire, take care of health, the preſervation of which intereſts the whole kingdom! I ſhudder at the thought, and weep over thoſe ſiniſter effects of which an exceſſive love of fame may be productive.

It was yeſterday rumoured that Prague is taken, but I think the intelligence premature. The public appears well ſatisfied with the anſwer to the declaration of the court of Vienna; I read it with pleaſure, but nothing ſtruck me ſo much as the declaration to England.

A criticiſm has appeared on the *Obſervateur*

Hollandais, which will occaſion ſome literary altercation, that cannot but be amuſing.

Your majeſty commands me to inform you of my health; I can but ſay it continues very indifferent, nor do I know when it is likely to be better. We muſt ſubmit to the will of Providence. May God only preſerve your majeſty!

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CLXXVIII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, October 3, 1744.

MAN cannot be more ſenſible than I am of the kind concern which your majeſty takes in my illneſs, which ſtill continues. The ſurrender of Prague, and the happy delivery of the princeſs, are events which ſooth my mind, and lighten my affliction. It would be difficult for me not to be uneaſy concerning your majeſty, while you daily expoſe yourſelf to the moſt imminent dangers.

Report ſays prince Charles is at Piſeck; that your majeſty is marching to attack him; that the Hungarians will not take the field in compliance

pliance with the queen's demands; that the French, ſeeing their king ill, are endeavouring to make peace; and that the empreſs of Ruſſia will ſend eight thouſand men, but God knows when, to join the Auſtrian army. Such are the rumours of the day.

Heaven preſerve your majeſty! And may I ſoon have the conſolation to aſſure you, by word of mouth, of the profound reſpect with which, &c.

LETTER CLXXIX.

From the King.

Caro Jordano Salutation. Undated.

I INTEND, dear friend, to ſee thee in the month of November; I wiſh thy recovery with all my heart. Our campaign is ended.

I philoſophiſe, moraliſe, and think, much. Do not forget me, but be certain I love thee ſincerely; get well, and preſerve thyſelf for the ſake of thy friend.

LET-

LETTER CLXXX.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, October 10, 1744.

THE converſation here is all on the victorious progreſs of your majeſty, which does not a little contribute to the recovery of my health. Yet I am occaſionally afflicted by the falſe and impertinent intelligence which ſome ill diſpoſed and malicious mind takes a pleaſure to forge, that it may have that of ſpreading its forgeries. According to theſe accounts, the Pruſſians have been beaten, the cavalry entirely overwhelmed, field marſhal Schwerin taken, and two hundred priſoners ſhot becauſe they mutinied; with a thouſand things of a like nature.

The general joy at the birth of the prince, and the information I have received that your majeſty is in perfect health, give me pleaſure equally great. Tidings like theſe would diſſipate the moſt obſtinate ſpleen, and rejoice the heart of a poor philoſopher who ſpits blood, yet who loves life, becauſe he has the advantage to be happy.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LET-

LETTER CLXXXI.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, October 17, 1744.

SINCE your majeſty ſo graciouſly commands me to inform you of my health, I am obliged to ſay it continues very ill. I have had a violent ſpitting of blood, laſt week, and my cough is as bad as ever. M. Eller flatters me, notwithſtanding, and bids me hope a cure.

We are exceedingly alarmed here, at not receiving news from the army. It is ſaid field marſhal Schwerin has had orders to attack the Saxons, or to make a propoſition to them to withdraw; and that prince Charles is commanded to avoid fighting as much as poſſible. Such are the current reports.

The natural reflections written by lord Cheſterfield on your majeſty's conduct are publiſhed, to-day, printed for Haude, in German, French, and Engliſh. A French tranſlation of the work has appeared, done at Paris, and ſold at Leipſic: that by Bielfeld is very good, and the tranſlation is accurate.

LET-

LETTER CLXXXII.

From the King.

Undated.

HERE is a letter which I have received from Voltaire, with the anſwer I have returned. Have the goodneſs to remark what is neceſſary to be corrected, and I will make the alterations. As it is not my intention to tranſcribe it, do not make the corrections in the letter itſelf. Here too is the epiſtle to Kayſerling, of which you may make a correct copy. As I ſhall ſend it to Voltaire, you will do well to haſten the copy of my anſwer, that all may be here again by to-morrow at noon. Pay my reſpects to the princeſs, and tell her, I ſhall write to her to-morrow, if I have time; and that I recommend her to take care of her health. My compliments to all the amiable fraternity. *Sum totus* thine. Knobelſdorf may bring me back all the papers.

LET-

LETTER CLXXXIII.

From the King.

MY DEAR JORDAN, Undated.

HAVE the goodneſs to remain at Berlin till Sunday. Count Truchſeſs will tell you what you are to do for me. You muſt hire a chaiſe to bring the things which he will commit to your care. I will reimburſe you, as ſoon as you arrive at Remuſberg. To-morrow evening I ſhall leave this place. In a fortnight, at fartheſt, I ſhall pay your brothers, and be out of debt.

Have the goodneſs to order them to procure me a plain gold ſnuff-box, weight one hundred and fifty crowns, the price of which, faſhion included, muſt not exceed two hundred crowns. Let my portrait, in miniature, be bought alſo, and placed in the box, when it is finiſhed. It is a preſent intended to win ſome good ſoul, therefore let it be done immediately. I rely on your dexterity, your prudence, and your diſcretion; and am wholly yours.

LET-

LETTER CLXXXIV.

From the King.

Undated.

LET the letter which I addreſs to you be copied, if you pleaſe, and notice the faults you diſcover. I have been ſo buſy that I have ſcarcely had time to write to Voltaire. Machiavel is half finiſhed. You would have bleſſed yourſelf to have heard us ſwear to-day. I hope this year to make a fortunate ſally from, and a happy return to, Berlin.

The ſong of the French grenadier is the offſpring of deſign. Theſe kind of ballads are ſeldom written ſo well. The ſong appears to me too correct for a ſtreet poet *, and too dull for a man of wit.

Adieu, till Thurſday.

* *Un grivois.*

LET-

LETTER CLXXXV.

From the King.

MY DEAR JORDAN, Undated.

SOME ſay thy health is again deranged, and others that thou art recovered. I know not what to believe; I ſhall be at Berlin in a few days, and, at leaſt, let ſome one who has ſeen thee bring me poſitive news from thee, on my arrival. I hope it will be good. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, March 20, 1745.

I AM ſtill in the condition I was, when I had the honour and happineſs to pay my court to your majeſty. My progreſs toward recovery appears to me very ſlow, by which the faculty are occaſionally perplexed: they are often puzzled by accidents which they could not foreſee. They, notwithſtanding, affirm I muſt undertake a journey to Montpellier, to-

ward the end of April, or the beginning of May; but in this reſpect I entirely commit myſelf to the care of Providence.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CLXXXVII.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation. Undated.

I RECEIVED thy letter with much pleaſure, yet perceived that thy health is neither ſo good nor ſo confirmed as I could wiſh. Thou wilt act as thou ſhalt think proper for thy health, and travel into any country on earth, by which thou ſuppoſeſt it may beſt be recovered.

I have written ſome verſes, but I wiſh to correct before I ſend them to thee. Perhaps thou art in expectation of news of a different kind; but thus goes the world; the very contrary of what we ſuppoſe often happens. Give my compliments to the amiable gouty ſpectator *, and the perfidious Duhan; tell them both how much I love them.

I am here ſurrounded by all the counterguards, envelopes, ravelins, and moraſſes in the

* *Temoin gouteux.*

world. I have plenty of employment, cares, and inquietudes; but I complain of nothing, provided I can but ſerve my country effectually, and equal to my wiſhes.

Adieu, dear Jordan. Mayeſt thou enjoy all imaginable good, and particularly health, without which it is impoſſible to enjoy any thing. Love me ever, and forget not thy abſent friends.

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

From the King.

MY DEAR JORDAN, Undated.

DO not increaſe my chagrin by thy illneſs; thou makeſt me melancholy; for I love thee with all my heart. Take care of thyſelf, and do not be uneaſy concerning me: I am well. Thou wilt learn, from the public papers, that the affairs of the ſtate proſper. Adieu. Love me a little, and cure thy diſeaſe, if thou canſt, for my conſolation.

LETTER CLXXXIX.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Berlin, April 24, 1745.

MY diſeaſe increaſes in ſuch a manner as to make me believe there is no hope of a cure. In my preſent ſituation, I feel the neceſſity of an enlightened and rational religion, without which we ſhould be the moſt pitiable creatures in the univerſe. Your majeſty, after my death, will do me the juſtice to own I have eagerly oppoſed ſuperſtition, and ever ſupported the intereſts of the Chriſtian religion, though far removed from the opinions of the theologians. As the neceſſity of courage is only known in danger, neither is the conſolation derived from religion experienced except under ſufferings. The pagans profited by it, and I have had proof of it myſelf. Your majeſty may believe what I ſay. You have always ſuſpected me of being a Socinian. As I abhor the epithet of ſectary, I think each honeſt man forms his religion according to the knowledge he poſſeſſes, and confirms it according to his wants.

Let

Let me live or let me die, I ſhall live and die in ſentiments of the moſt lively gratitude, which are due to the favours with which it has pleaſed your majeſty to honour me.

I have the honour to be, &c.

End of the Letters between the KING *and* M. JORDAN.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

FREDERIC II.

AND THE

MARCHIONESS DU CHATELET.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

FREDERIC II.

AND THE

MARCHIONESS DU CHATELET.

LETTER I.

From the Marchioneſs du Chatelet.

SIR, Cirey, Auguſt 26, 1738.

I HAVE juſt received the gallant and charming preſent of your royal highneſs, and employ it to teſtify my gratitude. Could you have ſent me your genius, I might have been able to have anſwered the verſes with which this preſent was accompanied, in a manner worthy of your royal highneſs; but I am obliged to ſend you nothing but vile proſe, in return for all the favours with which you honour me.

I have learnt, from Thiriot, that you deſire a copy ſhould be preſented to you of a very imperfect and very unworthy performance, which the members of the Academy of Sciences have treated with too much indulgence. I ſhall, therefore, take the liberty to ſend one to your royal highneſs; but the packet is ſo large, and the diſſertation ſo long, that a poſitive order from yourſelf is neceſſary. I have reaſon to fear, when you have ſent this order, your royal highneſs will repent of it; and that I ſhall loſe the good opinion with which you have been pleaſed to honour me, and of which I certainly am prouder than of the prizes of all the academies of Europe. I hope, by reading it, your royal highneſs will be induced to correct my errors. I know your genius extends to every ſubject; and I flatter myſelf for the honour of phyſics, that they are allowed a little corner in your immenſe territories. The ſtudy of nature deſerves to employ that leiſure which you muſt one day exchange for the labour that ſhall conduce to the inſtruction and happineſs of mankind.

M. de Voltaire is, at preſent, much tormented by the diſeaſe of the nature of which M. von Kayſerling has informed your royal highneſs. His greateſt grief is to ſee himſelf deprived of

the pleaſure which he takes in teſtifying under his own hand his admiration of and attachment to your royal highneſs, which are daily increaſed by the letters you are pleaſed to write.

Two errors have been diſcovered, by your royal highneſs, in the laſt epiſtle he ſent you, which eſcaped him in the ardour of compoſition, and which I did not detect when I read the verſes. Ill as he is, he immediately corrected them. Thus, ſir, do you inſtruct us, even in what is to you a foreign language, and which is our mother tongue. I flatter myſelf that M. Jordan and the baron von Kayſerling will be equally diſcreet with your royal highneſs; and that this epiſtle, which has not yet appeared in France, will not become public; which will be an additional favour conferred by your royal highneſs.

For my own part, after having long admired you in ſilence, the greateſt obligation I can have to you is that of having given me an opportunity of teſtifying the ſincerity of thoſe ſentiments with which you have inſpired me, by the letters you have been pleaſed to write to M. de Voltaire, and that in theſe ſentiments I ſhall ever remain, &c.

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LETTER II.

From the Prince Royal.

MADAM, Undated.

IF I have obliged you, by the ink-ſtand which I have taken the liberty to preſent to you, I have been ſufficiently rewarded by the letter which you have done me the pleaſure to write to me. I think myſelf extremely flattered by the favourable ſentiments which you entertain for me, and greatly fear they would diminiſh, were I fortunate enough to be in your company. The worthy Voltaire muſt have been acquainted with you, madam, when he compoſed his Henriade; and I could almoſt ſwear that you ſat for the character of queen Elizabeth. No lady in Europe, nor in the whole world, poſſeſſes ſufficient ſolidity of underſtanding, to write works on ſubjects ſo profound as thoſe on which you write, with ſuch ſportive eaſe. I hope to admire them more minutely, when I ſhall receive the favour of the two diſſertations, with which you have honoured the academy. It becomes me not to aſſume the judge, but I may be allowed to interrogate. I ſhall think myſelf honoured by your inſtructions.

tions. May I receive them on ſubjects of every kind! Fontenelle has ſaid that all men have, and that great men confeſs, their faults. M. de Voltaire does not belie this character, in any reſpect. I ventured to expreſs my doubts on ſome lines in his epiſtles, and theſe he corrects. To poſſeſs thus much condeſcenſion it is neceſſary to poſſeſs that ſuperiority which he has over the reſt of mankind. You know his merit, and I dare addreſs myſelf to you, madam, to aſſure him that I rank him among my true friends; or, in other words, that I confide in his ſincerity.

How fortunate are you, madam, to poſſeſs ſo ſingular a man as Voltaire, in addition to all the talents you have received from nature! I ſhould feel an inclination to be envious, did I not abhor envy; but I am perfectly convinced I cannot but be one of your admirers. I know how much you enchant by your attractions, and how much you ſurpriſe by the depth of your knowledge. I have ſeen ſome of your charming verſes; I have juſt received your proſe; but how unfortunate is he who can converſe with you only by letter, nor form an acquaintance with you, except at the diſtance of a hundred leagues!

I ſhould add more did I not fear being importunate,

portunate, and to weary you, like actors who chatter as faſt as blind magpies, and pertinaciouſly repeat ſpeeches half an hour long, without once ſuffering themſelves to take breath. I am but too ſenſible my letter cannot recompenſe you for the loſs of a quarter of an hour's converſation with Voltaire, whoſe illneſs affects me much. I quit your company, madam, to write to him; aſſuring you that I am with all that eſteem which is your due, and which cannot be refuſed,

Your moſt affectionate friend and admirer.

LETTER III.

From the Prince Royal.

MADAM, Remuſberg, November 9, 1738.

I RECEIVED the letter which you did me the honour to write, and the inſtructive and laborious work which you have compoſed on the nature of fire, almoſt at the ſame time. There is no danger that works written by you ſhould inſpire dulneſs, they always inſpire me with that admiration which they merit. Without wiſhing to flatter you, madam, I can ſafely aſſure you I did not imagine your ſex, in addition

tion to the graces beſtowed by nature, capable of knowledge ſo vaſt, reſearches ſo laborious, and diſcoveries ſo ſolid, as thoſe contained in this beautiful work. The ladies will owe to you what the Italian language owes to Taſſo, which tongue, effeminate and deſtitute of force in itſelf, aſſumes a maſculine energy in the works of this great poet. Beauty, which, in general, is the greateſt merit of the ladies, will in you be eſteemed but as the leaſt of your advantages. I have reaſon to be ſatisfied with my deſtiny, which, though it deprive me of the happineſs of admiring your perſon, at leaſt, permits me to view the whole extent of your underſtanding.

My political work does not deſerve all the praiſes you are pleaſed to beſtow on it; he who thinks freely could eaſily have done as much; this is no great ſecret, and I believe any perſon poſſeſſed but of ſmall knowledge of the affairs of Europe would have written as well, or better.

I feel I am born with nearly the ſame inclinations as the reſpectable inhabitants of Cirey, except that the fruit, which ripens there into ſo much perfection, is not equally delicious here. I wander from metaphyſics to phyſics, from morality to logic, and from hiſtory to muſic and poetry; in all ſuperficial, ſucceſsful in none.

Your

Your example, madam, will continually be a ſpur to me, to make me purſue that glory to which you have ſo juſt a claim. The greateſt pleaſure a thinking being can enjoy is, in my opinion, that of doing good; and the next, that of acquiring knowledge: the very obſtacles we have to overcome, in the acquirement of this knowledge, is additional pleaſure. But with this you are too well acquainted for me to ſpeak more on the ſubject; though perhaps you are not ſo well acquainted with the pleaſure which is found in writing to you. This is the reaſon that letters ſometimes are more tedious than they ought to be; but I ſhall forbear apology, and only entreat you to believe me, with all thoſe ſentiments which the worth of a character ſo diſtinguiſhed as yours inſpires, &c.

LETTER IV.

From the Marchioneſs du Chatelet.

SIR, Cirey, December 29, 1738.

THE praiſes which your royal highneſs is pleaſed to beſtow on the Eſſay on Fire, which I did myſelf the honour to ſend you, reward me far beyond my hopes; I even venture to flat-

ter myſelf they are a proof of your kindneſs to me, which will ſtill be more highly pleaſing.

The remarks which your royal highneſs was pleaſed to make on my work, in your letter to M. de Voltaire, prove that I was very right when I hoped that phyſics made a part of the immenſity of your knowledge.

I certainly ſhould have been very wrong, had I affirmed that men were taught the properties of fire from the conflagration of foreſts; but it ſeems to me that, attrition being one of the moſt powerful and perhaps the only means of exciting the action of fire, a violent ſtorm might ſet the branches of trees in a flame. True it is the ſtorm muſt be very violent; yet, with a *given* wind, the thing appears to me very poſſible; though I own it is only in the claſs of poſſibilities.

With reſpect to the ponds which freeze during ſummer, in Swiſſerland, I have related the fact from Muſſchenbroek, who mentions it in his Commentaries on the *Tentamina Florentina*. There is an example of this phenomenon in Franche-Comté, in the grottos famous for their congelations. A rivulet, which flows through theſe grottos in the winter, is frozen in the ſummer. I believe I have cited this fact in the ſame article on congelation. Now what happens

pens under ground may, from ſimilar cauſes, happen above; which cauſes, probably, are ſalts and nitre, mingled with the water.

I was delighted to hear your royal highneſs is collecting a library on philoſophical ſubjects, and flatter myſelf you will make me a partaker of your knowledge; I ſhall eſteem myſelf very happy, if my love for phyſics can occaſionally procure me an opportunity of aſſuring your royal highneſs of my reſpectful attachment. Nor ſhall I let that of the new year eſcape me. I hope you will permit me every year of my life to admire you, and ſometimes to expreſs the moſt reſpectful ſentiments with which I am, &c.

P. S. I imagine your royal highneſs has laughed heartily at the fatuity of Thiriot, who perſuaded himſelf that the alteration which M. de Voltaire made in his firſt epiſtle related to himſelf, and who has had the ſimplicity to write this to your royal highneſs; but I flatter myſelf he ſcarcely could have been believed. I, however, entreat the jeſt may remain a ſecret between your royal highneſs and myſelf; and, ſhould you think proper to anſwer, I beg it may be by a letter addreſſed to me, in particular, by the intervention of M. Plœtz, or any other

other, except that of the uſual conveyance through the hands of Thiriot. With your permiſſion I will ſome day ſpeak further on the ſubject. The baron von Kayſerling muſt have repeated what I ſaid to him concerning your royal highneſs; and I doubt not you will pardon my freedom. My intention is to afford your royal highneſs a mark of my reſpect and attachment, by communicating this in confidence; and I intreat you will not notice the affair either to M. de Voltaire or to Thiriot, till I ſhall have further explained myſelf.

LETTER V.

From the Marchioneſs du Chatelet.

SIR, Cirey, January 12, 1739.

WHEN I had the honour, in my laſt letter, to ſpeak of the ſieur Thiriot to your royal highneſs, and requeſted permiſſion to continue the ſubject, I did not ſuppoſe I ſhould have been obliged to anticipate this permiſſion, and was far from imagining I ſhould ſo ſoon have things of ſo much more importance to relate than thoſe which were the ſubject of that part of my letter.

The ſingular bounty with which your royal highneſs honours M. de Voltaire, and, the moſt ſacred of all ties, that friendſhip which unites me to him, will not ſuffer me to defer informing you of various facts, with which, perhaps, your royal highneſs is already, in part, acquainted.

I learn, from the ſieur Thiriot himſelf, which I could not hear without aſtoniſhment, that he ſends your royal highneſs all the pamphlets which the grubs of Parnaſſus and of literature write againſt M. de Voltaire. Such he aſſured me were the commands of your royal highneſs. —"I know not," anſwered I, "what may be "the commands of his royal highneſs; but I "well know that, had you informed him of the "obligations you have to M. de Voltaire, of "which he is ignorant, and had you ſent along "with ſuch unworthy abuſe thoſe correctives "which gratitude demanded from you, the "prince, far from taking ſuch conduct amiſs, "would have conceived an eſteem for your "character which your preſent behaviour is far "from deſerving."

In deſpite of this remonſtrance, he has continued to ſend your royal highneſs all the libels he could collect, againſt M. de Voltaire. But, as I had diſcovered, from the letters of your royal highneſs to M. de Voltaire, that ſuch ſcurrilities,

ſcurrilities, deteſted as they are by the public, interdicted by the magiſtrates, and often unknown at Paris, have not diminiſhed but increaſed the bounty of your royal highneſs toward M. de Voltaire, I ſuffered the ſieur Thiriot to proceed, eſpecially as M. de Voltaire never permitted the leaſt complaint to eſcape.

I am informed that Thiriot has lately ſent a new libel, written by the abbé Des Fontaines, to your royal highneſs, entitled Voltairomania. As the ſieur Thiriot is there cited, in proof, I think it but right to acquaint your royal highneſs with the character of a man whoſe name has daringly been uſed in this libel, to give the lie to M. de Voltaire, and who has had the effrontery to ſend it to your royal highneſs.

Did the ſieur Thiriot owe nothing to M. de Voltaire but that decorum which ſociety requires, the manner in which he is cited, in this infamous libel, ought to have ſhocked his feelings; nor ſhould he, in favour of a generally deſpiſed raſcal *, like the abbé des Fontaines, have ſuffered it a moment to have been ſuſpected that he had belied his letters and his diſcourſe.

But what will your royal highneſs think when

* *Un ſcélérat généralement mépriſé*—is the lady's own language. T.

you ſhall be informed that this ſame Thiriot, who affects to remain neuter between M. de Voltaire and his enemy, is only become known to the world in conſequence of the benefits received from M. de Voltaire; that he never gained admiſſion into a good family, except as his common-place-book, a man who ſometimes repeated his remarks; that M. de Voltaire, whoſe generoſity is greatly ſuperior to his genius, afforded him ſubſiſtence and houſe-room for more than ten years; that he gave him his *Lettres Philoſophiques*, by which, according to the confeſſion of Thiriot himſelf, he gained above two hundred guineas, and which had nearly effected the deſtruction of M. de Voltaire; and, to conclude, that M. de Voltaire has pardoned his having betrayed him, which is ſtill ſuperior to benefits conferred? What will your royal highneſs think of a man who, being under ſo many obligations to M. de Voltaire, far from defending his benefactor, who was deſirous of treating him as a friend, affects no longer to remember things which he had frequently written, in letters which M. de Voltaire has in his poſſeſſion, and which he repeated, this very autumn, here, in my preſence? He fears to commit himſelf! As if a Thiriot could ſtand committed! And as if any thing could

could be more ignominious than to be accuſed of forfeiting ſo many duties, and betraying ſo many bonds of friendſhip, for a Des Fontaines!

I flatter myſelf your royal highneſs will pardon the warmth with which I expreſs myſelf, by recollecting the feelings which excite my juſt indignation. M. de Voltaire is reſpectful of his benefits and his friendſhip; and I am certain he would never have acquainted your royal highneſs with the facts contained in this letter. But, the more incapable he is of depicting Thiriot to your royal highneſs, the more do I think it an indiſpenſable duty of friendſhip to him, and of reſpect to your royal highneſs, to inform you of the ingratitude of the ſieur Thiriot.

I know not whether it will be poſſible to correct him; but I am very certain that nothing but his deſire to pleaſe your royal highneſs, and to merit the favours of ſo virtuous a prince, can induce him to act with propriety.

You know, ſir, how much public men depend on circumſtances; and, however ſingular it may appear that the conduct of Thiriot ſhould become a thing of conſequence, yet is it deſirable that, on the preſent occaſion, he ſhould publicly do juſtice to truth and gratitude, in favour of M. de Voltaire; and I am perſuaded that a word from your royal highneſs

will be ſufficient to make him perform this duty. I entreat your royal highneſs to remain perſuaded that Thiriot would never have gained admiſſion to Cirey, had not the doors flown open to him becauſe he bore the title of one of your ſervants. M. de Voltaire, who has heaped ſo many favours on him, and who ſtill reſpects an acquaintance of twenty years duration, knew him too well ever to ſhew a ſingle line of the letters which your royal highneſs does him the honour to write, or of his anſwers.

However contemptible the author of the infamous libel which I have mentioned to your royal highneſs in this letter may be, I cannot but think it the duty of an honeſt man publicly to diſavow public calumnies. M. du Chatelet, myſelf, and all the relations and friends of M. de Voltaire, have, therefore, adviſed him to publiſh the narrative which I ſend your royal highneſs. It is not yet printed; but the reſpect of M. de Voltaire toward your royal highneſs induces him to ſuppoſe he cannot too ſoon ſend you his own juſtification, honoured as he is by ſo many favours.

I entreat your royal highneſs not to addreſs the anſwer with which you ſhall honour me under cover to M. Thiriot. It may be directed immediately to *Vally en Champagne*. I and M. de

de Voltaire have done ourſelves the honour to write to your royal highneſs by favour of M. Plœtz.

Long as my letter is, I cannot conclude it without remarking to your royal highneſs how flattered I am, to think family affairs will this ſpring call me into Flanders, and make me approach the provinces of your royal father; which, perhaps, will procure me the happineſs of perſonally aſſuring your royal highneſs of the ſentiments of reſpect, and admiration, with which I am, &c.

LETTER VI.

From the Prince Royal.

MADAM, Berlin, January 23, 1739.

I SHOULD have been inexcuſable for having criticiſed ſome paſſages in your excellent work on fire, had you not deſired to know my ſentiments. Novice as I am in phyſics, it would have been highly vain and preſumptuous in me to lay a finger on the works of maſters in the art. I am ſo well perſuaded that modeſty and docility alone can, in any manner, excuſe ignorance, that I will never leave this

entrenchment, unleſs when reaſons of equal force to your commands oblige me. Such were the motives that induced me to ſay, with that frankneſs which your merit exacted from me, that I find it difficult to perſuade myſelf any *given wind* can excite the conflagration of foreſts. I am in a country, madam, in which, to my misfortune, experiments of this kind are eaſy. In autumn, and at the beginning of ſpring, we have ſtorms which moſt aſſuredly do honour to the impetuoſity of Boreas; and it often happens that oaks, which appear from their deep and ſolid roots to be rivetted to earth, are torn up and laid proſtrate.

Countries more to the north have ſtill higher winds; but it does not ſeem to me that they can occaſion fire, becauſe the bark of trees, and the moſs that grows on this bark, do not eaſily take fire.

The deſire of information, or curioſity, has induced me to queſtion perſons who have travelled much in Swiſſerland, and the Swiſs themſelves; but all thoſe to whom I have ſpoken of the phenomenon related by M. Muſchenbroek have proteſted againſt its truth. Perhaps they have not examined with philoſophic eyes; or, perhaps, little attached to the progreſs of philoſophic diſcoveries, they have not paid pro-

per attention. It ſeems, however, to me, in a work in which, according to the grand principle of Newton, our reaſoning ought to be founded on certain experiments, I ſay, it ſeems to me that we ought not to mingle conjectures with thoſe excellent and curious experiments which you have related. Here you read the height of impertinence. I decide on what I ſcarcely begin to underſtand. I aſk a thouſand pardons, and entreat you to recollect my age, and that you yourſelf have excited my indiſcretion.

After all this, may I ſtill dare to expreſs a doubt on the ſubject of which I deſire to receive information from your oracular deciſion?

You, madam, account for the congelation of the rivulets which traverſe the grottos in *Franche Comté*; but, if I may be allowed to ſpeak my opinion, the conſequence of your doctrine is that the heat of the ſun, attracting many nitrous particles from the earth, being greater in ſummer than in winter, rivers muſt be frozen in ſummer and become liquid in winter; the contrary of which experience proves to be the fact. I am, therefore, inclined to believe there is ſome peculiar reaſon for the congelation of theſe rivulets, which perhaps may exiſt in the nitrous particles, that are

mingled

mingled with the beds of theſe rivulets; and which perhaps not being able to leave the grottos by exhalation, during the day, fall again into the rivulets by night, and produce this extraordinary phenomenon.

I hope, madam, you will be pleaſed to take the bandage from my eyes, that I may equally admire the miracles of nature and the vaſt extent of your incomparable genius.

When I return to Remuſberg, which perhaps will be in a week, I ſhall enter the career of phyſics, to which you do ſo much honour. I am enchanted that you are pleaſed to permit me to addreſs myſelf to you for information, and that you ſuffer me to vaunt that a beautiful young lady has been my guide, through the expanſe of nature. Some are diſguſted with the ſciences by the pedantry of the teachers of ſcience; but I will reſign myſelf to this ſtudy with all the ardour of paſſion. Emily and the Graces are my maſters, and who knows but they may be joined by Love himſelf?

We need but be acquainted with M. de Voltaire, and Thiriot, to judge which of the two muſt be ſuperior to the cenſures of the other. I ſoon ſuſpected a ſnake in the graſs, when Thiriot announced, with the tone of triumph, that he had cauſed our worthy friend to make corrections

rections in his epiſtles. Thiriot may be very proper to ſerve and amuſe you. His vanity is the ſource of that induſtry with which he executes your commiſſions, and procures you diverſion. He ſometimes writes letters to me, in which he appears to have bidden an eternal farewel to common ſenſe. He never catches cold that I am not informed of it in four prolix pages of nonſenſical jargon. But he ſurpaſſes himſelf in his critical remarks on works of wit, and he is ſuper-ſuperlative when he new traces, in his own language, the thoughts of M. de Voltaire, or any other great man. I, however, am ſo well acquainted with the original manner of thinking of our incomparable poet that, even in theſe vile copies, I diſcovered the inimitable traits of the original. Such faults excepted, Thiriot has his merits; his punctuality and deſire to be uſeful render him eſtimable.

I ſhall not abuſe the confidence, madam, which you have placed in me. I ſhould be exceedingly ſorry to derange your little ſchemes of pleaſure. I am ſo ſituated that I cannot wiſh you any thing which you do not poſſeſs. Bleſſed with your own genius, and the company of M. de Voltaire, I can but deſire a continuation of your happineſs. If the prayers of mortals can be efficacious, thoſe which I make

that I may one day behold and admire the miracles nature has wrought in your perſon will be heard. I burn with the deſire of aſſuring you of the ſentiments with which I ſhall, all my life, remain, &c.

LETTER VII.

From the Prince Royal.

MADAM, Berlin, January 29, 1739.

I AM extremely chagrined, as well for the love of your repoſe as for that of the worthy Voltaire, that men like Des Fontaines and Rouſſeau are never weary of blaſpheming the Apollo of France. I wrote to Thiriot that I wiſhed to have the libel, however revolting it might be, but he has not yet ſent it me. Intereſted as I am in what relates to M. de Voltaire, every thing reſpecting him, directly or indirectly, in like manner becomes intereſting; and, whatever repugnance I may feel to read that which is the opprobrium of humanity, and the diſgrace of letters, I ſtill have impoſed this penance upon myſelf that I may be informed of facts which are generally attended by conſequences, and which are connected with an infinite number of circumſtances

circumſtances and anecdotes. Thiriot ſent me the copy of the letter which he addreſſed to you. As far as I can judge, he is not malicious; and, if he be partial, it is becauſe he is weak and timid. From the copy of the letter which I ordered to be ſent to him, you will ſee I taught him to feel what is the duty of an honeſt man; and that probity and gratitude are indiſpenſable virtues, without which man would be worſe than the moſt hideous of monſters. Thiriot, madam, will amend; all he wants is to be taught his duty, and to be prompted to act with propriety. At Cirey you continually contemplate heroic virtue; but recollect, madam, all men are not heroes; and that poor Thiriot can only be claſſed with thoſe feeble mortals whoſe virtue reſembles a thermometer, and requires to be heated by the example of ſuperior virtue, before it can riſe to the ſame point.

I have read the narrative of the worthy Voltaire, and have been ſorry his precious time ſhould have been waſted in its compoſition. Did the fame of the man who wrote the Henriade, the author of the Hiſtory of Charles XII. and of the tranſlator of Newton, exiſt but for a day, he would certainly act wiſely to juſtify himſelf, and to waſh away the venom of calumny, to the ſatisfaction of the world, as an obſcure per-

ſon

ſon would do, whom the world had treated with injuſtice. But, if I miſtake not, M. de Voltaire is far from being thus ſituated. He is generally known; his writings are diſperſed over the whole earth. No man is ignorant of the reaſon of the baniſhment of Rouſſeau; of the unworthy and infamous proceedings of this poet; of the affair of the abbé Des Fontaines, and of the ſervices which have been rendered him by M. de Voltaire. A rational reader will recollect the character of Rouſſeau, and the ingratitude of Des Fontaines, while he peruſes what they write, and will feel his indignation riſe when he ſees the new libels with which they inceſſantly perſecute Voltaire. Therefore, madam, it ſeems to me that it will be ſufficient to leave the reader to his own reflections, and not to repeat that which he already knows.

Beſide, M. de Voltaire commits himſelf, in ſome manner, when he honours Rouſſeau and Des Fontaines with an anſwer to their infamous productions. I imagine it would be ſufficient for him to complain to the chancellor of the unworthy authors of this injurious libel, and that the puniſhment of ſuch abuſe would be more honourable to M. de Voltaire than the picture which he has preſented of the vileneſs of their lives. His pencil ought never to be employed

employed on originals ſo baſe, he is too noble to be thus degraded. I put in my claim to the time and thoughts which M. de Voltaire has thus loſt. Self-defence is the moſt ſlippery path ſelf-love can tread; for ſelf-juſtification is ſcarcely poſſible without ſelf-praiſe, and nothing is more offenſive than that incenſe which an author burns upon his own altars. He who juſtifies himſelf againſt the darts which calumny has hurled, at his honour, is unfortunately obliged to praiſe himſelf. I, therefore, cannot but think that ſuch apologies come with a better grace from the mouth of a friend. They are more honourable to the moderation of the perſon offended, and have greater efficacy. I willingly offer myſelf to be the apologiſt of the inimitable Voltaire, whenever it ſhall be neceſſary. Trajan will but compoſe the panegyric of Pliny.

You flatter me, madam, by informing me you are to approach our frontiers in the ſpring; and I have the vexation to reply that the road which I ſhall this year travel is exactly the reverſe. I am to attend the king into Pruſſia, nor ſhall I return to the country of Cleves in leſs than two years. I am very unfortunate that fate ſhould thus frown on me. But, though I ſhall not have the ſatisfaction to ſee you, I ſhall,

at

at leaſt, have the pleaſure of receiving your letters more frequently.

Let me beg you to believe me, with infinite eſteem, &c.

LETTER VIII.

From the Marchioneſs du Chatelet.

SIR, Cirey, February 16, 1739.*

I HAVE this moment received the letter with which I have been honoured by your royal highneſs, and am unable to expreſs the joy I feel to learn that you are reſolved to apply ſome of your leiſure moments to phyſics. Studies of ſuch a kind afford occupation worthy of your genius, and I am perſuaded this new purſuit will furniſh you with new pleaſures. For my own part, I am well convinced the reſult will, to me, be inſtruction. Did I not fear to importune your royal highneſs, I ſhould entreat you to inform me of the method you think to adopt in this ſtudy. I am well perſuaded you

* This and the following letter being erroneouſly dated, as their contents teſtify, are falſely arranged in the Baſil and Berlin editions, where they ſtand as the beginning of the correſpondence. T.

will

will apply yourſelf to the Newtonian philoſophy. Newton and his commentator equally merit the honour.

I cannot any longer maintain the doctrine of the conflagration of foreſts excited by wind, ſince your royal highneſs perſiſts in thinking it impoſſible, and ſince M. de Voltaire is my adverſary. I allow what he has written to your royal highneſs, on the ſubject, is of more worth than my whole work.

I am more bold on what relates to the river in Swiſſerland, which is frozen in ſummer; for I have affirmed nothing more than that Scheuchzerus relates, that, in the biſhopric of Baſil, there is a river which is frozen in ſummer, and fluid in winter. There are mountains covered with ice, in Peru, between the 23d and 24th degrees of latitude, which ice never thaws; and M. de Tournefort, in his Voyage to the Levant, relates that it freezes nightly at Trebizonde, in the month of July, till ſun-riſe; yet theſe regions are more to the ſouth than ours, and conſequently the ſun is much longer above the horizon *. M. de Tournefort, who examined the earth in theſe

* If the lady meant to ſay, as is apparent, that the ſun is longer above the horizon, in the month of July, near the equator than in northern latitudes, ſhe is miſtaken. The reverſe is the fact. T.

climates, found it much loaded with ſalts and nitre. What your royal highneſs has ſaid, concerning the grottos of Beſançon, is very probable; but the nitrous particles which are melted by the heat of the ſun, and fall into the grottos, and the earth which forms the bed of them, in all likelihood abounding likewiſe in nitre and ſalts, are the two cauſes which contribute to the phenomenon. Yet it does not ſeem to me to follow, that rivers ſhould freeze in ſummer; for the heat of our climate is ſeldom ſufficient to exhale enough of the nitrous particles to occaſion the congelation of running waters, during the night. This is one of the reaſons why that phenomenon is more common in hot countries: but it is further neceſſary, to produce it, that the earth ſhould abound in nitre and ſalt.

Before I quit phyſics, may I venture to aſk your royal highneſs, whether Thiriot ſent you, about three months ſince, a ſhort extract from a book written by M. de Voltaire, inſerted in the *Journal des Sçavans*, for September 1738? I could not venture to preſent it myſelf to your royal highneſs; but, I confeſs, I ſhould be glad to know if it afforded you ſatisfaction.

Since your royal highneſs is informed of the horrible libel of the abbé des Fontaines, you will no doubt not be vexed to learn the concluſion of

of the affair, in which your royal highneſs is intereſted, by your kindneſs for M. de Voltaire. All the men of letters who have been ill-treated in this libel, have ſigned requeſts, which have been preſented to the magiſtrates; and there is reaſon to hope they will perform an act of juſtice, which the lieutenant-criminel * would have performed in their place. Thus the cauſe of M. de Voltaire will become a common cauſe; and it is, in effect, the cauſe of all worthy men.

Thoſe who informed me that Thiriot had ſent the libel to your royal highneſs deceived me; and I could wiſh that all his wrong proceedings in this buſineſs were not better founded; but he has behaved exceedingly ill, nor do I expect him to act equal to the ſentiments of gratitude which he owes to M. de Voltaire, except when he ſhall have been ſo commanded to act, by your royal highneſs. He had the imprudence to inform me that he had ſent a letter to your royal highneſs, which he had written to me, and by which I was highly offended. I do not very well know under what pretext he ſuppoſed he might write me an oſtenſible letter, and how he ſhould dare to ſend that letter to your

* The officer of the police who interrogates and puniſhes culprits. T.

royal highneſs, to whom it muſt have appeared an enigma, unacquainted as you were with the *Voltairomania*. Certainly Thiriot ought not to have ſhown that letter, without my conſent, to any perſon; but he has not only publiſhed it, without my permiſſion, but has ſent it to your royal highneſs. I care but little that the public ſhould be informed that Thiriot wrote to me; but it did not in any manner become him to dare to make me reſponſible. But thus it is that he repairs the wrong he has done to M. de Voltaire. I little expected I ſhould have been obliged to write a brief to your royal highneſs, the ſubject of which ſhould be Thiriot; but I have been compelled to it by his acts of imprudence.

I muſt entreat permiſſion, likewiſe, to ſend a copy of the letter which the lady of the preſident of Bernieres has written to M. de Voltaire, on the ſubject of this unfortunate affair, which will ſhew your royal highneſs how malicious and ungrateful it is poſſible for man to be, and how culpable Thiriot is, not to have acted toward M. de Voltaire as this lady has done, to whom, however, ſhe is under much leſs obligations.

I am exceſſively afflicted to recollect, that I am going this ſpring to the country in which your royal highneſs was laſt year; but I conſole myſelf with the idea that the journey will bring me

nearer

nearer to your royal highneſs, and to the countries which are under the dominion of the king your father. The eſtates which the marquis du Chaſtellet means to redeem are in the county of Loo, and not far from the country of Cleves. I am told it is a charming country, and worthy to become the reſidence of a great king. This ſuppoſition will prevent me from ſelling theſe eſtates, which I am aſſured are exceedingly fine. I am alſo going to commence a law-ſuit at Bruſſels, and I flatter myſelf your royal highneſs will then be pleaſed to grant me ſome recommendations. Theſe affairs will infringe upon phyſics; but the deſire I have to render myſelf worthy of the correſpondence of your royal highneſs will, aſſuredly, make me find time for ſtudy.

I requeſt permiſſion of your royal highneſs to incloſe a letter for the baron von Kayſerling, not knowing where to direct to him; and I hope you will alſo kindly excuſe my ſending, under the ſame cover, two copies of my Eſſay on Fire, which has juſt been printed by the academy; one for M. Jordan, and the other for the baron von Kayſerling. I muſt finally requeſt, as a laſt favour from your royal highneſs, that you will pardon the length of this letter, in conſideration of the ſentiments of reſpect and admiration

which I have felt, while dictating its contents, and with which I am, &c.

P. S. Rouſſeau is returned to write bad odes at Bruſſels. I entreat your royal highneſs always to write to me by the way of M. Plœtz.

LETTER IX.

From the Marchioneſs du Chatelet.

SIR, Cirey, February 27, 1739.

THE letter with which it has pleaſed your royal highneſs to honour me has poured balm into thoſe wounds which the enemies of M. de Voltaire, and of the human race, do not ceaſe to inflict. He has followed the counſel your royal highneſs has deigned to give him, and has not publiſhed his memorial; but has laid his complaint before the chancellor. The affair is committed to the examination of M. Heraut, lieutenant-general of the police, who condemned the abbé des Fontaines, in 1736, for a libel againſt ſeveral members of the French Academy, and who, I hope, will avenge M. de Voltaire and the public. All that I deſire is that M. de Voltaire ſhould not be obliged to quit Cirey, and his

his ſtudies, to go in purſuit of vengeance to Paris, of which I flatter myſelf the miniſtry will take charge. The manner in which your royal highneſs is pleaſed to intereſt yourſelf, in this affair, perſuades me you will be glad to learn thoſe circumſtances which have ſo cruelly troubled the repoſe of a man whom your royal highneſs honours, by ſo many favours.

With reſpect to Thiriot he is inexcuſable, for having dared to publiſh a letter which he was pleaſed to write to me, without any requeſt of mine, and which he has ſhewn, not only without my permiſſion, but even againſt my orders. I do not conceal from your royal highneſs how much I have been offended; and I believe he will not, hereafter, think proper to make thus free with my name. I have no doubt but that the letter which your royal highneſs has ordered to be written to him will teach him his duty, of which leſſon I dare affirm he ſtood in need. His, it is true, is a ſoul of clay; but, when weakneſs and vanity are guilty of the ſame errors as malice, they are equally condemnable. Your royal highneſs, I think, has been very favourable to his virtue, to compare it to any thing; but, I own that, the application out of the queſtion, I thought your ſimile of the thermometer charming. It is exceedingly

juſt when ſpoken of men in general; and there was, beſide, ſomething of a philoſophic air in it which pleaſed me infinitely. Still I have ſome reproaches to make your royal highneſs, relative to the laſt letter which you have written to M. de Voltaire. I had ſuppoſed that phyſics were in my department; but I very well perceive this Voltaire is what the Italians call *cattivo vicino* *.

The experiment of the watch under the recipient is very ingenious; it was made at London by Mr. Derham; an account of which your royal highneſs may find in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, No. 294. The privation of air occaſioned no alteration in the motion of the watch, which is an excellent proof in contradiction to the Carteſian explanation of the ſpring (or elaſticity); for, if the ſubtile matter was the cauſe of it, the air, which is an exceedingly ſubtile matter, ought to contribute to the motion. There are other reaſons which prove, firſt, this ſubtile matter does not exiſt; and ſecondly that, did it exiſt, it would not occaſion the elaſticity of the ſpring. The difficulty is to find what does occaſion this elaſticity. M. Keills has explained it by attraction; but I know not that his explanation is ſatisfactory;

* A bad neighbour.

for

for attraction is not ſauce to every diſh, and the term has lately been rather miſuſed. I fear leſt we ſhall be obliged to have recourſe to the Deity to interpret this ſpring, and to ſay it is an attribute which he has given to matter; like attraction, mobility, and various others, known and unknown. I am very ignorant on the ſubject.

I am going to take one of the pupils of M. Wolf, as my guide into the immenſe labyrinth in which nature is loſt. I mean for a time to quit phyſics for mathematics. I perceive I have been a little too haſty, and muſt begin again. Geometry is the maſter-key to every door, and I mean to apply myſelf to this ſtudy.

I am in deſpair at the accidents which led your royal highneſs and myſelf ſuch contrary roads; but I conſole myſelf with the pleaſure of having an eſtate which lies ſo near the provinces of your royal father, and in the hope that I ſhall ſome day there aſſure you of the reſpectful ſentiments with which I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER X.

From the Prince Royal.

MADAM, Remusberg, March 8, 1739.

YOUR approbation of the design I have formed to study physics, and your example, afford me wonderful encouragement in my new career. Ill health has hitherto prevented me from beginning the study; but, as soon as I shall feel myself entirely recovered, I intend to enlist under the banners of this science, to follow your ensigns, and, led by the force of your divine genius, I first propose to read the memoirs of the Academy of Sciences, afterward the physics of Muschenbroek, and to conclude with the Newtonian philosophy. I shall carefully avoid mathematics, the eternal calculations of which terrify me, and surpass my strength. I shall be satisfied with plucking those flowers which others have been careful to plant. Such is the abridgment of the plan which I have proposed to myself. We ought not to deceive ourselves, and I could not help recollecting I neither possess the mind of Emily nor the universal genius of Voltaire, which should enable me to embrace knowledge so vast. In a word, madam, I shall

content

content myſelf with gleaning where you reap, and ſhall inceſſantly repeat, *c'eſt en vain qu'au Parnaſſe un téméraire auteur, etc* *.

The perſecutions that are raiſed againſt the worthy Voltaire really afflict me. France ought carefully to watch over that precious leiſure which this noble author devotes, with ſo much generoſity, at the expence even of health, to the information and the good of mankind. Statues would have been erected to him in the Capitol; and he would have been deified in the Lyceum. Perhaps he would have occupied the place of Jupiter, had he come into the world in an age when men's admiration of genius was carried even to ſuperſtition. I am certain M. de Voltaire will have full ſatisfaction granted him, on the unworthy Des Fontaines. The proceedings of this knave are too inſolent to eſcape the vengeance of the magiſtrate, and the public indignation ought, in ſuch caſes of injuſtice, to ſtand in lieu of the moſt open ſatisfaction, with M. de Voltaire.

The conduct of Thiriot is inexcuſable; but we muſt not, mádam, ſuppoſe Thiriot to be what he neither is, nor ever can become. The fortitude required of him he has not; and the queſtion will be whether Thiriot fail from ma-

* In vain, raſh author, on Parnaſſian mount, &c.

lice

lice or from weakneſs. I can perfectly aſſure you it is not from malice. You know him, madam, and you know he has neither the wit nor the ſpleen to be malignant. What intereſt could he have to injure M. de Voltaire? None. M. de Voltaire is his benefactor, nay his idol; he pays him continual homage, thinks after him, and, if I may be allowed the figure, ruminates on the ideas which M. de Voltaire has previouſly digeſted. The trade of Thiriot's life has been to praiſe, with heart and voice, the works of the author of the Henriade. What reaſon could he have thus openly to give himſelf the lie? Is he diſſatisfied with M. de Voltaire? By no means. Has he been treated with coldneſs? Far the reverſe. You have heaped favours on him, at Cirey, of which he has vaunted to all his acquaintance.

You will therefore allow, madam, that an error of judgment, a feebleneſs of mind, which muſt only be imputed to nature, have occaſioned the falſe ſteps of Thiriot. To theſe we muſt add the ill advice of perſons in whom he has confided. We muſt make deductions for human nature. Take my advice, madam, and do not act as in ſtrict juſtice you might, for you would loſe a man who is attached to you, and whoſe only defect is nature has not beſtowed on him

ſim judgment and genius worthy of Cirey. But, by this rule, whom would you not loſe? If you will grant your friendſhip and favour to none but perſons of equal merit to M. de Voltaire, I give you notice, madam, that the number of your friends will be very ſmall. I have written to Thiriot, and ſhall write again, to prompt him to act in a more manly way than he has hitherto done. I am ſure you will reſtore him to favour, and he will thus be greatly encouraged to behave with propriety.

The infinite zeal, madam, which you teſtify in behalf of our friend enchants me; yet let me entreat you, at the ſame time, to ſuffer me to recal to recollection that philoſophy which beſtows a certain tranquillity of mind, and by the aid of which perſecuted men are ſuperior to perſecution, and have power, in ſome degree, to ſtifle thoſe tumultuous emotions to which reſentment and all the paſſions give birth. I allow it is difficult to attain a certain portion of indifference; but I believe the condition of man requires he ſhould powerfully oppoſe reſignation to grief, a deſpot by which he will inevitably be aſſaulted, and that ſerious meditations on human life ſhould teach us to diminiſh our ſorrows, that we may feel them the leſs;

leſs; and to multiply and magnify our pleaſures, that they may be the more ſtriking.

Nothing can certainly more ſenſibly affect the worthy heart than an attack on reputation. On ſuch occaſions the armour of great men leaves them vulnerable. But I ſhall, through life, remember the judgment paſſed on Cato and Cicero. The love of virtue, ſays Monteſquieu, was the active principle with Cato, wholly devoid of the love of fame. With Cicero, fame was the great agent, and virtue was but an acceſſary.

When we conſider virtue as a good of which we cannot be deprived, we contemn the frivolous projects of the envious, and the puerilities of calumny. Theſe the worthy Voltaire may juſtly contemn; his repoſe is too precious to be diſturbed by ſuch deſpicable trifles. Let him follow the advice which Lucian's Mercury gives Jupiter, who felt grieved at the impertinent diſcourſe and opinions of the Athenians, concerning him. "Be ſatisfied," ſaid Mercury, "with governing the world, and let them "talk." Let M. de Voltaire be ſatisfied with inſtructing and governing the learned world, and let him deſpiſe things which are as inferior to him as the Lyceum was to Olympus.

I greatly regret that, knowing you are to be more

more in our neighbourhood than you have been, I cannot gratify the desire I feel, madam, to come and admire you; and personally to afford you marks of my esteem. Mine was never a fortunate star, and I begin to be accustomed to its perfidy. I willingly pardon all its former treachery, but not so easily the painful trick which it plays me at present. To punish it, I will beg some astronomer to banish it to the further part of the heavens, some millions of leagues more distant from the sun. The sentence will be severe, but will not however equal its guilt.

To speak without a metaphor, I am persuaded you will yourself be convinced the loss is great, when an opportunity of seeing you is wanting. Of this I have sorrowful experience, and fate seems to inflict the punishment of Tantalus upon me. It exposes you, as I may say, to my sight, to heighten my wishes and my curiosity, yet at the same time renders the gratification of them impossible. I cannot better employ my credit and my friends than in your service; my desires will ever be the same, to realize which nothing is wanting but opportunity.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XI.

From the Prince Royal.

MADAM, Remuſberg, April 15, 1739.

THE vexations endured, by the worthy Voltaire, have been very ſenſibly felt by me. I feel myſelf all fire for my friends, and I am as much affected by whatever regards them as if it related perſonally to myſelf. I do not love friends who remain as inactive as the Eumenides of the opera, when a friend is in need of ſuccour; for which reaſon, without his ſolicitation, I mean to intereſt myſelf in behalf of the good Voltaire. I will write for that purpoſe, by the next poſt, to the marquis de la Chetardie; and ſhall put every engine in motion, to reſtore calm to the mind of the man who has ſo often laboured to give me pleaſure. Voltaire muſt himſelf be ſatisfied with contemning his enemies. This indeed is the only favour he can confer on them; he would debaſe himſelf too much by entering the liſts with them, and his pen is too dignified to tilt againſt arms which cannot wound, except when malice and calumny give them force. I am, therefore, glad he is determined to remain ſilent.

You attack me, madam, on phyſics, and I can only find ſafety in flight. My progreſs in the knowledge of nature has been ſo ſmall that I ſhall beware how I enter the liſts with you; not but I ſhall moſt willingly avow there are many things in nature which are hidden from us, and which, apparently, will eternally ſo remain.

I own I ſhould eaſily conſole myſelf, for my ignorance of the elaſticity of the air, of coheſion, &c. did I but enjoy the advantage of being perſonally acquainted with you; for which reaſon, madam, you will judge how painful it is to know you are on the confines of my royal father's provinces, and that I am unable to profit by this advantage. I know not what centrifugal force impels me into Pruſſia, in my own deſpite; for I feel a ſelf-moving principle which would direct my ſteps a very different way. Of this, madam, remain perſuaded, and likewiſe of all the ſentiments with which I am

Your very affectionate friend.

LETTER XII.

From the Marchioneſs du Chatelet.

SIR, Bruſſels, Auguſt 1, 1739.

I HAVE ſo many thanks to pay to your royal highneſs, and ſo many pardons to aſk, that I am embarraſſed between gratitude and confuſion. Your royal highneſs knows the wandering life which, during three months, I have led; and, while I am now writing to you, I am on the point of departure. I am going to paſs a fortnight at Paris; where, while I remain, I ſhould be glad to receive the commands of your royal highneſs, and not let the graſs grow under the feet of Thiriot *.

My reſidence in Flanders has been marked by the benefits you have conferred. You have, no doubt, ſir, been informed that the perſon charged with your favours found us at Enghien, acting a comedy. We haſtily left the theatre, to make a party at quadrille, with thoſe charming boxes which your royal highneſs, with ſo much grace and gallantry, has done me the ho-

* Thiriot was the agent of Frederic: perhaps the lady means—favour me with your command and I will be a more expeditious agent. T.

nour

nour to ſend. The duke D'Aremberg arrived here ſome days after, to drink the health of your royal highneſs, in your excellent Hungarian wine, which is the nectar of Olympus.

We repeated the ſame freedom with M. Schilling. Your royal highneſs will, indeed, do me the juſtice to imagine that, the moment I am informed of the arrival of a Pruſſian at Bruſſels, my firſt impulſe is to ſeize the opportunity of ſpeaking of you, and to inquire concerning a prince who honours me with ſo many favours, and whom I have ſo many juſt reaſons to admire.

I dare not aſk news from your royal highneſs of your progreſs in phyſics, for I perceive, from the letters you are pleaſed to write to M. de Voltaire, that Machiavel and poetry have the preference. I ſtill hope you will one day beſtow a few moments on a ſcience ſo worthy to occupy you; and I confeſs, ſir, theſe wiſhes of mine are rather intereſted; for I flatter myſelf my correſpondence would then be more agreeable to your royal highneſs.

I cannot expreſs the ſorrow I felt, during my journey to the country of Liege, when I recollected that your royal highneſs was, laſt year, ſo near that province. But are you, ſir, never to return? I foreſee that I ſhall, for ſome time,

act the part of the *comteſſe de Pimbèche* *, and I conſole myſelf in the hope that my law-ſuit will make me gain time, till your royal father ſhall viſit his ſouthern provinces; for I intend to return from Paris, and ſtay here all winter, and longer.

Your royal highneſs, no doubt, is informed that the abbé des Fontaines has been obliged to diſavow the *Voltairomania*, in the preſence of M. Héraut, *lieutenant de police*, and that his diſavowal has been inſerted in the public papers. The intereſt which your royal highneſs has deigned to take in this unfortunate affair, and the very kind manner in which you have been pleaſed to expreſs yourſelf on the ſubject, have led me to believe this account would give you pleaſure.

We ſhall meet Thiriot at Paris, and I feel myſelf much inclined to treat him with that indulgence of which the weakneſs of his character appears to be very worthy, and to which I am exhorted by your royal highneſs. You, ſir, are formed to ſet an example of every virtue. Thoſe perſons are moſt fortunate who, by living with your royal highneſs, perceive the immediate influence of virtue; but none can feel a more reſpectful attachment than, &c.

* A character in *Les Plaideurs* of Racine. T.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

From the Prince Royal.

MADAM, Berlin, Auguſt 20, 1739.

AFTER having travelled a hundred German miles in four days, nothing leſs than a letter from you could recal me to life. During a tour of ſix weeks, I have paſſed through numerous countries, towns, and villages, and have ſeen ſome millions of men; but I can declare, madam, that, of the whole number, not one was worthy to become a citizen of Cirey.

I am glad to learn that the trifling homage of amber, which Pruſſia has ſent you, was thought agreeable. Amber is incenſe, and is ſo uſed in all catholic churches, and even by the Indians, who offer that perfume to their idols. Why ſhould not ſuch incenſe ſmoke at Cirey, in the temple of truth and friendſhip, and where it might more properly be employed than in places which are conſecrated to error, and peopled by ſuperſtition?

Should I hear that the Hungarian wine is good for the health of our dear and worthy friend, and pleaſes your palate, I ſhall continue to ſend you ſupplies of it; for it is but juſt that

each country ſhould pay tribute to you, of its moſt exquiſite products.

You wiſh me, madam, to apply to phyſics; that, as you are pleaſed to ſay, your correſpondence might be more agreeable to me. But I cannot but think the precaution rather unneceſſary. A young man muſt have very little ſenſibility who ſhould not find the correſpondence of a youthful, beauteous, and lovely lady agreeable. I am well convinced that, had I the pleaſure of your company, the ſubject of my converſation would neither be Newton, Maupertuis, Mairan, nor Locke. Let us huſband the aid theſe learned men may afford for that age in which the icy heart has nothing more to offer, and permit me, madam, at preſent, to prefer the glow of feeling to the phlegmatic charms of a philoſophic correſpondence.

I am at preſent buſied in refuting the enemy of humanity, and the calumniator of princes. From this work I ſeek recreation in the arms of poetry, and I ſhall creep after you in the road of phyſics. We are not all allowed, madam, to poſſeſs univerſal genius. The mind reſembles the ſciences, ſome of which are much more comprehenſive than others. I cannot, for my own part, but perceive that immenſity is as little my lot as the whole world was that of Alexander.

Alexander. I exert myſelf to conquer ſome ſmall neighbouring province; ſomething after the manner of France, which imperceptibly ſeizes on the iſle of Corſica, after having taken poſſeſſion of Lorraine; with this remarkable difference, that the conqueſt of theſe provinces has been made either by violence or artifice, and the provinces of ſcience are only to be conquered by aſſiduous labour; tricking is there uſeleſs, and we have no other means to make them our own but by the ſtrength of the underſtanding. You people who march with giant ſtrides imagine that every man has the honour to be a giant, like yourſelves; but I am delighted to perceive you have this human defect, and that you thus meaſure others by your own ſtandard. Deign to recollect, madam, in future, that men may reſemble each other in the exterior, but that in capacity and mind they greatly differ.

I am glad to hear that our friend Voltaire has reaſon to be ſatisfied with the manner in which juſtice has been done to him in Paris; he has been very properly ſilent, and the ſatisfaction he receives will be more honourable to him than all the memorials he could have written, by which he would have ſtood pledged to the public.

I am preparing a magnificent edition of the Henriade, the execution of which will be worthy of its author. I ſhall write to him in a few days, and ſend him the preface, that he may correct it as he ſhall think proper.

Whatever comes from you, madam, will be moſt agreeable to me. Intelligence from Paris, paſſing through your hands, will acquire that brilliancy which the rough diamond receives from the poliſh of the ſkilful lapidary: beſide that every thing which relates to yourſelf, or our amiable friend, will, during life, give me infinite pleaſure.

I entreat you to believe me, with every ſentiment of the moſt perfect eſteem,

MADAM,

Your very affectionate friend.

LETTER XIV.

From the Marchioneſs du Chatelet.

SIR, Hotel de Richelieu, Paris, October 13, 1739.

I WISH not to be the laſt to declare to your royal highneſs how highly worthy the preface to the Henriade is of the moſt ſingular editor the world ever ſaw. The honour conferred

ferred by your royal highneſs, on M. de Voltaire, is ſuperior to the triumph decreed to Taſſo. He is worthy of this honour; for his attachment to your royal highneſs, and his gratitude, are in proportion to the benefit conferred.

I am not ſo much the enemy of mankind as to draw the attention of your royal highneſs, from the fine work in which you have undertaken to refute the corrupter of monarchs, that you might ſtudy a few phyſical truths. I perceive you encourage experimental philoſophy, but that you have a more precious manner of employing your time; and, provided your royal highneſs will beſtow a no leſs degree of favour on me, though I ſhall be ſorry for phyſics, I ſhall not be ſorry for myſelf.

I take the liberty to ſend you an Italian tranſlation of the firſt book of the Henriade. I rather intrude on the rights of M. de Voltaire; but he has ſo many preſents to ſend your royal highneſs that I hope he will not envy me this trifling opportunity of paying my court to you. I ſeldom write poetry, though I am paſſionately fond of it; and I believe you will be ſatisfied with the fidelity and preciſion of the tranſlation which I have the honour to remit. The author of it ſays the other books ſhall ſoon follow.

On my arrival at Paris, I found the city all ardour

ardour and joy, and its inhabitants as amiable and as trifling as I left them. Great revolutions have happened at court, which ſeems to me, at preſent, to be what it ought to be. All this I muſt, with ſome regret, forſake for law; and I hope your royal highneſs will render my abode at Bruſſels leſs irkſome, by tokens of remembrance, with which you cannot honour any perſon who will be more ſenſible of their worth, or more devotedly, &c.

LETTER XV.

From the Prince Royal.

MADAM, Remuſberg, October 27, 1739.

I WAS in company with Machiavel when I had the pleaſure to receive your letter, and the Italian tranſlation of the Henriade. I am infinitely encouraged by the approbation you beſtow on the preface to the Henriade. Truth and conviction have employed my pen to expreſs their feelings. The work praiſes itſelf; and my only merit is that of having arranged the phraſeology. M. de Voltaire has no need of a panegyriſt to make his beauties eſteemed and taſted by Europe; nor is the prop with which I have

I have attempted to ſupport his fame any thing better than a ſhaken reed.

You inquire concerning Machiavel, whom I imagine I ſhall have done with in a fortnight. I wiſh not to preſent an unconnected and ill digeſted work to the public: I write much and eraſe more. It is at preſent but a rude maſs of clay, to which form and faſhion muſt be imparted. I ſend you, however, the introduction; that you may judge of the ſpirit in which the work is written. There are ſerious paſſages which require ſerious refutation; but there are others in which I have ſuppoſed it proper to incite the ſmiles of the reader. I know nothing worſe than dulneſs, and imagine a reader never receives inſtruction well when his author makes him yawn. There is preſumption, perhaps, in the attempt of a man of my age to inſtruct the world; and perhaps none in the attempt to give it pleaſure. I have been deſirous, occaſionally, to give a ſprinkling of that Attic ſalt which was ſo much eſteemed by the ancients; but this ſprinkling is not in every man's power. I ſhall ſend the work, chapter by chapter, to M. de Voltaire; your judgment and your taſte ſhall to me be in lieu of the public; and, as an act of friendſhip, I requeſt you not to diſguiſe your ſentiments.

But

But I perceive, like the abbé Chaulieu, I am eternally ſpeaking of myſelf. I aſk a thouſand pardons, madam, I have been hurried away, and ſeduced, by Machiavel and my ſubject.

To change the diſcourſe, permit me to inform you that we have been viſited by the amiable Algarotti, and the no leſs amiable and learned lord Baltimore. For a week, I continued to feel the value of their good company; after which they were ſucceeded by that Marcus Curtius of the French who devotes himſelf to his country's good, and, as it is ſaid, means to bury himſelf in the greateſt of the gulphs of the Hyperborean ſeas *. I wiſh to confeſs him at his departure, and could not but regret ſo amiable a man ſhould travel to dance attendance in a climate, and country, ſo little worthy of him as Ruſſia.

He told me a thouſand things in favour of his monarch, and endeavoured to bring me over to the opinion of thoſe philoſophers who affirm love reſtores a chaos to order. Be it love, or be it what you pleaſe, I ſhall trouble myſelf but little with that affair; but I beg you to believe

* The marquis de la Chetardie, who had been the lover of the empreſs Elizabeth of Ruſſia. T.

I am

I am not equally indifferent in the ſentiments which I entertain for you, and that it is of much greater importance to me that you ſhould be convinced of the eſteem with which

I am,

MADAM,

Your very affectionate friend.

P. S. Have the goodneſs kindly to remember me to our worthy friend.

LETTER XVI.

From the Marchioneſs du Chatelet.

SIR, Bruſſels, December 29, 1739.

AFTER having read the refutation of Machiavel, it would be impoſſible not to thank your royal highneſs. What has been ſaid of Telemachus may be ſaid of this; that, could human happineſs originate in a book, here originate it would. I hope, ſir, you will ſend the continuation of this beautiful performance.

M. Algarotti has informed me of his ſurpriſe, at ſeeing and hearing your royal highneſs; I am aſtoniſhed that he could leave you.

My reſpect and attachment to your royal

highneſs do not depend on any cuſtom, though I ſeize every opportunity which cuſtom preſents of aſſuring you of their reality. I, therefore, profit by the new year to reiterate, ſir, the ſentiments with which I ſhall all my life, &c.

LETTER XVII.

From the Marchioneſs du Chatelet.

SIR, Bruſſels, March 4, 1740.

I AM reading the continuation of the excellent work of your royal highneſs; but I am too impatient to tell you how much I am enchanted by it to wait till I have read the whole. Your royal highneſs muſt, for the happineſs of mankind, publiſh the work: though not your name, you will ſet your ſeal to it; I mean that love of the public good, and of the human race, which you feel, and which will there be diſcovered by all who have the happineſs of being acquainted with your royal highneſs.

Whoever ſhall read the Anti-Machiavel will imagine that the whole life of your royal highneſs has been employed in political meditation. But, knowing as I do that your talents extend to all ſubjects, I ſhould venture to mention the metaphyſics

metaphyſics of Wolf and Leibnitz, a ſketch of which I have made in French, if the reading of the works of your royal highneſs did not cure me of the temerity which prompts me to ſend my own. Theſe are new ideas to French minds, and, perhaps, when clothed in our mode, they might make their fortune; but to do this effectually would require the eloquence and depth of your royal highneſs. Should you, however, give me your commands, and ſhould you find leiſure, I will do myſelf the honour to ſend ſome of the chapters; for I cannot but think that the inhabitants of Cirey, reſide where they will, ought to ſend the firſt fruits of their labours to your royal highneſs. Should you deign to correct the work I am certain of its ſucceſs.

I am, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

From the Prince Royal.

MADAM, Berlin, March 17, 1740.

THE works of a lady, who combines a maſculine and profound underſtanding with that delicacy and taſte which are peculiar to her ſex, cannot but be very agreeable to me. Not from

Wolf, but from the lips of Minerva, ſhall I hereafter receive inſtruction. It is to be preſumed, madam, thoſe who read your work will become the diſciples of Wolf. When the heart is moved the mind is eaſily convinced. I will be anſwerable for my own conviction, to undertake which depends only on yourſelf, by ſending me this ineſtimable abridgment. Our didactic and heavy German philoſophy needs the aid of an ardent and enlightened genius, like yours, to abridge its dull repetitions, and render its extreme dryneſs pleaſant; paſſing through your crucible its ore will become the pureſt gold.

Had I enjoyed all neceſſary leiſure, perhaps the refutation of Machiavel, which you ſo indulgently applaud, would have been more effectual; but I have been at Berlin for theſe four months, that is to ſay, in the moſt tumultuous and leaſt proper place on earth to enjoy that collectedneſs which works of this nature demand. I have made a truce with Voltaire, and have intreated him to grant me a few weeks delay; after which I have promiſed to have no compaſſion on the errors which have eſcaped me in the compoſition of the work. The convaleſcent Ceſario will himſelf inform you, by the encloſed letter, what pleaſure it gives him to be remembered

bered by you. We talk of Cirey as the Jews do of Jeruſalem, and, in effect, your houſe as much merits to be called a temple as did the ſuperb edifice which was built by Solomon; with this grand difference that Superſtition and Ignorance often were the inhabitants of the ſacred porticos, and the ſanctuary of thoſe abodes which Titus deſtroyed; and that Wiſdom and the Pleaſures have eſtabliſhed their reſidence, in that enchanting temple of which you and Voltaire are the deities.

Should you, at Bruſſels, perceive any little fumigation, or odour of amber, wafted by a north wind, remember the incenſe comes from us; and that no where on earth do you receive adoration more pure, and homage more ſincere, than ours.

I am, with the moſt perfect eſteem,

MADAM,

Your very affectionate friend.

LETTER XIX.

From the Marchioneſs du Chatelet.

SIR, Verſailles, April 25, 1740.

I SEND my Eſſay on Metaphyſics to your royal highneſs, and wiſh you may, yet fear you will not, have time for its peruſal. You will perhaps be as much aſtoniſhed to ſee it in print as I am aſhamed. The circumſtances which led to its publication are too long to explain to your royal highneſs. I wait to know what your royal highneſs thinks of it, that I may learn whether I ought to repent or to applaud myſelf. I recollect you had the metaphyſics of Wolf tranſlated, under your own inſpection, and that you even corrected ſome paſſages, with your own hand. I therefore imagine the ſubject will not diſpleaſe you, ſince you have deigned to employ a part of your time on ſuch a courſe of reading.

Your royal highneſs will ſee, by the preface, the intention of the book was to promote the education of an only ſon, whom I love with extreme tenderneſs. I thought I could not give him a greater proof of this than by an endeavour

to

to render him leſs ignorant than our youth uſually are. Deſirous of teaching him the elements of phyſics, I was obliged to compoſe the work myſelf, not having any complete courſe on this ſubject, in French, adapted to his age. As I am perſuaded of the intimate connexion between phyſics and metaphyſics, on which the former are founded, I wiſhed to give him an idea of the doctrine of Leibnitz; which, I confeſs, is the only ſyſtem that has afforded me ſatisfaction, though I ſtill have many doubts unremoved.

The work will be in ſeveral volumes; a part of the firſt of which only has been printed. I believe it will be publiſhed about Whitſuntide, when I ſhall take the liberty to preſent a copy to your royal highneſs, ſhould you appear ſatisfied with that which I have the honour at preſent to ſend.

I perceive my letter is already too long, and that I have not yet mentioned my gratitude for the charming box which your royal highneſs has done me the favour to beſtow. I never ſaw any thing more agreeable or more elegantly ſet; but, permit me to ſay, it ſtill wants its greateſt ornament; and, highly favoured as I am, I am notwithſtanding exceedingly jealous of the preſent with which M. de Voltaire is honoured.

I believe he has ſent your royal highneſs his Newtonian metaphyſics, and you will perhaps be aſtoniſhed at our difference of opinion; but I know not whether your royal highneſs has read a talkative Frenchman called Montagne, who, ſpeaking of two men who had a real friendſhip for each other, ſays—"All things "were in common between them, except the "ſecrets of other perſons, and their own opi- "nions."——To' me it appears our friendſhip is but the more reſpectable and durable, ſince it is not affected even by difference of opinion. Freedom in philoſophy is as neceſſary as liberty of conſcience. Your royal highneſs will judge between us; the wiſh to merit your approbation will impel us to make new efforts.

Permit me to bring Machiavel to the recollection of your royal highneſs. I intereſt myſelf in the publication of a work, which muſt be ſo uſeful to mankind, with the ſame zeal with which I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER XX.

From the Prince Royal.

MADAM, Remuſberg, May 19, 1740.

IT is impoſſible to read the work of a profound German metaphyſician, tranſlated and new formed by an amiable French lady, without aſtoniſhment. You ſo powerfully prove you have not the defects of your nation that I think I have ſome reaſon to doubt whether France be your country, and whether you do not do the Germans the honour to be wholly German. You muſt, at leaſt, be ranked with thoſe ſuperior minds which all nations produce, which form a diſtinct claſs, and the members of which may be called citizens of the world. France, previous to our times, had produced only women of wit, or pedantic learning. Rambouillet, Deſhoulières, and Sévigné, have ſhone by the brightneſs of their genius, and the beauty of their thoughts. Madame Dacier was learned, but nothing more. You ſhew us a much more extraordinary phenomenon, and, without offence to your modeſty, we may affirm the ſciences you poſſeſs, and the manner in which you think and expreſs your thoughts, are

as ſuperior to the qualities of theſe ladies as the genius of Voltaire is to that of Boileau, or as Newton is to Deſcartes. Your phyſical inſtitutions charm the reader; which is much in a book on metaphyſics *. If I may be permitted to ſpeak my opinion undiſguiſedly, I think there are chapters which you might render more conciſe, without weakening your arguments; and principally that on Space, which appears to me to be rather diffuſe.

You will give me great pleaſure, and do me an honour by ſending the work when complete. You cannot be too much encouraged in the uncommon taſte you have for the ſciences. I hope the facility of your progreſs, wonderful as it is, will encourage the ladies to follow your example, and that they will at length renounce their wretched paſſion for play, by which they are degraded, and which certainly can only render them contemptible.

From the correſpondence of M. de Voltaire, I knew him to be a tolerant friend. What indeed were friendſhip, if deprived of indulgence and good breeding? Enmity exerciſes a tyrannical power over the mind, which ſhe renders

* I have never met with the work of the marchioneſs, but there appears to be a ſoleciſm in the uſe of the terms *phyſical* and *metaphyſics*, in this paſſage. T.

her

her ſlave; but friendſhip wiſhes it to be as free as itſelf. It aſks poſſeſſion of the heart, and is indifferent to the opinions of the underſtanding. Beſide, if we conſider what opinions and philoſophic ſects are, we ſhall perceive that they are but different views of the ſame object, ſeen by ſhort-ſighted people. They are complex ideas, to which a trifle often gives birth, and often deſtroys; ſallies of the imagination more or leſs ardent, more or leſs curbed. It would, therefore, be the exceſs of phrenzy to renounce the friendſhip of a perſon who once thought the ſun turned round the earth, but who is, at preſent, perſuaded the earth turns round the ſun. When we truly love, I am miſtaken if friendſhip can ſuffer any change from the malady of the friend, whether that malady be the ſmall pox or the ſpleen; and, eſpecially as the ties of friendſhip neither conſiſt in the health of the body nor in the ſtrength of the underſtanding.

I aſk pardon, madam, for my loquacity; I flatter myſelf that the marchioneſs du Chatelet, and not the author of the metaphyſics, ſurrounded with algebra, and armed with rule and compaſs, will read my letter. I can ſend you nothing equal to your own admirable works, which I receive from your wiſdom and kindneſs. I can but conclude by aſſuring you that

I have more than *adequate cauſe* to be, with the moſt perfect eſteem,

MADAM,

Your ever faithful friend and admirer.

LETTER XXI.

From the Marchioneſs du Chatelet.

SIRE, Bruſſels, June 11, 1740.

PERMIT me to join in the rejoicings of your kingdom and of all Europe. I was preparing to anſwer the philoſophic letter with which the prince royal was pleaſed to honour me, but am at preſent obliged to addreſs myſelf to your majeſty, with wiſhes for your proſperity, and with that reſpect which, &c.

LETTER XXII.

From the Marchioneſs du Chatelet.

SIRE, Bruſſels, July 14, 1740.

I HOPE M. de Camas will have given your majeſty an account of the pleaſure I had to ſee and to converſe with him on all which you have

have already effected for the happineſs of your people, and for your own glory. Your majeſty will eaſily conceive the numerous queſtions with which he was aſſaulted. I can aſſure you, I thought the day I paſſed in his company very ſhort; nor did I tell him half I had to ſay, though your majeſty was our continual ſubject. By the choice you have made of M. de Camas, and his companions, I ſee you are as well acquainted with men as with philoſophy. I have ſeldom known a more amiable gentleman, or one who inſpires greater confidence; for which reaſon I could not forbear letting him perceive the extreme deſire I have to admire your majeſty perſonally. We conſulted on the means, and I hope he has written to your majeſty on that ſubject. One there was which is no longer in my power, but I conſole myſelf in the hope that the journey of your majeſty to Cleves will enable me to pay my court to you; and for this gratification I ſhall alone be indebted, for my attachment to your majeſty, and the exceſſive wiſh I have to aſſure you of it myſelf. I bluſh to owe this obligation to others; and, ſhould your majeſty deign to deſire it, I will make all poſſible efforts to effect this purpoſe.

Your majeſty may well ſuppoſe that, as the commencement of the phyſical inſtitutions has not

not diſpleaſed you, I ſhall haſten the impreſſion; and, ſhould I have the happineſs of ſeeing you this autumn, I hope to preſent the work to your majeſty.

I cannot but own the affliction I feel to underſtand that the human race is to be deprived of the refutation of Machiavel. Nor can I render too many thanks to your majeſty, for the goodneſs with which you make me an exception to the general rule, and promiſe me a copy. This is the moſt precious gift your majeſty can beſtow. I do not believe the Dutch edition will be completed, but I imagine your majeſty will take off a few copies at Berlin, and that you will not then forget one who, of all people on earth, will moſt cheriſh this incomparable work. I know nothing which is better written; the thoughts are ſo beautiful, and ſo juſt, that they would of themſelves be ſufficient, without the charms of eloquence. I hope your majeſty will be ſerved to your wiſhes, and that the book will not appear. M. de Voltaire will go in perſon to Holland, ſhould his preſence be neceſſary, as I infinitely fear it will; for the booksellers of that country are addicted to artifice. I can aſſure your majeſty he will never make a more painful ſacrifice than by undertaking this journey.

journey. I hope, however, it may yet be diſpenſed with.

Your majeſty, no doubt, has many admirers with whom you are unacquainted; but I cannot conclude my letter, without mentioning one of the moſt zealous of the number, who is nearly related to me, and whom M. de Camas ſaw here. I mean M. du Chatelet, ſon of the colonel of the grand duke's guards. He purpoſely paſſed through Bareith, on his route from Vienna to this place, that he might have the pleaſure to ſpeak to your majeſty, and be known to the princeſs your ſiſter. He left that place overwhelmed with the favours he there received, and his heart overflowing with thoughts on Frederic. The margraveſs gave him an air compoſed by your majeſty, which we have performed, and I am learning it by rote; for, to a French ear, your majeſty's muſic is very learned, and my deſire to correct mine is that I may ſing your compoſitions, and your praiſes.

Your majeſty is, at preſent, occupied in receiving homage from your Pruſſian ſubjects; yet am I well perſuaded not one of them will render homage more ſincere, or more reſpectful, than that with which I have the honour to be, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

From the Marchioneſs du Chatelet.

SIRE, Bruſſels, Auguſt 11, 1746.

IF the happineſs to ſee and know your majeſty, whom I have ſo long admired, were not the thing I moſt ardently deſire, it would be the event I moſt ſhould fear. Theſe oppoſite feelings are contending in my mind; but I perceive deſire is the moſt powerful; and, whatever it may coſt my ſelf-love, I wait the honour the hope of which your majeſty has inſpired with eagerneſs equal to my gratitude. I have recourſe to your amiable Ceſario, and entreat him, who knows me, to inform your majeſty I am not ſuch as your goodneſs to me has induced you to paint me in your imagination, and that I do not merit the flattering things you have ſaid to me, except from my attachment to, and admiration of, your majeſty.

Would your majeſty believe that, on the eve of receiving the favour with which your majeſty wiſhes to honour me, I am daring enough to aſk another? M. de Valory has informed M. de Voltaire, and the public papers almoſt ſay the ſame, that your majeſty means to honour France with

with a viſit. I ſeek not to know whether the ambaſſador and the gazette writer be truly informed, but I venture to repreſent to your majeſty that Cirey is on your road, and that I never ſhall conſole myſelf if I have not the honour there to receive him to whom we have ſo often paid homage. I have entreated the baron von Kayſerling to be my interceſſor, with your majeſty, to obtain me this favour. Great ſouls gain hearts by the benefits they beſtow, and this is the claim which I make on your majeſty.

Your majeſty will certainly not oblige by halves; I therefore venture to hope you will ſet no limits to your gracious condeſcenſion, but will ſuffer me to profit by all the moments you ſhall deign to grant me. Here, likewiſe, I implore the interceſſion of Ceſario, with whom I enter into details that I dare not attempt with your majeſty.

I labour to render myſelf worthy of the praiſes your majeſty has beſtowed on that work, the beginning of which I have taken the liberty to ſend. It has long been finiſhed, and I hope to preſent it to your majeſty. My deſign is to publiſh, in French, an entire courſe of philoſophy, ſimilar to that of M. Wolf, but with French ſauce. Of this ſauce I ſhall endeavour not to be too prodigal. We ſeem to me to

want ſuch a work. French levity takes a diſtaſte to the very form of the writings of M. Wolf; but I am perſuaded my fellow citizens will be pleaſed with his preciſe and rigid reaſoning, when care is taken not to terrify them with hard words, ſuch as lemma, theorem, and demonſtration, which ſeem to them improper, except when applied to mathematics. It is certain, however, that the proceſs of the underſtanding is the ſame in all truths. The developement and purſuit of truths that are not reducible to calculation are indeed the moſt difficult; but this difficulty ſhould only tend to encourage thinking people, who ought to feel truth cannot be too dearly purchaſed.

By the length of my letter, I fear, I have proved the reverſe; and that, however real my reſpect and attachment may be, your majeſty never will have the patience to read the aſſurances which I here take the liberty to reiterate, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

From the Marchioneſs du Chatelet.

SIRE, Fontainbleau, October 10, 1740.

I HAVE moſt ſenſibly participated the pleaſure M. de Voltaire has enjoyed, of perſonally admiring the modern Marcus Aurelius. His letters to me are full of the praiſes of your majeſty, and of the happineſs with which he has paſſed ſome days in your ſociety.

I have taken the opportunity, while he is buſied in executing your majeſty's commands in Holland, to make a tour to the court of France, whither I have been called by buſineſs, and where I wiſhed to judge myſelf of the ſtate of M. de Voltaire's affairs. Of theſe he had the honour to converſe with your majeſty. Nothing poſitive appears againſt him; but a multitude of little vexations accumulated may produce the ſame effect as real injuries. Your majeſty, if you pleaſe, may diſpel the clouds; to effect which M. de Camas needs but avow that bounty with which M. de Voltaire is honoured by your majeſty, and the intereſt you take in his welfare. Theſe I am certain will be ſufficient to procure the repoſe which it is but juſt he

ſhould enjoy, and of which his health is in ſo much need. I doubt not but your majeſty will afford him this new mark of favour, and that you will, at preſent, effect the ſame thing, through the medium of M. de Camas, which you deigned to perform through that of M. de la Chetardie, at a time when we dared not even make the requeſt to your majeſty. Louis XII. ſaid that the king of France ought not to *revenge* the wrongs of the duke of Orleans; but I am perſuaded your majeſty is formed to ſurpaſs the beſt of ſovereigns, and that you think the king of Pruſſia ought to *protect* thoſe whom the prince royal honoured with his friendſhip.

I am grieved to ſee myſelf in any other court than that of your majeſty; I continually hope I may one day ſatisfy the extreme deſire which I have to admire you in perſon, and to aſſure you of the reſpect and attachment with which I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXV.

From the Marchioneſs du Chatelet.

SIRE, Bruſſels, December 24, 1740.

MY duty and attachment to your majeſty equally bid me aſſure you of my reſpect, at the beginning of the new year. With theſe ſentiments I ſhall all my life, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

From the Marchioneſs du Chatelet.

SIRE, Verſailles, June 2, 1742.

IT is impoſſible for me to contain my joy, and conceal it from your majeſty. The bounty with which you have honoured me authoriſed me in taking this liberty, and in joining that concert of praiſe which here reſounds your majeſty's name. To you we are indebted for the advantages of war; and, if I miſtake not, to you we ſhall be indebted for the advantages of peace.

Having had the happineſs to be one of the firſt who knew and admired your majeſty, I

ſhall, all my life, continue the perſon moſt intereſted in your glory, and ſhall, with the moſt profound reſpect, remain, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

From the Marchioneſs du Chatelet.

SIRE, Paris, May 7, 1743.

THE favours with which I have been honoured by your majeſty authoriſe me to communicate the marriage of my daughter, with the duke de Montenero Caraffa. Your majeſty well knows, had my prayers been heard, ſhe would have paſſed her life at your court, and that this would have been a happineſs of which I ſhould have been very jealous. I do not, however, loſe the hope of hereafter perſonally admiring him to whom I have long been devoted by the moſt reſpectful and inviolable attachment.

With theſe ſentiments, and the moſt profound reſpect, I ſhall all my life, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXVIII.

From the Marchioneſs du Chatelet.

SIRE, Paris, January 2, 1744.

OPPORTUNITIES of aſſuring your majeſty of my reſpect and attachment are too dear to me to miſs that which the commencement of the year preſents. I know not what can be wiſhed in your majeſty's favour: nothing, except that the age of Neſtor ſhould be added to the glory of Achilles.

For myſelf, I have only to hope your majeſty will continue to honour me with your bounty, and will remain perſuaded of the reſpect with which I am, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

From the Marchioneſs du Chatelet.

SIRE, Cirey, May 30, 1744.

I TAKE the liberty to ſend your majeſty a new edition of ſome pieces, which you deigned to receive with kindneſs, when they firſt appeared. Any opportunity to pay my court

to your majeſty is too precious to be neglected. I hope you will receive this new homage, which I render rather to the philoſopher than to the king, with your accuſtomed bounty.

Might I venture, I ſhould entreat your majeſty to indulge me in teſtifying the joy I feel at learning that her royal highneſs the princeſs Ulrica, is, by her talents, to replace queen Chriſtina. She alone is worthy to fill the throne of this illuſtrious queen.

I am, with the moſt inviolable attachment, and the moſt profound reſpect, &c.

LETTER XXX.

From the Marchioneſs du Chatelet.

SIRE, Bruſſels, September 8, 1744.

I KNOW not which afflicts me moſt, to hear that your majeſty is ill, or to loſe the hope of paying my court to you. I flatter myſelf I ſhall have your thanks for the ſacrifice I make to you, and that the preſence of the perſon who delivers you this letter, and whom I hope your majeſty will not long detain, will prove, more effectually than all I can ſay, the reſpect and attachment with which I am, &c.

End of the Letters of FREDERIC II. *and the* MARCHIONESS DU CHATELET.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

FREDERIC II.

AND

M. DE FONTENELLE.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

FREDERIC II.

AND

M. DE FONTENELLE.

LETTER I.

From the Prince Royal.

SIR, January 29, 1731.

ATTENTIONS paid by a man of your merit always make their way, like rays of the ſun that break through the clouds; and nothing but your own modeſty could render you ſo guarded reſpecting yourſelf. But, though you do yourſelf injuſtice, I hope you will not be guilty of the ſame toward others. Be aſſured, ſir, that a word from you is to me more flattering than the good wiſhes of a thouſand

others; and whether it be that I find my vanity ſoothed, or that I depend on your ſincerity, it is ſtill certain that the compliment you have juſt paid me, on the beginning of the year, is that which, of all I have received, has given me the moſt pleaſure. Let me intreat you, ſir, not to confine yourſelf merely to compliments; be not ſo chary of a few thoughts, and a few ſtrokes of the pen, which I earneſtly requeſt. I have the prejudice to believe that two words from you will afford me more inſtruction, on philoſophic ſubjects, than the peruſal of the moſt formidable folios. Let me beg you, ſir, to accomodate yourſelf to this opinion, and not to ſpare paper. You are ſomething in my debt, for the great eſteem in which I hold you, or you are rather thus indebted to yourſelf. But, in fine, it ſeems to me that the eſteem of a foreigner ought to be dear enough to you to continue it, by affording him new ſubjects for its increaſe.

I am, with the moſt perfect reſpect, your very affectionate friend.

LET-

LETTER II.

From M. de Fontenelle.

SIR, Paris, March 20, 1737.

IT is at preſent many years ſince Alexander went to viſit Diogenes in his tub; and I think ſuch incidents ought to be uncommon, as they really are; for, though princes who do philoſophers ſo much honour are the greateſt of princes, it is to be feared philoſophers would become leſs ſage. This is a deduction I make from my own experience. Since it has pleaſed your royal highneſs to give me to underſtand that my name and works are known to you, I feel my vanity exceedingly increaſed; but, in this, vanity is ſo well founded that I ſhall not endeavour to vanquiſh it, as perhaps I ſhould do on leſs occaſions.

Another ſentiment, in which I cannot too freely indulge, is the extreme gratitude I owe to the bounty of your royal highneſs, and which will ever accompany the profound reſpect with which I am, &c.

LET.

LETTER III.

From M. de Fontenelle.

SIR, Paris, July 10, 1737.

I HAVE not dared ſooner to return my moſt humble thanks to your royal highneſs for the letter with which I have been honoured; I feared leſt a prince, who thinks ſo differently from moſt other princes, ſhould not feel himſelf equally flattered by the exceſſive haſte which courtiers affect in their anſwers on every occaſion; and I thought it right to act with you, ſir, nearly the ſame as with worthy men of much inferior rank. I am, without vanity, a very bad courtier, and ſhould be much vexed were I ſuſpected of being a good one; for I then think I ſhould be ſuſpected of numerous vices, and particularly of falſehood.

I was yeſterday in company with a Swiſs, whoſe name I could not learn, becauſe he paid me a private viſit. He had lately travelled through Germany, of which country we converſed; and, without any artifice, or intereſt, he very naturally beſtowed the moſt ſincere praiſes on you, of which he moſt aſſuredly never imagined you would hear more. I defy your

whole court to beſtow praiſes of the ſame kind. Your love for the ſciences particularly delighted my Swiſs, who however lays no claims to learning. I felt my vanity ſoliciting me to inform him I had the honour to be known to your royal highneſs, and even to have received a letter from you. I reſiſted the inclination, but I ſtill fear there is much vanity in vaunting of this great effort of modeſty.

I am, &c.

LETTER IV.

From M. de Fontenelle.

SIR, Paris, September 29, 1737.

IT was anciently ſaid that, for the happineſs of men, philoſophers ought to be kings, or kings philoſophers. Would this or would it not be the ſame thing? I think not; were philoſophers kings then ſhould we ſee poor people whoſe brains would be turned; at leaſt ſo I greatly fear; if kings were philoſophers we ſhould then have people whoſe excellent conſtitution had ſaved them from great danger, and who, I am certain, would perform wonders. *Qui poteſt capere capiat.*

The

The philoſophy which contemplates the univerſe only, and not mankind, is not very difficult; and little men may thus become great. Deſcartes and Newton are certainly two, in this ſenſe, nor do I at all pretend to exclude a third. I have been raſh enough to draw their paralle in one of the volumes which the academy of ſciences annually publiſhes, and I have compared their particular ſyſtems, in a great number of theſe volumes; and, probably, ſhall again compare, for it is a ſubject that but too frequently occurs. The doctrine of attraction, concerning which your royal highneſs has done me the honour to aſk my opinion, I own, is not to my taſte. I do not think this is the word which ſolves the enigma; unleſs, at leaſt, the word ſhould itſelf become a new enigma. Had a ſoothſayer told me, in my youth, when I ſaw attraction ſink with ſhame, that I ſhould ſee it riſe, and ride triumphant above the waters, I ſhould have ſuppoſed he had foretold a life of ſeveral ages, and a new inundation of barbarians. The revival of this attraction will one day become a curious, but, as I imagine, not a very honourable, morſel, in the hiſtory of philoſophy. After ſuch a revolution there is nothing which may not be hoped, or feared.

I ſhould weary you, ſir, were I to purſue the

ſubject, which, in effect, is not to be diſcuſſed by letter. I ſhall do better to revert to your pretty laſſes. I am delighted that they are ſatisfied with me; and, eſpecially, as I ſuſpect there is ſome one among them to whom I ſhould have more ardently paid my court than to all the others. Did I dare, I would here venture to aſſure her of my very humble reſpects. I never imagined philoſophy and love were as incompatible as they are generally ſaid to be, though one ſhould happen to encroach on the other; that is love on philoſophy, for philoſophy will certainly not encroach upon love. Be it ſo; there will be no great harm; they would but be the more amiable, and often of the higher worth. Here, indeed, is a doctrine of attraction, which may much more properly ſo be called, and which does wonders. On this I willingly reaſon. But I fall into the error of being too diffuſe, and of ſpeaking to one who, in all probability, is better acquainted with the ſubject than I am, who am entirely out of practice.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER V.

From M. de Fontenelle.

SIRE, Paris, June 23, 1740.

I IMAGINED, on your acceſſion to the throne, I ſhould only have to congratulate your majeſty on the expectation of all Europe, from the promiſe given by your eminent qualities, and the former part of your life. But I hear, from all parts, that your character, impatient to diſplay itſelf, has ſhone forth, from the firſt inſtant of your reign, in ſpeech and act truly worthy of a king. Thus, ſire, are you more deeply pledged than ever; but, fortunately, you are only pledged to follow your native propenſities. Why am I denied the hope of enjoying the entire pleaſure of the grand ſpectacle which you are to exhibit to the world? It is a pleaſure of which I dare flatter myſelf I ſhould have been highly ſenſible.

I am with the moſt profound reſpect, &c.

LET-

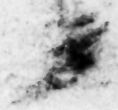
LETTERS

BETWEEN

FREDERIC II.

AND

M. ROLLIN.



LETTERS

BETWEEN

FREDERIC II.

AND

M. ROLLIN.

LETTER I.

From M. Rollin.

SIR, Paris, February 9, 1737.

I WANT words to teſtify the lively gratitude with which I am penetrated by the honour which your royal highneſs has done me, in remembering me, and anticipating me, in a manner ſo obliging and ſo noble. The approbation which you have ordered ſhould be declared to me, as coming from yourſelf, relative to my works, is the moſt flattering I could deſire. The height of an author's wiſhes is to ſee him-

ſelf eſteemed and praiſed by a prince of ſo delicate a taſte, and who writes in a foreign language with ſo much elegance, propriety, preciſion, and dignity. This, however, is what leaſt moves me, in what you have been pleaſed to write concerning me. The bounty and expanſion of heart with which your royal highneſs expreſſes yourſelf, and the ardent love of the public which appears to animate all your ſentiments, inſpire much greater admiration, becauſe they are the higheſt virtues of a prince.

My fears are, ſir, leſt this goodneſs of heart, and love of the public, ſhould miſlead you in my favour. But, were it even ſo, I ſhall be careful to leave you in this error; for I am too much intereſted not to preſerve an eſteem which is to me ſo glorious. This, ſir, I venture to ſay, I merit, not by my writings, but by the reſpectful gratitude, and the profound veneration, with which I have the honour to be, &c.

LET-

LETTER II.

From M. Rollin.

SIR, Paris, April 1, 1737.

PERMIT me to take the liberty to preſent to your royal highneſs the eleventh volume of my ancient hiſtory. The good reception which the preceding volumes have met with gives me reaſon to hope you will kindly be pleaſed to receive this favourably. My ardent wiſhes are that this may ſupport, in your opinion, the reputation of its predeceſſors. I think myſelf happy in being able to furniſh your royal highneſs with a book which may agreeably amuſe your leiſure moments, which moments you turn to ſo good account. We ſeldom meet with princes whoſe taſte is ſo determined, in favour of every thing that relates to literature and ſcience. Beſide the pleaſure you receive from theſe, than which I doubt whether there be any more ſweet, or real, they repay you the honour you do them with intereſt, by procuring you the eſteem and admiration of all who are informed of the ardour, and the ſucceſs, with which you apply to theſe ſtudies. Birth makes princes, but merit only great princes;

and the merit of cultivating and protecting learning and the learned is of no inferior rank; and, when added to other great qualities, contributes not a little to increaſe worth and renown, as may be ſeen in the ſecond Scipio.

You will not take offence, ſir, that I ſhould compare you to this illuſtrious Roman, whoſe exquiſite taſte for the belles-lettres, which you poſſeſs in common with him, and which diſtinguiſhes you from almoſt all the princes of our age, is never omitted by hiſtorians in his eulogium. In this I have found my own intereſt, for it is this exquiſite taſte which has procured me thoſe marks of eſteem, I had almoſt ſaid of friendſhip, that you have beſtowed upon me, in ſo affecting a manner. For this I ſhall ever remain grateful, and ſhall continually glory in being, with moſt devoted and profound reſpect, &c.

LETTER III.

From M. Rollin.

SIR, Undated.

I SHOULD be unworthy of the bounty your royal highneſs has hitherto had for me,

were I not to teſtify the part I take in all which the king your father has recently done in your favour. Grandeur and wealth, however great, are inſignificant, unaccompanied by peace of mind, and a certain mild intercourſe, which inſpires perfect union of heart between perſons whom nature and ties of blood have bound to each other ſo inſeparably. May this union, ſir, which conſtitutes the great happineſs of life, be progreſſive in increaſe, and leave nothing on your mind which may diſturb its tranquillity and joy.

I am afraid your royal highneſs will, at length, be teazed and loaded with my books, which ſo frequently preſent themſelves before you. Should they become too daring in their freedom, I will venture to ſay it is your fault, ſir, and the conſequence of that too favourable reception they have met with from you. Finding ſo gracious a welcome from a prince whoſe exquiſite taſte for the ſciences, and all productions of the mind, diſtinguiſhes and raiſes him as much as his high birth, they imagine they have ſome value, and advance with confidence in the preſence of your royal highneſs. I am intereſted that you ſhould endure them with your uſual patience and bounty.

But ought I not to fear I ſhould abuſe theſe

qualities, by taking the liberty, ſir, to lay before you the programma of various exerciſes, which a young man of quality has ſuſtained in a college of which I have long been at the head? This gentleman bears a name well known in our hiſtory: he is a prodigy, with whoſe equal, or any thing like his equal, I have never met. In his exerciſes, performed in the preſence of large audiences, I have continually interrogated him, by opening the book at a venture, and often by only reading myſelf various paſſages from Greek authors, which he explained exceedingly well, after only having heard them read. Beſide what is noticed in the programma, he has ſtudied the firſt hundred pſalms of David, and the two firſt books of kings, in the Hebrew. As this is a ſtudy foreign to that of the belles-lettres, to which the ſtudents are limited by the college rules, he has only been permitted to dedicate to this a quarter of an hour each day. On the eve of the laſt exerciſe which he ſuſtained, this youth was thirteen years of age.

Pardon, ſir, this importunity, and want of politeneſs; they do not diminiſh the profound reſpect, and perfect devotion, with which I have the honour to be, &c,

LET-

LETTER IV.

From M. Rollin.

SIR, Paris, Auguſt 27, 1738.

YOUR royal highneſs, by the marks of eſteem and bounty which you have hitherto beſtowed on me, has emboldened me to preſent with confidence all the works I have ſince produced. I therefore take the liberty, ſir, to ſend you the two laſt volumes of the ancient hiſtory, and the firſt of the Roman hiſtory. I am highly intereſted that this new work ſhould meet as favourable a welcome as the former have done, from your royal highneſs. The obliging letters which you have been pleaſed to write to me, on the ſubject of the ancient hiſtory, were to me the moſt flattering approbation I could wiſh. Many perſons to whom I have read them have preſſed me to make them public, by adding them to my books, to which I was myſelf much inclined. Perhaps, ſir, ſelf-love, a moſt ſubtile quality, inſpired the wiſh; for nothing could be more honourable to myſelf. Yet I miſtake if my principal motive were not to make all the countries in which my books appear acquainted with a prince who thinks and

ſpeaks like a prince, and who, to the various other qualities, worthy of his birth, which he poſſeſſes, adds one which is ſufficiently uncommon, in perſons of his rank; for he loves ſcience and literature, and ſtudies them with taſte and ſucceſs, without prejudice to the eſſential duties of his rank; and protects and honours thoſe who profeſs them, by which he induces ſuch profeſſors to be more ardent in their labours for the public good.

Such, if I do not miſtake, ſir, were my intentions; but I have been ſtopped ſhort by the reſpect which I owe to your royal highneſs, and the fear of affording you diſpleaſure. The ſame reaſons have prevented me from communicating copies of theſe letters to any perſon whatever, although I have been much ſolicited ſo to do, except only to the queen, who, after having demanded to hear them read, wiſhed to have them in her poſſeſſion. What ought I not to do, what ſacrifices ought I not to make, to preſerve the eſteem of a prince, who, forgetting his own rank and mine, addreſſed himſelf to me with bounty and friendſhip? For I am adventurous enough to uſe a term the remembrance of which I ſhall never loſe!

I have the honour to be, &c.

LET-

LETTER V.

From the Prince Royal.

SIR, September 11, 1738.

YOU have ſo powerfully gained my confidence, by your ancient hiſtory, that I am perſuaded of the excellence of every thing you ſhall write. I wait for your new works with all the impatience of a reader hungry after a good book. Very little capable of adding to their fame by my applauſe, I can but feel and admire their beauties. I particularly thank you for the pleaſure which your attentions have procured me, by kindly ſending me your new works. I wiſh, with all my heart, the Thucydides of our age may ſee the thread of his days lengthened, like thoſe of king Hezekiah. The wiſh, perhaps, will appear to you intereſted, from the part I take in your publications; but, I can aſſure you, my perſonal eſteem for you is no leſs a participator. A ſage hiſtorian is a phœnix; and the greateſt good I can wiſh to the great men of the age is that, in future times, men like Rollin may be found to write their hiſtory.

May you long enjoy the eſteem of your contemporaries,

temporaries, and again and again afford me the pleaſure of returning new thanks, and beſtowing new applauſes on your future labours! I regard men of learning as the beacons, the Pharos, of the feeble human race; as ſtars which ſhed their light on all the ſciences; and as men who think for us, while we act for them. Judge, therefore, ſir, whether that eſteem can ever leſſen with which I am, M. Rollin, your very affectionate friend.

LETTER VI.

From M. Rollin.

SIR, Paris, June 10, 1739.

THOUGH your royal highneſs be perfectly acquainted with that part of hiſtory the ſecond volume of which I take the liberty to ſend, and which will ſoon be followed by a third, I nevertheleſs perſuade myſelf that the great qualities of the heroes which this hiſtory places before you, and which are ſo much to your taſte, will render the peruſal agreeable and novel. You will diſcover much reſemblance of character between your royal highneſs and many of theſe famous Romans, ſhould not your

your modeſty inſpire abſence of mind on this ſubject. They well knew in what real glory and true grandeur conſiſted; nor did they ſuffer themſelves to be dazzled by the vain ſplendour of certain exterior qualities, which might have excited vulgar admiration, but which do not effectually render men more eſtimable, becauſe, properly ſpeaking, it is the heart that gives worth to the man.

The letters with which your royal highneſs has deigned to honour me appear to me full of theſe ſentiments. I preſerve them moſt carefully, as titles of nobility beſtowed upon me, and as glorious proofs of the marks of eſteem and conſideration which my works have attracted from your royal highneſs. Unworthy as I feel myſelf, yet, as I own I am indebted alone to your bounty, this bounty I hope your royal highneſs will kindly continue.

I am, with the moſt lively and devoted gratitude, &c.

LET-

LETTER VII.

From the Prince Royal.

M. ROLLIN, Undated.

I AM aſtoniſhed at the wonderful rapidity with which you labour at your Roman hiſtory, at an age too when the uſual courſe of nature ſcarcely permits man to exiſt. You continue to inſtruct the world even when you ſeem to have taken poſſeſſion of eternity. You make me believe all that antiquity has feigned of the harmonious ſong of the dying ſwan. The Roman hiſtory of M. Rollin ſeems to me a more wonderful phenomenon than that which the fable relates, and it will remain an unequivocal proof that the ardour with which you write, and the excellence of your works, are not any way diminiſhed by the weight of years, or the burthen of age. Rivers thus run with greater rapidity in proportion as they are more diſtant from their original ſources.

I have admired the progreſs of young du Gueſclin: I know not whether he be any deſcendant of the famous Bertrand du Gueſclin, whoſe name will never die while any idea of worth and valour ſhall remain. Perhaps the youth

youth will, in time, do as much honour to letters as his relation formerly did to the ſword. There is more than one path to the temple of fame. The hero's route is ſplendid, but it is tinged with blood. That of the learned is leſs awful, but equally leads to immortality; and it is more ſatisfactory to inform than to deſtroy men.

It is not extraordinary that you, who have ſo often afforded me inſtruction, ſhould take part in what has happened to me, or that you ſhould participate my ſatisfaction; for ſuch ſentiments I might well expect from you, though I am not the leſs grateful; and to be ſilent on this ſubject would incite my own regret. I am, I aſſure you,

With much eſteem,

Your affectionate, &c. *

* The contents of this letter would lead us to conjecture that it ſhould immediately follow letter III. and that, perhaps, it ought to have been preceded by letter V. If ſo, the date of letter V. muſt be erroneous, and was probably 1737, inſtead of 1738. T.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

From M. Rollin.

SIRE, Paris, June 17, 1740.

DID not my own warmth of gratitude for all your favours induce me to teſtify the part which I, with all Europe, take in your majeſty's acceſſion to the throne, I ſhould think myſelf obliged thus to do, for the intereſt, and, as it were, in the name of literature and ſcience, which you have not only hitherto protected, but have cultivated in ſo remarkable a manner. They ſeem to have aſcended the throne with your majeſty, and I have no doubt it is your intention they ſhould reign your aſſociates in the government of your kingdom, in which they will be promoted to the poſt of honour.

But a ſtill more important object employs my thoughts on this great event, which is the pleaſure which I know your majeſty will take in rendering thoſe people who have been committed to your care by providence happy. Permit me to ſay that the letters with which I have been honoured by your majeſty, and have moſt carefully preſerved, have acquainted me with your inmoſt thoughts, which are entirely deſtitute of

parade, are full of the nobleſt ſentiments, and prove you well know in what the true grandeur of a prince conſiſts; a prince too who, from experience, has learned to pity the unfortunate. That your majeſty ſhould be convinced you are ſeated on the throne only to watch over your whole kingdom, there to eſtabliſh order and procure plenty, and eſpecially to employ your authority to make him known and reſpected from whom authority is held, and from whom you derive precedence on earth, is a great advantage. "Riches, glory, and power, are in "his hands; with him is wiſdom and ſtrength; "by him kings reign, and princes decree juſ-"tice." May he, ſire, heap on you, and your whole kingdom, his moſt precious bleſſings; and, to ſay every thing in a word, may he make you *a king after his own heart*.

For this ſhall I inceſſantly pray to him, perſuaded that I cannot better teſtify to you the profound and moſt devoted reſpect, with which I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER IX.

From M. Rollin.

SIRE, Paris, July 22, 1740.

MY books venture to appear before your throne; with ſome fears, I own, but with ſtill more confidence. They come not, however, to be read, but only to be ſeen, and to pay their reſpect to your majeſty. Other cares, at preſent, are yours. Perfectly informed of the virtuous acts and great qualities of kings, ancient and modern, you, ſire, only think how they may be equalled, and, if poſſible, ſurpaſſed. Europe ſtands waiting to behold in your majeſty the model of a prince, attentive perfectly to fulfil the duties of ſovereignty; and they are great.

With this agreeable hope, alſo, I flatter myſelf, &c.

LET-

LETTER X.

From M. Rollin.

SIRE, Paris, September 14, 1740.

I ONCE again take the liberty to write to your majeſty, and to ſend the quarto edition of my Belles Lettres, which will ſoon be followed by the Ancient Hiſtory. Whatever honour and pleaſure I may find in the letters of your majeſty, I ought not to abuſe your bounty, by wiſhing my own ſhould be regularly anſwered. I ſhall hereafter think myſelf obliged to be more careful how I trifle with that time which is become ſo neceſſary, and ſo precious, to a whole nation. My works, therefore, ſhall be my letters, and ſpeak for me. Whenever your majeſty ſhall read of the fine actions of ſome great prince, may you underſtand the paſſage as a compliment from me, or at leaſt as a prayer! I ſhall charge my books to teſtify my reſpect, my veneration, my gratitude, and particularly my tender attachment; for I am authoriſed to uſe the expreſſion, ſince your majeſty, not only permits, but, commands me to love you ever. How, indeed, ſhould I do otherwiſe! How forbear being moved, deeply moved, by the

expanſion of heart with which you have been pleaſed to write to me, ſince your acceſſion to the throne! Kings ſeldom value themſelves upon their friends, nor do they often form true friendſhips. The diſtance at which they are placed from other men is too great, for friendſhip ſuppoſes a kind of equality. Your majeſty does not act thus: you deſcend from your throne to your ſervant, and thus place him on a level with yourſelf, that he may become your friend. Yes, ſire, this I ſhall be all my life; but this is a period too limited for my heart; my days are few, and I wiſh ſo to remain to all eternity. This is a comprehenſive wiſh.

I am, with ſentiments which I cannot expreſs with ſufficient force and energy, &c.

End of the Correſpondence between FREDERIC II. *and M.* ROLLIN.

LET-

LETTER

FROM

FREDERIC II.

TO

COUNT ALGAROTTI.

LETTER

FROM

FREDERIC II.

TO

COUNT ALGAROTTI.

Remuſberg, May 19, 1740.

WITH wanton flight, my thoughtleſs muſe
Doth many a word and phraſe abuſe;
Should you to theſe your ſcales apply,
Up goes the beam! Away they fly!

You begin an examination of the epiſtles which I have ſent you, my dear Algarotti, ſo as to make me tremble. You inſpect rude traits through a microſcope, which ought only to be ſeen ſuperficially, and at a diſtance. I am too juſt to myſelf not to know the extent of my powers. Independent of what I have juſt mentioned, you will find, in that letter, two

new epiſtles; one on the neceſſity of ſtudy, and the other on the infamy of falſehood. I have added a tale of a dead man, who was left unburied becauſe a prieſt had promiſed to raiſe him from the dead. The ſubject of the tale is literally true, and ſuch as I have there related. Imagination has added the embelliſhments.

A native of thoſe happy plains
Where Virgil taught the wond'ring ſwains
The language of the gods, and gave,
With lib'ral hand, to lord and ſlave,
The muſe's wealth, 'twere wrong ſhould you
My flippant rhymes with gall review.
Rude as my climate is my verſe;
With words too many, thoughts too ſcarce;
A ſky more mild, and voice more ſweet,
To ſing like Horace, were but meet.

I am perſuaded that the life of Ceſar, which you are writing, will do honour to the conqueror of the Gauls. The generous uſurper will pleaſe me better, when I view him in your works, than at Rome, receiving homage from the people he had vanquiſhed.

Perceiving, as I do, the delay of Pine, I have determined to have the Anti-Machiavel printed in Holland. Let me deſire you, at the

ſame

ſame time, to inquire how much a complete fount of letters, in ſilver, and caſt in the beſt manner, will coſt. I have an inclination to buy ſuch a fount, that the Henriade may be printed under my own inſpection.

The wings I take and tongues of Fame,
The ſwan of Cirey to proclaim.
More ſweet I daily hear him ſing;
Superior beauties hourly ſpring,
And blooming deck his Henriade;
In all its ſplendid charms array'd,
By liſtening ſavage tribes careſs'd,
I view it roam, a welcome gueſt,
O'er ſea and land, through ev'ry clime,
And live the pride and boaſt of time.

I know not what anſwer to return to your charming gazette, except that ours, hitherto, has furniſhed none but mournful ſubjects; and that, as I imagine, and fear, it may ſoon furniſh ſome that will be tragical. You may take it for granted we have neither balls nor maſquerades, and that we conquer no kingdoms; but that, in return, we have no wars. This is the moment of ſlumber and inaction, and, probably, when their reign is ended, a different one will ſucceed. With reſpect to myſelf, I well know how ardently I wiſh the time again may come when I may meet you. You are too amiable for any man

man to be acquainted with you, and not desire your company. I entreat you therefore to contrive that I may soon gratify these wishes, and remain persuaded of the plenitude of my esteem and friendship. Adieu.

END OF VOL. IX.

